

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXIX.—MARCH, 1902.—No. DXXXIII.

—
BYLOW HILL.¹

IN THREE PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

THE old street, keeping its New England Sabbath afternoon so decently under its majestic elms, was as goodly an example of its sort as the late seventies of the century just gone could show. It lay along a north-and-south ridge, between a number of aged and unsmiling cottages, fronting on cinder sidewalks, and alternating irregularly with about as many larger homesteads that sat back in their well-shaded gardens with kindlier dignity and not so grim a self-assertion. Behind, on the west, these gardens dropped swiftly out of sight to a hidden brook, from the farther shore of which rose the great wooded hill whose shelter from the bitter northwest had invited the old Puritan founders to choose the spot for their farming village of one street, with a Byington and a Winslow for their first town officers. In front, eastward, the land declined gently for a half mile or so, covered, by modern prosperity, with a small, stanch town, and bordered by a pretty river winding among meadows of hay and grain. At the northern end, instead of this gentle decline, was a precipitous cliff side, close to whose brow a wooden bench that ran halfway round a vast sidewalk tree commanded a view of the valley embracing nearly three quarters of the compass.

In civilian's dress, and with only his sea-bronzed face and the polished air of a pivot gun to tell that he was of the navy, Lieutenant Godfrey Winslow was slowly crossing the rural way with Ruth Byington at his side. He had the look of, say, twenty-eight, and she was some four years his junior. From her father's front gate they were passing toward the large grove garden of the young man's own home, on the side next the hill and the sunset. On the front porch, where the two had just left him, sat the war-crippled father of the girl, taking pride in the placidity of the face she once or twice turned to him in profile, and in the buoyancy of her movements and pose.

His fond, unspoken thought went after her, that she was hiding some care again,—her old, sweet trick, and her mother's before her. He looked on to Godfrey.

"There's endurance," he thought on. "You ought to have taken him long ago, my good girl, if you want him at all." And here his reflections faded into the unworded belief that she would have done so but for his, her own father's, being in the way.

The pair stopped and turned half about to enjoy the green-arched vista of the street, and Godfrey said, in a tone that left his companion no room to overlook its personal intent, "How

¹ Copyright, 1902, by G. W. CABLE.

often, in my long absences, I see this spot!"

"You would n't dare confess you did n't," was her blithe reply.

"Oh yes, I should. I 've tried not to see it, many a time."

"Godfrey Winslow!" she laughed. "That was very wrong!"

"It was very useless," said the wanderer, "for there was always the same one girl in the midst of the picture; and that's the sort a man can never shut out, you know. I don't try to shut it out any more, Ruth."

The girl laughed more softly. "I wish I could know where Leonard is," she mused aloud.

"Did you hear me, Ruth? I say I don't try any more, now."

"Well, that's right! I wonder where that brother of mine is?"

The baffled lover had to call up his patience. "Well, that's right, too," he laughed; "and I wonder where that brother of mine is? I wonder if they're together?"

They moved on, but at the stately entrance of the Winslow garden they paused again. The girl gave her companion a look of distress, and the young man's brow darkened. "Say it," he said. "I see what it is."

"You speak of Arthur"—she began.

"Well?"

"What did you make out of his sermon this morning?"

"Why, Ruth, I— What did you make out of it?"

"I made out that the poor boy is very, very unhappy."

"Did you? Well, he is; and in a certain way I'm to blame for it."

The girl's smile was tender. "Was there ever anything the matter with Arthur, and you did n't think you were in some way to blame for it?"

"Oh, now, don't confuse me with Leonard. Anyhow, I'm to blame this time! Has Isabel told you anything, Ruth?"

"Yes, Isabel has told me!"

"Told you they are engaged?"

"Told me they are engaged!"

"Well," said the young man, "Arthur told me last night; and I took an elder brother's liberty to tell him he had played Leonard a vile trick."

"Godfrey!"

"That would make a much happier nature than Arthur's unhappy, would n't it?"

Ruth was too much pained to reply, but she turned and called cheerily, "Father, do you know where Leonard is?"

The father gathered his voice and answered huskily, laying one hand upon his chest, and with the other gesturing up by the Winslow elm to the grove behind it.

She nodded. "Yes! . . . With Arthur, you say? . . . Yes! . . . Thank you! . . . Yes!" She passed with Godfrey through the wide gate.

"That's like Leonard," said the lover. "He'll tell Arthur he has n't done a thing he had n't a perfect right to do."

"And Arthur has not, Godfrey. He has only been less chivalrous than we should have liked him to be. If he had been first in the field, and Leonard had come in and carried her off, you would have counted it a perfect mercy all round."

"Ho-oh! it would have been! Leonard would have made her happy. Arthur never can, and she can never make him so. But what he has done is not all: look how he did it! Leonard was his beloved and best friend"—

"Except his brother Godfrey"—

"Except no one, Ruth, unless it's you. I'm neither persuasive nor kind, nor often with him. Proud of him I was, and never prouder than when I knew him to be furiously in love with her, while yet, for pure, sweet friendship's sake, he kept standing off, standing off."

"I wish you might have seen it,

Godfrey. It was so beautiful — and so pitiful!"

"It was manly,— gentlemanly; and that was enough. Then all at once he's taken aback! All control of himself gone, all self-suppression, all conscience"—

"The conscience has returned," said the girl.

"Oh, not to guide him! Only to goad him! Fifty consciences can't honorably undo the mischief now!"

"Did I not write you that there was already a coolness between her and Leonard?"

"Yes; but the whole bigness and littleness of Arthur's small, bad deed lies in the fact that, though he knew that coolness was but a momentary tiff, with Isabel in the wrong, he took advantage of it to push his suit in between and spoil as sweet a match as two hearts were ever making."

"It was more than a tiff, Godfrey; it"—

"Not a bit more! not — a — bit!"

"Yes! — yes — it was a problem! a problem how to harmonize two fine natures keyed utterly unlike. Leonard saw that. That is why he moved so slowly."

"Hmm!" The lover stared away grimly. "I know something about slowness. I suppose it's a virtue — sometimes."

"I think so," said the girl, caressing a flower.

"Ah, well!" responded the other. "She has chosen a nature now that — Oh me! . . . Ruth, I shall speak to her mother! I am the only one who can. I'll see Mrs. Morris some time this evening, and lay the whole thing out to her as we four see it who have known one another almost from the one cradle."

Ruth smiled sadly. "You will fail. I think the matter will have to go on as it is going. And if it does, you must remember, Godfrey, we do not really know but they may work out the

happiest union. At any rate, we must help them to try."

"If they insist on trying, yes; and that will be the best for Leonard."

"The very best. One thing we do know, Godfrey: Arthur will always be a passionate lover, and dear Isabel is as honest and loyal as the day is long."

"The day is not long; this one is not — to me. It's most lamentably short, and to-morrow I must be gone again. I have something to say to you, Ruth, that"—

The maiden gave him a look of sweet protest, which suddenly grew remote as she murmured, "Isabel and her mother are coming out of their front door."

II.

There were two dwellings in the Winslow garden, — one as far across at the right of the Byington house as the other was at the left. The one on the right may have contained six or eight bedchambers; the other had but three. The larger stood withdrawn from the public way, a well-preserved and very attractive example of colonial architecture, refined to the point of delicacy in the grace and harmony of its details. Here dwelt Arthur Winslow, barely six weeks a clergyman, alone but for two or three domestics and the rare visits of Godfrey, his only living relation. The other and older house, in the garden's southern front corner, was a gray gambrel-roofed cottage, with its threshold at the edge of the sidewalk; and it was from this cottage that Isabel and her mother stepped, gratefully answering the affectionate wave of Ruth's hand, — Mrs. Morris with the dignity of her forty-odd years, and Isabel with a sudden eager fondness. The next moment the two couples were hidden from each other by the umbrageous garden and by the tall white fence, in which was repeated the architectural grace of the larger house.

Mother and daughter conversed quietly, but very busily, as they came along this inclosure; but presently they dropped their subject to bow cordially across to the father of Ruth, and when he endeavored to say something to them Mrs. Morris moved toward him. Isabel took a step or two more in the direction of the Winslow elm and its inviting bench, but then she also turned. She was of a moderate feminine stature and perfect outline, her step elastic, her mien self-contained, and her face so young that a certain mature tone in her mellow voice was often the cause of Ruth's fond laughter. As winsome, too, she was, as she was beautiful, and "as pink as a rose," said the old-time soldier to himself, as he came down his short front walk, throwing half his glances forward to her, quite unaware that he was equally the object of her admiration.

Though white-haired and somewhat bent he was still slender and handsome, a most worthy figure against the background of the red brick house, whose weathered walls contrasted happily with the blossoming shrubs about their base, and with the green of lawn and trees.

"Good - afternoon, Isabel. I was saying to your mother, I hope such days as this are some offset for the Southern weather and scenery you have had to give up."

"You should n't tempt our Southern boastfulness, General," Isabel replied, with an air of meek chiding. She had a pretty way of skirmishing with men which always brought an apologetic laugh from her mother, but which the General had discovered she never used in a company of less than three.

"Oh! ho, ho!" laughed Mrs. Morris, who was just short, plump, and pretty enough to laugh to advantage. "Why, General,"—she sobered abruptly, and she was just pretty and plump and short enough to do this well, also,— "my recovered health is offset enough for me."

"For us, my dear," said the daughter. "My mother's restored health is offset enough for us, General. Indeed, for me"—addressing the distant view—"there is no call for offset; any landscape or climate is perfect that has such friends in it as — as this one has."

"Oh! ho, ho!" laughed the mother again. Nobody ever told the Morrises they had a delicious Southern accent, and their words are given here exactly as they thought they spoke them.

"My dear," persisted Isabel rebukingly, "I mean such friends as Ruth Byington."

Mrs. Morris let go her little Southern laugh once more. "Don't you believe her, General, — don't you believe her. She means you every bit as much as she means Ruth. She means everybody on *Bylow Hill*."

"I'm at the mercy of my interpreter," said Isabel. "But I thought"—her eyes went out upon the skyline again—"I thought that men — that men — I thought that men — My dear, you've made me forget what I thought!"

They laughed, all three. Isabel, with a playful sigh, clutched her mother's hand, and the pair drew off and moved away to the bench.

"He puts you in good spirits," said the mother, breaking a silence.

"Good spirits! He puts me in pure heartache. Oh, why did you tell him?"

"Tell him? My child! I have not told him!"

"Oh, mother, do you not see you've told him point-blank that it's all settled?"

"No, dearie, no! I only see that your distress is making you fanciful. But why should he not be told, Isabel?"

"I'm not ready! Oh, I'm not ready! It may suit him well enough to hear it, for he knows Leonard is too fine and great for me; but I'm not ready to tell him."

"My darling, he knows you are good enough for any Leonard he can bring."

"Oh yes, on the plane of the Ten Commandments." The girl smiled unhappily.

"But, precious, he loves Arthur deeply, and thinks the world of him."

"Mother, what is it like, to love deeply?"

The query was ignored. "And the old gentleman is fond of you, sweet-heart."

"Oh, he likes me. What a tame old invalid that word 'fond' has grown to be! You can be fond of two or three persons at once, nowadays. My soul! I wish I were fond of Arthur Winslow in the old mad way the word meant when it was young!"

"Pshaw, dearie! you'll be fond enough of him, once you're his. He's brilliant, upright, loving and lovable. You see, and say, he is so, and I know your fondness will grow with every day and every experience, happy or bitter."

"Yes. . . . Yes, I could not endure not to give my love bountifully wherever it rightly belongs. But oh, I wish I had it ready to-day, — a fondness to match his!"

"Now, Isabel! Why, pet, thousands of happy and loving wives will tell you" —

"Oh, I know what they will tell me."

"They'll not tell you they get along without love, dearie. But ten years from now, my daughter, not how fond you were when you first joined hands, but what you have" —

"Oh yes, — been to each other, done for each other, borne from each other, will be the true measure. Oh, of course it will; but there's so much in the right start!"

"Beyond doubt! Understand me, precious: if you have the least ground to fear" —

"Mother! mother! No! no! What! afraid I may love some one else? Never! never! Oh, without boasting, and knowing what I am as well as Leonard Byington knows" —

"Oh, pshaw! Leonard Byington!"

"He knows me, mother, — as if he lived at a higher window that looked down into my back yard." The speaker smiled.

"Then he knows," exclaimed the mother, "you're true gold!"

"Yes, but a light coin."

"My pet! He knows you're the tenderest, gentlest dear he ever saw."

"But neither brave nor strong."

"Oh, you not brave! you not strong! You're the lovingest, truest" —

"Only inclined to be a bit too hungry after sympathy, dear."

"You never bid for it, love, never."

"Well, no matter; I shall never love any one but myself too much. I think I shall some day love Arthur as I wish I could love him now. I never did really love Leonard, — I could n't; I have n't the stature. That was my trouble, dearie: I had n't the stature. I never shall have; and if it's he you are thinking of, you are wasting your dear, sweet care. But he's going to be our best and nearest friend, mother, — he and Ruth and Godfrey, together and alike. We've so agreed, Arthur and I. Oh, I'm not going to come in here and turn the sweet old nickname of this happy spot into a sneer."

"Then why are you not happy, precious?"

"Happy? Why, my dear, I am happy!"

"With touches of heartache?"

"Oh, with big wrenches of heartache! Why not? Were you never so?"

"I'm so right now, dearie. For after all is said" —

"And thought that can't be said" — murmured Isabel.

"Yes," replied the mother, "after all is said and thought, I should rather give you to Arthur than to any other man I know. Leonard will have a shining career, but it will be in politics."

"I tried to dissuade him," broke in the daughter, "till I was ashamed."

"In politics," continued Mrs. Mor-

ris, — “and Northern politics, Isabel. Arthur’s will be in the church!”

“Yes,” said the other, but her whole attention was within the fence at their side, where a rough stile, made in boyhood days by the two brothers and Leonard, led over into the garden. She sprang up. “Let’s go, mother; he’s coming!”

“Who, my child?”

“Both! Come, dear, come quickly! Oh, I don’t know why we ever came out at all!”

“My dear, it was you proposed it, lest some one should come in!”

The daughter had moved some steps down the road, but now turned again; for Ruth and Godfrey came out through the garden’s high gateway. However, they were giving all their smiles to the greetings which the General sent them from his piazza.

“Come over, mother!” called Isabel, in a stifled voice. “Cross to the hill path!” But before they could reach it Arthur and Leonard came into full view on the stile. Isabel motioned her mother despairingly toward them, wheeled once more, and with a gay call for Ruth’s notice hurried to meet her in the middle of the way.

III.

Godfrey passed over to the General, who had walked down to his gate on his way to the great elm. Out from behind the great elm came the other two men, Arthur leading and talking briskly: —

“The sooner the better, Leonard. Now while my work is new and taking shape — Ah! here’s Mrs. Morris.”

Both men were handsome. Arthur, not much older than Ruth, was of medium height, slender, restless, dark, and eager of glance and speech. Leonard was nearer the age of Godfrey; fairer than Arthur, of a quieter eye, tall, broad-shouldered, powerful, lithe, and

almost tamely placid. Mrs. Morris met them with animation.

“Have our churchwarden and our rector been having another of their long talks?”

The joint reply was cut short by Godfrey’s imperative hail: “Leonard!”

As Byington turned that way, Arthur said quickly to Mrs. Morris, “He’s promised to retain charge” — and nodded toward Isabel. The nod meant Isabel’s financial investments.

“And mine?” murmured the well-pleased lady.

“Both.”

The two gave heed again to Godfrey, who was loudly asking Leonard, “Why did n’t you tell us the news?”

“Oh,” drawled Leonard smilingly, “I knew father would.”

“I have n’t talked with Godfrey since he came,” said Mrs. Morris; and as she left Arthur she asked his brother: “What news? Has the governor truly made him —

“District attorney, yes,” said Godfrey. “Ruth, I think you might have told me.”

“Godfrey, I think you might have asked me,” laughed the girl, drawing Isabel toward Arthur and Leonard, in order to leave Mrs. Morris to Godfrey.

Arthur moved to meet them, but Ruth engaged him with a question, and Isabel turned to Leonard, offering her felicitations with a sweetness that gave Arthur tearing pangs to overhear.

“But when people speak to us of your high office,” he could hear her saying, “we will speak to them of your high fitness for it. And still, Leonard, you must let us offer you our congratulations, for it is a high office.”

“Thank you,” replied Leonard: “let me save them for the day I lay it down. Do you, then, really think it high and honorable?”

“Ah,” she rejoined, in a tone of reproach and defense that tortured Arthur, “you know I honor the pursuit of the law.”

Leonard showed a glimmer of drollery. "Pursuit of the law, yes," he said; "but the pursuit of the law-breaker"—

"Even that," replied Isabel, "has its frowning honors."

"But I'm much afraid it seems to you," he said, "a sort of blindman's buff played with a club. It often looks so to the pursued, they say."

Isabel gave her chin a little lift, and raised her tone for those behind her: "We shall try not to be among the pursued, Ruth and Arthur and I."

The young lawyer's smile broadened. "My mind is relieved," he said.

"Relieved!" exclaimed Isabel, with a rosy toss. "Ruth, dear, here is your brother in distress lest Arthur or we should embarrass him in his new office by breaking the laws! Mr. Byington, you should not confess such anxieties, even if you are justified in them!"

His response came with meditative slowness and with playful eyes: "Whenever I am justified in having such anxieties, they shall go unconfessed."

"That relieves *my* fears," laughed Isabel, and caught a quick hint of trouble on Arthur's brow, though he too managed to laugh. Whereupon, half sighing, half singing, she twined an arm in one of Ruth's, swung round her, waved to the General as he took a seat on the elm-tree bench, and so changed partners.

"Let us go in," whispered Leonard to his sister, with a sudden pained look, and instantly resumed his genial air.

But the uneasy Arthur saw his moving lips and both changes of countenance. He saw also the look which Ruth threw, followed by a second one, toward Mrs. Morris, where that lady and Godfrey moved slowly in conversation,—he ever so sedate, she ever so sprightly. And he saw Isabel glance as anxiously in the same direction. But then her eyes came to his, and under her voice, though with a brow all sunshine, she said, "Don't look so perplexed."

"Perplexed!" he gasped. "Isabel, you're giving me anguish!"

She gleamed an injured amazement, but promptly threw it off, and when she turned to see if Leonard or Ruth had observed it they were moving to meet Godfrey. Mrs. Morris was joining the General under the elm.

"How have I given you pain, dear heart?" asked Isabel, as she and Arthur took two or three slow steps apart from the rest, so turning her face that they should see its tender kindness.

"Ah! don't ask me, my beloved!" he warily exclaimed. "It is all gone! Oh, the heavenly wonder to hear you, Isabel Morris,—you, give me loving names! You might have answered me so differently; but your voice, your eyes, work miracles of healing, and I am whole again."

Isabel gave again the laugh whose blithe, final sigh was always its most winning note. Then, with tremendous gravity, she said, "You are very indiscreet, dear, to let me know my power."

His face clouded an instant, as if the thought startled him with its truth and value. But when she added, with yet deeper seriousness of brow, "That's no way to tame a shrew, my love," he laughed aloud, and peace came again with Isabel's smile.

Then—because woman must always insist on seeing the wrong side of the goods—she murmured, "Tell me, Arthur, what disturbed you."

"Words, Isabel, mere words of yours, which I see now were meant in purest play. You told Leonard"—

"Leonard! What did I tell Leonard, dear?"

"You told him not to confess certain anxieties, even if they were justified."

"Oh, Arthur!"

"I see my folly, dearest. But, Isabel, he ought not to have answered that the more they were justified, the more they should go unconfessed!"

"Oh, Arthur! the merest, idlest prattle! What meaning could you"—

"None, Isabel, none! Only, my good angel, I so ill deserve you that with every breath I draw I have a desperate fright of losing you, and a hideous resentment against whoever could so much as think to rob me of you."

"Why, dear heart, don't you know that could n't be done?"

"Oh, I know it, you being what you are, even though I am only what I am. But, Isabel, you know he loves you. No human soul is strong enough to blow out the flame of the love you kindle, Isabel Morris, as one would blow out his bedroom candle and go to sleep at the stroke of a clock."

"Arthur, I believe Leonard — and I do not say it in his praise — I believe Leonard can do that!"

"No, not so, not so! Leonard is strong, but the fire of a strong man's love, however smothered, burns on without mercy, my beautiful, and you cannot go in and out of that burning house as though it were not on fire."

"And shall Leonard, then, not be our nearest and best friend, as we had planned?"

"He shall, Isabel. Ah yes; not one smallest part of your sweet friendship will I take from him, nor of his from you. For, Isabel, though he were as weak as I" —

"As weak as *I*, you should say, dear. You are not weak, Arthur, are you?"

"Weak as the bending grass, Isabel, under this load of love. But though he, I say, were as weak as *I*, you — ah, you! — are as wise as you are bewitching; and if I should speak to you from my most craven fear, I could find but one word of warning."

"Oh, you dear, blind flatterer! And what word would that be?"

"That you are most bewitching when you are wisest."

As Isabel softly laughed she cast a dreaming glance behind, and noticed that she and Arthur were quite hidden in the flowery undergrowth of the hill path. They kissed.

"Beloved," said her worshiper, with a clouded smile, as he let her down from her tiptoes, "do you know you took that as though you were thinking of something else?"

"Did I? Oh, I did n't mean to."

Such a reply only darkened the cloud. "Of whom were you thinking, Isabel?"

She blushed. "I was think-thinking — why, I was — I — I was think-thinking" — she went redder and redder as he went pale — "thinking of everybody on Bylow Hill. Why — why, dear heart, don't you see? When you" —

"Oh, enough, enough, my angel! I take the question back!"

"You *made* me think of everybody, Arthur, you were so sudden. Just suppose I had done so to you!" They both thought that worthy of a good laugh. "Next time, dear," added Isabel, — "no, no, no, but — next time, you must n't be so sudden. There's no need, you know," — she blushed again, — "and I promise you I'll give my whole mind to it. Get me some of that hawthorn bloom yonder, and let's go back."

IV.

This "hill path" was a narrowed continuance of the street, that led gradually down along the hill's steep face to reach the town and the river meadows. Godfrey, halting before Ruth and her brother, watched the blooming hawthorn, over there, bend and shake and straighten and bend again, above Arthur's unseen hands. Then, glancing furtively back toward Mrs. Morris, he muttered to Ruth, while Leonard gravely looked out across the landscape, "I live and learn."

"So we learn to live," was Ruth's playful reply. To her it was painfully clear that Mrs. Morris, very sweetly no doubt, had eluded Godfrey's endeav-

vors to inform her of anything not to his brother's unqualified praise. In the Bylow Hill group, Ruth had a way of smiling abstractedly which was very dear to Godfrey, even when it meant he had best say no more; and this smile had just said this to him when Isabel and Arthur came into view again. As the two and the three drifted toward each other, Ruth let Leonard outstep her, and joined Godfrey with a light in her face that quickened his pulse.

After a word or two of slight import she said, as they slowly walked, "Godfrey."

"Yes," eagerly responded the lover.

"Down in the garden, awhile ago — did I — promise something?"

"You most certainly did!" She had promised that if he would let a certain subject drop she would bring it up again, herself, before he must take his leave.

"And must you go very soon, now?" she asked.

"I've only a few minutes left," said the lover, with a lover's license.

"Well, I'm ready to speak. Of course, Godfrey, I know my heart."

The young man smiled ruefully. "I've known mine till I'm dead tired of the acquaintance."

Other words passed, her eyes on the ground as they loitered, and after a pause she returned from a digression: "But I've known my heart as long as you've known yours."

"You've known — What do you — Oh, Ruth, look at me!"

She looked, very tenderly, although she said, "You forget we are observed."

"Oh, observed! Do you mean hope — for me — after all?"

"I mean that if you will only wait until we can get a clear light on this matter of Isabel's — which will most likely be by the next time you come" —

"Oh, Ruth, Ruth, my own Ruth at last!"

"Please don't speak so. I'm not engaging myself to you now."

"Oh yes, you are! Yes, you are! Yes — you — are!"

"No — no — no — listen! Listen to me, Godfrey. I think that now, among us all, we shall manage Isabel's affair well enough, and that the very next time — you — come" — She began absently to pick her steps.

"What — what then?"

"Then you may ask me."

The response of the overjoyed lover was but one or two passionate words, and her sufficient reply, as they halted among their fellows, was to look across the valley with her meditative smile. Isabel took note, but kindly gave a long sigh of admiration, and with an exalted sweep of the hand drew the gaze of the five to the beauties of the scene below. The day was near its end. The long shadow of the great cliff behind Bylow Hill hung over the roofs of the town and over the hither meadows. The sun's rays were laying their last touches upon the winding river, and upon the grainfields that extended from its farther shore. In the upper blue rested a few peaceful clouds, changing from silver to pink, from pink to pearly gray, and on the skyline crouched in a purpling haze the round-backed mountains of another county.

To Mrs. Morris and the General the sight, from the old elm-tree seat, was even fairer than to the youthful group whose forms stood out against the sky, the floral colors of the girls' draperies heightened by the western light. For a while the two sitters gave the perfect scene the tribute of a perfect silence, and then the General asked, as he cautiously straightened his impaired frame, "Has not Isabel been making some — eh — news for herself — and us?"

The lady's lips parted for their peculiar laugh of embarrassment, but the questioner's smile was so serious that she forced her sweetest gravity. "Why, General, according to our Southern ways," she said, — every word mel-

lowed by her Southern way of saying it, — “that’s for Isabel to tell you.”

“Then why does she not do it, Mrs. Morris?” asked the veteran, who had been district attorney himself once upon a time, and was clever with witnesses.

“Why, really, General, Isabel has n’t had a cha— Oh! ho, ho! I ought n’t to have said that!” Mrs. Morris had a killing dimple, but never used it.

“I suppose — of course” — said the General, “she will say it’s — eh — Arthur?”

“Now you’re making me tell,” she laughed, “and I must n’t! General, Godfrey seems to be going.”

In fact, Godfrey was shaking hands with Ruth and Leonard. Now he took the hands of Arthur and Isabel together, and Mrs. Morris laughed more sweetly and with more oh’s and ho’s than ever; for Isabel sedately kissed Arthur’s brother. Ruth made signs to her father, who answered them in kind. “What does she say, Mrs. Morris? Can you hear?”

“She says they’re singing ‘your hymn’ down in a church under the hill.”

“Ah yes.” He beamed and nodded to Ruth; but when Mrs. Morris once more laughed, his brow clouded a trifle. “Your daughter, Mrs. Morris”—

The lady broke in with a note of bright surprise, rose, and took an unconscious step forward. The five young friends were advancing in a compact cluster, with measured pace. Ruth and Isabel, in front abreast, and making happy show of the hawthorn sprays, were just enough apart to conceal, except for their superior height, the three lovers, and in lowered tones, but with kindling eyes, the five, incited by Ruth, were singing the song they had caught up from the valley, — the old man’s favorite from the days of his own song-time. The General got himself hurriedly to his feet; the shade passed from his brow. The group came close; he stepped out, and Isabel, meeting him,

laid her two hands in his, while the halting cluster ceased their song suspensively on a line that pledged loves and friendships too ethereal to clash.

“Isabel,” — he turned up a broadened palm, — “here’s my amen to that line; where’s yours?”

With blushing alacrity she laid her hand on his.

“Arthur!” he called, and the lively lover added his to the two. “Now, Ruth!”

“Father!” laughed the daughter, “is n’t this rather youngish?” But she laid her hand promptly upon Arthur’s, and the lines of the General’s face deepened playfully, and Mrs. Morris’s dimple did the same, as Godfrey thrust his hand in upon Ruth’s, unasked. The matron laughed very tenderly on the key of O while she added her hand, and received Leonard’s heavy palm above it. Then Arthur clapped a second hand upon Leonard’s, and Leonard was about to lay a second quietly upon Arthur’s, when Isabel, rose-red from brow to throat, gayly broke the heap and embraced Ruth.

“Well, honey-girlie,” said Mrs. Morris, as she and Isabel reentered their cottage, “was n’t it sweet of them all, that ‘laying on of hands,’ as Arthur called it?”

“Yes,” replied the Southern girl, starting up the cramped old New England stairway to her room. “It was child’s play, but it was very sweet of them, and especially of the General.”

The mother detained her fondly. “And still, my child, you’re not satisfied?”

“Ah, mother, are you blind, stone blind, or do you only hope I am?”

“My dearie!”

“Why, mother, excepting Leonard, we have n’t had one word of true consent from one of them.”

“Oh, now, Isabel! They’ll all be glad enough by and by.”

“Yes,” said the daughter from the

landing above, "I've no doubt of that."

She passed into her room, closed the door, and standing in the middle of the

floor, with her temples in her palms, said, "O merciful God! Oh, Leonard Byington, if only that second hand of yours had hung back!"

G. W. Cable.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND AND THE WAR OF SECESSION.

MR. MORSE'S Life of Abraham Lincoln¹ is one of the best written and most interesting of biographies. I have just read it once more, with increased pleasure. In one respect only it seems to me to be slightly defective. When it touches on the sentiment and the con-

duct of the British government, and the people in the at wrote sion, ledge land have. Amer whom of liv and t At must Leade mostl of th tion o ily o back place ness, blowi eign could rati pract first g South

land into the fray. My second was swept away at the time by the progress of the war and the growing manifestation of its character as a conflict between freedom and the slave power, though I must own that the misgiving has since recurred.

in regard to the war of secession, author seems to me to show that he under the influence of prepossess and without the particular know which only one who was in Eng at the time would be likely to

Nor is Mr. Morse the only ian biographer or historian of this may be said. The number ing witnesses is fast diminishing, the truth may be lost.

the risk of apparent egotism I define my own point of view. ers of English literature having gone with their class to the side the South, my pen was in requisition on the other side. Though hearted to slavery, I rather held on two grounds. In the first I felt that it was not our busi and that I had no right to be ng the coals of civil war in a formation. In the second place, I not feel sure that the reincorporation of the slave states, if it was cable, was to be desired. My ground of hesitation vanished when ern envoys sought to draw Eng

raham Lincoln. By John T. Morse, Jr. American Statesmen Series.] Boston and New Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

feel that the day has gone by when it was necessary, in discussion with Americans, to defend England against general charges of meanness, malignity, and cowardice. England has sometimes been in bad hands; in the opinion of those who feel as I do, she is in bad hands now. But no one can think meanly of the fight which she made for the independence of nations and human freedom against Napoleon, with no ally at last but Russia, even the United States having practically arrayed itself on the conqueror's side. Nor is it possible to impute any but pure motives for the conduct of England in regard to the emancipation of the slaves. The sincerity of the authors and champions of the movement — Wilberforce, Clarkson, Pitt, Grey, Brougham, and the rest — was above suspicion. Emancipation cost England more than a hundred millions of dollars in indemnity, besides the loss of her sources of wealth in the West Indies. Nor did any motives of ambition or sinister motives of any kind really mingle with devotion to the cause in the British crusade against the slave trade. Palmerston could do nothing without showing the *Civis Romanus* and giving umbrage by his im-

¹ At [Amer York :

perious bearing; he was not the less sincere. Nor was the reception of the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, in England, other than sincere, even on the part of the class which afterwards took the side of the South; though perhaps, so far as that class was concerned, there was a spice, or more than a spice, of innuendo against the slaveowning republic.

Normal feeling in England toward the American republic and its institutions was divided, as might have been expected, on the lines of class and political party. You would hardly expect an aristocrat or a Tory to love the great incarnation of democracy by which it was constantly hinted to him that he and his cause would some day be devoured. The bearing of Americans toward Great Britain had not been invariably meek or polite. American school histories, in those days, did inspire anti-British feeling, though they do this no longer to any serious extent, as fair inspection of them will show. American diplomacy had for a series of years been controlled by the slaveowner, and animated by his overbearing spirit; nor could Englishmen, imperfectly acquainted as they unavoidably were with American politics, be expected to know that such demonstrations as the Ostend Manifesto proceeded from the Southern temper, and not from that of the nation at large. Mrs. Trollope had left an impression. Still more had Dickens, whose picture, though a caricature, was the work of genius, and not, as American society then was, without an element of one-sided truth. No nation, surely, ever showed its good nature and self-knowledge more than did the American nation in its hearty forgiveness of Dickens.

The crash at first was stunning, and all minds were in suspense. Just at the critical moment, when opinion was on the turn, Mr. Spence, who had probably received early intelligence, came out with a very clever book, re-

presenting the issue as being, not between slavery and free labor, but between free trade and protection. The South, it is needless to say, was in favor of free trade; not on economical principle or from superior enlightenment and liberality, but because slavery, being unable to manufacture, was compelled to import. Mr. Spence's theory found ready audience in a great manufacturing nation whose vital interests were bound up with free trade. It, or at least the fact that the South was for free trade, was not without its influence even on Cobden, who on that account hesitated for a moment to declare for the North, though with him the moral object soon prevailed.

The Times embraced Mr. Spence's theory, and after a little wavering carried its vast power to the side of the South, whose cause it embraced with an intensity, not to say with a fury, surprising in comparison with the sure-footed discretion usually characteristic of its management. To the last it persisted with unabated confidence in assuring its readers of Southern victory. When from Grant's lines before Petersburg Richmond was almost in sight, and it was evident that the next move on the board would be checkmate, the Times continued to give ear to the asseverations of Mr. Spence that the triumph of the South was at hand. The great journal represented only the wealthier and more aristocratic class in England. In America it was taken as representing the whole nation.

Untoward and exasperating incidents occurred. The chief of them was the Mason and Slidell affair, which it took all the wisdom of the Prince Consort and Seward, overruling Palmerston's arrogance, to bring to a peaceful end, and which, though brought to a peaceful end, left some bitterness behind. Another was General Butler's New Orleans proclamation, which, though in substance unobjectionable, offended by the coarseness of its wording. A third

was the unfortunate recurrence to the memory of the Duke of Newcastle of something said after dinner by Seward about bombarding Liverpool. I heard the story from both sides, and I have no doubt that on Seward's part there was nothing but an awkward joke, of a kind to which he was rather addicted. The joke was misconstrued by the duke, who was somewhat stiff and dry.

Admirers of democratic institutions, and those who based their political hopes on the success of the American republic, might choose their side upon political grounds. But people in general could not be expected to be enthusiastic in their feeling for the territorial aggrandizement or unity of the United States; perhaps they might rather be inclined to sympathize with the weaker party and that which was struggling for independence. The sympathy of people in general could be challenged by the North only on the moral ground that the North was fighting against slavery. But when we, friends of the North, urged this plea, we had the misfortune to be met by a direct disclaimer of our advocacy on the part of our clients. President Lincoln repudiated the intention of attacking slavery. Seward repudiated it in still more emphatic terms. Congress had tried to bring back the slave states to the fold by promises of increased securities for slavery, including a sharpening of the Fugitive Slave Law. What had we to say? Was it not wonderful, and greatly to the credit of the English people, that through this thick veil of politic disclaimer the mass of them should have recognized the good cause? The merit of their loyalty to humanity was the greater since hundreds of thousands of them were for the time deprived of their means of subsistence by the cutting off of the supply of cotton. The South, at all events, did them justice; for it had fully reckoned on the need of cotton as a force that would overbear all moral

considerations and compel the English people to take its side.

That the mass of the English people did recognize the good cause, and was on the side of the North, I think there can be no doubt. As an active member of the Union League, I was placed at the centre of the struggle. We had, no doubt, to fight our hardest, especially when the violent party on the other side tried to break the neutrality laws by countenancing the escape of Confederate cruisers and the building of Confederate rams. But I do not think we ever felt in serious danger of being drawn into the war on the side of slavery. No effective motion was ever made by the Southern party in Parliament. Roebuck, an ultra-Radical turned Jingo, "Tear 'em," as he was called, raved and ranted, as was his wont; but he caused us no serious alarm. What the plutocratic element in Parliament might have done, if it had been free, is a different question. The plutocratic element in Parliament, having to answer to the constituencies, was not free.

Had the issue been, as Lincoln, Seward, and Congress represented it as being, merely political and territorial, we might have had to decide against the North. Few who have looked into the history can doubt that the Union originally was, and was generally taken by the parties to it to be, a compact, dissoluble, perhaps most of them would have said, at pleasure, dissoluble certainly on breach of the articles of Union. Among those articles, unquestionably, were the recognition and protection of slavery, which the Constitution guaranteed by means of a fugitive slave law. It was not less certain that the existence of slavery was threatened by the abolition movement at the North, and practically attacked by the election of Lincoln, who had declared that the continent must be all slave or all free; meaning, of course, that it must be all free. If, through the ad-

mission of new states incorporated on the national principle, compact had been insensibly superseded by nationality, this did not alter legal relations; and the idea of the compact and of its dissolubility on breach of the articles of agreement had not been lost in the stationary and homekeeping South so much as in the mobile and expanding North. There was nothing in Jefferson's view of states' rights so startling at the time. Between Hayne and Webster there was a political difference of half a century as well as a border line and a divergence of commercial interest.

Apart, however, from the question of legal secession, revolutionary secession might have been said to have been very much in accordance with American ideas. Lincoln is quoted by Mr. Morse as saying in Congress: "Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the *right* to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right, — a right which, we hope and believe, is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people, that *can*, may revolutionize, and make their *own* of so much of the territory as they inhabit."

A stronger ground for separation there could not possibly be than the radical antagonism between the social organizations of the two groups of states, which made it impossible that they should live in harmony under the same political roof, and had rendered their enforced union a source of ever increasing bitterness and strife.

I do not pretend, as an excuse for the attitude of the English people, that all this was distinctly before their minds. What was distinctly before their minds was that American sympathy had generally been on the side

of revolution and rebellion,— Spanish-American, Polish, Hungarian, or Irish. American sympathy with Irish rebellion would of course make a particular impression on the people of the country whose unity was threatened not less than was the unity of the United States by the secession of the South.

The division of parties in England was perfectly natural; aristocratic society could not help sympathizing with the planter oligarchy. If England was divided in opinion, so was the North itself. There was all the time in the North a strong Democratic party opposed to the war. The autumn elections of 1862 went greatly against the government. It was in expectation of calling forth Northern support that Lee invaded Pennsylvania, and had he conquered at Gettysburg his expectation would probably have been fulfilled. It actually was fulfilled, after a fashion, by the draft riots in New York.

The people of England, it should be borne in mind, were about the only people who showed or felt much interest in the matter. I was sauntering in Normandy during part of the time, and I was struck with the total apathy on the subject. I think I fell in with only one person who cared to talk about it, and he, I found, was a dealer in cotton. The friction, therefore, was confined to the two kindred nations; and these, having the same language and reading each other's journals, lost no drop of vitriol that was shed upon either side.

Some allowance must be made for sheer ignorance, which was mutual; there being no cable in those days, and the attention of the two nations not having then been so much drawn, as it now is, to each other. At the outset strange blunders were made about the United States, even by the omniscient Times. When I visited the United States, in the last year of the war, I was not only charged with a message of sympathy, but deputed to learn the

truth on certain points on which we in England were still in doubt. We had been continually told that the West was being dragged into the contest by the North. The Northern army had been represented as made up of mere hirelings foreigners to a great extent, and generally in a very bad state. Terrible stories were afloat about the treatment of Southern prisoners in Northern prisons. On all these points I was of course able at once to reassure my friends. The treatment of prisoners, especially, both in prison camps and hospitals, I was able, from personal inspection, to report as perfectly humane; and this notwithstanding rumors, which proved well founded, of the inhuman treatment of Northern prisoners at the South.

I was struck, I may say, at the same time, with the absence of truculence, and the general toleration by the war party of sentiment adverse to the war. At Lincoln's second election, which I witnessed at Boston, though party feeling naturally ran high, the freedom of speech and demonstration seemed complete. From this and the mutual observance of the courtesies of war by the armies, I was led to infer that, desperate as the quarrel seemed, there was fair hope of complete reconciliation.

My personal association with public men was not confined to the Manchester circle. I had some means, socially though not officially, of learning what had passed in the Cabinet. My strong impression is that the government never for a moment swerved from its determination to maintain strict neutrality. The overtures of the French Emperor were, I am convinced, decidedly though courteously repelled. The Duke of Argyll was positively friendly to the North. The same might probably be said of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, though he was sure to be cautious in expression. I think I can answer for Cardwell. What Palmerston's personal feelings as an aristocrat and a precursor

of Jingoism may have been I would not undertake to say; but his hatred of slavery was sincere, and he was deeply committed to the anti-slavery crusade. Lord Russell's manner was certainly not pleasant; it seldom was. He afterwards made the *amende*. But he also was far too deeply committed to the crusade against slavery to take part with the slave power. Gladstone wished that the North should let the South go, and be indemnified in course of time by the voluntary accession of Canada. He said this in a letter to a friend, who, fearing that the letter might be embarrassing to the writer thereafter, thought it better to keep it to himself. But it did not follow, nor was there any reason to believe, that Gladstone ever voted for intervention.

During the four years of the war Southern attempts to abuse British ports and shipyards for war purposes were a constant source of trouble to the British government. Similar attempts by the Cuban insurgents to abuse the ports and shipyards of the United States were a cause of the same trouble to the American government, which deemed the annoyance a sufficient justification for hostile action against Spanish dominion as the exciting cause. Did not the British government do its duty as a neutral toward the North as well as did the American government toward Spain? We need not go back to the time of Genêt and his privateers. When people quarrel, go to war, and cause trouble, disturbance, and loss to the neighborhood, they must be content if the neighborhood performs the duties of neutrality in good faith and reasonably well. This the British government apparently did, though in its case the trouble and annoyance were extreme, extending to the cutting off of the supply of raw material from a vast manufacturing population. The case of the Alabama, which was the worst, was a slip caused by the sudden illness of a law officer

before whom the papers lay, though the Foreign Office ought, no doubt, to have looked him up. The vessel sailed without a clearance, and took on board her armament at the Azores. American pursuit, moreover, was slack. That the government or the nation at large had anything to do, actively or constructively, with the fitting out of the vessel was a preposterous fiction, whatever might be the feelings and conduct of violent sympathizers with the South on this or other occasions. I was glad that the indemnity was paid, because it closed a dangerous dispute; but, looking back, I can hardly think that it was due.

Against recognition of Confederate belligerency nothing could be fairly said. Not for a moment did the Washington government treat the seceders as rebels, or the war as anything but a regular war. At the outset, indeed, there was a faint pretense of bringing some captured Southerners to trial as pirates. But it was at once laid aside, and nothing of the kind was afterwards attempted or proposed. Not Great Britain alone, but all the other foreign nations recognized the belligerency of the South. If England led the way, it was because she was immediately and pressingly concerned. It was only by the recognition of the belligerency that the neutrality law was brought into force.

If Russia seemed to play a more friendly part than England, she did it without any of the risk which England would have incurred. It can scarcely be imagined that one of the powers of the Holy Alliance was actuated by a sincere love of the American republic, or that the dark conclave which rules her was doing anything but playing its diplomatic game.

That the war was not, properly speaking, civil, but international, must at once have struck any observer. In a civil war you have two parties territorially intermingled, and two govern-

ments, or powers claiming to be the government, contending for the allegiance of the same people. In this case you had two separate nations, the government of each thoroughly established and commanding general obedience in a realm of its own. The fact that the two nations had been one, or the suddenness of the disruption by which the second nation had been brought into existence, did not alter the question in this case any more than it did in the case of the revolt of the Netherlands or the severance of Belgium from Holland in 1831. When Gladstone said that Jefferson Davis had made the South a nation, he spoke the literal truth, though the question whether the nation was to preserve its nationality was being contested on the field of battle.

The British government could not be expected to be blind to the prospective interests of its own people. If it had declared for the North, and the South had won, Great Britain would have been making for herself a very fierce and a very formidable enemy,—an enemy specially formidable to her as an owner of West Indian and South American possessions. Nor could she, in the day of peril, have felt sure of the support of the North, with its anti-British traditions and its Irish vote. The idea that it was possible that the South could win is now regarded by some patriotic Americans as a sort of treason, or a thought which was the offspring of a depraved wish. But after Chancellorsville it was the thought of a good many whose wishes were sound enough. The decisive battle was Gettysburg. Suppose, on that day of fate, Lee had not sent his infantry to destruction; suppose, instead of attacking Meade in his position at all, he had manoeuvred, brought Meade to action on a fair field, and won: what would have been the effect on the fortunes of the war? Would not the expectation of support in the North, and of the tri-

umph of a party opposed to the war, in which Lee invaded Pennsylvania, have been fulfilled? Meade, whose modesty was equal to his accomplishments as a soldier, used frankly to admit his obligation to the strategical error of his opponent. The death of Jackson at Chancellorsville was another momentous accident. That man was the soul of the Southern army, and had he been at Gettysburg he might have controlled the rashness of Lee.

We had our disappointments in men who ought to have been on the side of freedom, but were not. The greatest, perhaps, was Charles Kingsley, the author of *Westward Ho!* who afterwards lowered himself still more in the eyes of his friends and admirers by playing a conspicuous part in an ovation to the author of the Jamaica massacre, Governor Eyre. Social influences were probably the cause of Kingsley's fall. Carlyle was sure to be on the side of force, and against liberty. But you really might as well have charged the Liberal party with the aberrations of a mastodon as with those of Carlyle. He had persuaded himself that buying a black man who was put up for sale on the slave block was "hiring him for life."

On the other hand, we had John Bright, Richard Cobden, John Stuart Mill, and Thomas Hughes. John Bright's speech on the side of the North, in St. James's Hall, was the best speech I ever heard. His speech in the House of Commons, against the Crimean war, I had not the good fortune to hear. He always spoke with a quiet and almost judicial manner, without gesticulation or much emphasis, without anything at all of the stump orator, making his audience feel the presence of a weighty judgment and a great moral power. His voice was not particularly strong, but his enunciation was very distinct; not a word was missed by the audience which filled a vast hall. It has been debated whether his speeches

were prepared. So far as the great speeches are concerned, the question is answered by the speeches themselves. They are literature, — literature of a high order; and no man can speak literature extempore. All the great orations of antiquity, we know, were written. There have been great parliamentary speakers who spoke extempore, but their speeches are not literature. The speeches of Henry Clay, which delivered with his voice and manner produced a magical effect, are unreadable. So are those of Gladstone, whose personal bearing, fervor, rich voice, and command of his subject made an immense impression, especially when he was introducing and expounding some great measure. Of Chatham's speeches we have only fragments, but the thunderbolts are such as a thoroughly rhetorical mind might have been always forging to be launched when the occasion came. Tories once got up charges against Bright of illiberal treatment of his workmen. To confute these his workmen presented him with a testimonial. The meeting was private. I stood at Bright's side, and saw the slips of paper, each of them probably having on it the catchword of a sentence, successively drop into his hat. To extemporize such compositions as Bright's great speeches, I repeat, was impossible. You might as well think that Milton could have extemporized a book of the *Paradise Lost*, or Haydn could have extemporized *The Creation*. Bright, however, could speak extempore. Of that I have had abundant proof. He had also, as a speaker, perfect presence of mind, could reply with effect, could meet interruptions and turn them oratorically to his advantage. Yet, like great performers in general, he felt the weight of his reputation. He once owned to me that when he rose to speak his knees trembled under him, though on that occasion he must have known that his audience was entirely with him. He began, I believe, as a temperance

lecturer, with a written lecture. If he read essays or discussed questions in a philosophical society, he kept the practice within such bounds as to avoid acquiring the fatal fluency of verbiage which it is the tendency at debating clubs to produce.

There is a certain likeness in Bright's portraits to those of Pym, the leader of the Long Parliament. But Pym's face is more that of a man of action, as he was. Bright was not a man of action, unless the name can be given to one who swayed public opinion. In Gladstone's ministry he held the almost nominal office of chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, to the business of which, I was told, he seldom attended. His oratorical combativeness caused him to figure in caricatures as the " Fighting Quaker." There was, however, nothing about him politically violent or revolutionary. If he strove for political change, such as an extension of the suffrage, it was in order that legislative justice might be done to classes from which, while Parliament was practically in the hands of the landlord class, legislative justice had been withheld. There was nothing to prevent his serving the Crown. The same might be said of the political circle of which he was chief. No change, therefore, took place in his principles at the close of his political life. He was perfectly consistent with himself in opposing Home Rule as resolutely as he had supported reform of the Irish land law and disestablishment of the Irish Church. Home Rule, he believed, meant dissolution of the union, and dissolution of the union, he believed, meant a renewal of the old struggle and a repetition of Irish woe. It is true that his feelings had latterly softened toward some things of the old dispensation. He was more than reconciled to Oxford, and Oxford was reconciled to him.

Cobden has had the good fortune, which Bright has not, of finding the best of biographers in Mr. Morley.

Mr. Morley, I believe, did not know Cobden personally, but those who did, though they may seem to miss something in the portrait, would be puzzled to say what it was. Simplicity was the leading feature of Cobden's speeches as it was of the character of the man. He spoke extempore, only taking care, as he said, always to have an opening and a closing sentence. Bred on a farm, and transferred from it to a factory, he could not have much culture, and Tories called him a Bagman. The Bagman, however, had plenty of sentiment, and not a little even of poetry, in his nature. His saying about Niagara is given in Mr. Morley's life. One day I found that he had been studying Demosthenes in a translation. Apparently he had been disappointed. Probably the translation was bad. It certainly was if it was Brougham's.

Of John Stuart Mill it may be said that there never was a man in acting with whom you were made more comfortably to feel that you must be morally in the right. That the strictest integrity may exist without orthodoxy Mill's character was a decisive proof. He was the most austere of patriots. When he ran for Parliament in Westminster, he refused to spend money, to canvass, or to take any personal part in the election until about a week before the nomination, when he attended a few public meetings to state his principles and answer the questions of the electors. At one of the meetings, chiefly composed of the working classes, he was asked whether he had ever published the opinion that the working classes of England, though they differed from those of other countries in being ashamed of lying, were generally liars. He answered, without hesitation, that he had. Whereupon there was vehement applause. The first workingman who spoke after Mill's admission was Mr. Oger, who said, amidst cheers, that the working classes wanted friends, not flatterers, and had no desire not to be

told of their faults. This Mill cited as a proof that complete straightforwardness is the most essential of all recommendations to the favor of the working classes. Judges said that the Almighty could not be elected on Mill's platform. That candidature was not tried. But Mill won his election. In the House of Commons, he used to sit in the unflinching performance of his duty through the dullest and most trivial debates. He got his speeches by heart; and if his memory chanced to fail him, he would not fill the gap with mere words, like a less conscientious speaker, but would deliberately pause, making his hearers feel rather awkward, till his memory had recovered the thread.

Thomas Hughes, the author of Tom Brown's Schooldays and Tom Brown at Oxford, one of the best fellows who ever lived, was a more genuine representative of muscular Christianity than Charles Kingsley, who has always been regarded as the founder. Kingsley's love of the east wind was, in truth, rather poetical; though he was fond of bodily exercise, and might be found sometimes, even as a parson, following the hounds. Tom Hughes would have faced a tornado of east wind to do a kind act or redress an injustice. In his college days he had been a first-rate athlete, and had rowed at Henley in the famous crew which, when one of its men was disabled, and the rival crew refused to allow a substitute, rowed with seven oars against eight, and won the race. Yet there was not about him a shadow of the Jingo violence and bluster which are apt to accompany overwrought athleticism; much less was there a shadow of that contempt for public morality and for the rights of the weak, a baneful gust of which is just now sweeping over the world. At the time of the war of secession his sympathies were with the

North, against the general bias of his own section of society. He was one of the committee formed to get justice done to the black peasantry of Jamaica, against martial law. It was cheering, in fighting for a cause which of course was denounced as "humanitarian," to have at your side a man who could not possibly be accused of any sentimental weakness. Never was there a more jovial or a more pleasant companion. It was like him to leave, as it seems he did, an injunction against the publication of a memorial of his life, to be added to the flood of literature of that kind. But Tom Brown's Schooldays and Tom Brown at Oxford are his autobiography. *Sint animæ nostræ cum illo.*

What have been the fruits of a war which cost the North alone, in different ways, at least four thousand millions, besides a pension list which amounted to a hundred and forty millions thirty-three years after the war, — this in addition to all the havoc, waste, and suspension of industry; while on the Northern side alone two hundred and seventy-five thousand men either fell in battle or died in hospital? Slavery has been legally abolished. The sentence of humanity on it has been executed. The hideous slave codes have been swept from the statute book of man. But the Fifteenth Amendment is trampled underfoot, and no one is found to uphold it, while the relation between the races is in some respects worse than ever. The one clear gain is that the extension of slavery has been prevented. The slaveowner's vision of dominion over Mexico, Cuba, and the West Indies might otherwise have been fulfilled. His land hunger would have lent a spur to his ambition, and it is difficult to say by what his career could have been barred.

Goldwin Smith.

AN OLD-TIME MARCH MEETING.

ONE day in the latter part of February, Asahel Peck was observed to be abroad on horseback; for, owing to a recent thaw, sleighing was bad, and wheeling worse. Those in the neighborhood of the town house saw him alight in front of that ancient and variously used structure and nail a paper to the battered and punctured door. It read as follows: —

MARCH MEETING

These are to notify and to warn all the Inhabitants of this Town who are legal Voters in Town Meeting to meet at the Town House on the first Tuesday in March the 3rd (proximo) at ten o'clock in the forenoon to transact the following business, viz.

1st to choose a moderator to Govern said meeting, 2nd a town clerk, 3rd, three or more persons to be Select men, Also Over Seeors of the poor, a Town Treasurer, Three or more Listers, a constable and Collector of Town rates or taxes, Grand and petit jurors, One or more Grand Jurymen for the town, Surveyors of the Highways, Fence viewers, pound keepers, Sealers of weights and measures, Sealers of Leather, also one or more tything men and hay wards. Also a committee to Settle with the Overseors of the Poor also a Committee to settle with the Treasurer and report the state of the Treasury, a Superintending committee for schools, also to consider of the Propriety of adjoining Uriah Cruttenden's Farm to the School District known by the name of the New District and lastly to vote to defray the expenses of the Town the Current year.

ASAHEL PECK	}	Select men.
JONATHAN YOUNG		
SEYMOUR HAYS		

Feby 18, 184-1

¹ Copied from a Ferrisburgh Warning for Town Meeting.

But few persons troubled themselves to read what could more easily be heard for only twelve days' waiting; and, moreover, every proposed measure of importance had been a subject for discussion at Hamner's tavern, the store, the blacksmith's shop, the shoemaker's, and the mill, as also at the town house itself, on several Sundays, before and after the services, held there alternately by the Methodists and Congregationalists: so that saints and sinners were already informed.

The days went by in sunshine and south wind. On the appointed day many voters came of choice on foot, across fields bare of snow but for drifts still enduring along the fences, while others jolted in wagons over the rutted main highways, superficially dried rough-cast memorials of former difficult travel, one wind-swept mile of it now yielding dust enough for the ransom of a whole tribe of Israel. Others came floundering and splashing along the crossroads, which were narrow lanes of mud between banks of snow sullied with the blown dust of ploughed land and muddy tracks of men and dogs. Overhead, straggling flocks of returning crows drove northward through their broad, clean, aerial thoroughfare. All terrestrial travelers tended, by different routes, toward the town house. Rows of horses lengthened along the neighboring fences. Freemen of all ages, from those newly assuming the responsibilities of voting and the burden of taxation to those beyond the demand of a poll tax, swarmed in at the door. There was a considerable attendance of boys, to whom the bustle inside was more novel and attractive than the feeble beginning of a game of ball outside.

The town house was an unpainted, weather-beaten, clapboarded building of one story, with one rough, plastered

room, furnished with rows of pine seats, originally severely plain, but now profusely ornamented with carved initials, dates, and strange devices. A desk and seat on a platform at the farther end, for the accommodation of the town officers, and a huge box stove, so old and rusty that it seemed more like the direct product of a mine than of a furnace, completed the furniture of the room, wherein were now gathered a majority of the male inhabitants of the town. Its fathers, maintaining the dignity of office in stiff, high shirt collars and bell-crowned hats, were grouped behind the desk, planning in semi-privacy the business of the day, while some self-appointed guardians of the public weal stood near, craning their necks and cocking their ears to catch scattered crumbs of the wise discourse. Old acquaintances from the farthest opposite corners of the township, who rarely met but on such occasions, exchanged greetings and neighborhood gossip. Hunters and trappers recounted their exploits to one another and an interested audience of boys. Invalids enjoyed their poor health to the utmost in the relation of its minutest details. Pairs of rough jokers were the centres of applauding groups, while other pairs exchanged experiences in the wintering of stock or discussed weather probabilities. From all arose a babble of voices, the silentest persons present being two or three of the town's poor, who had come to get the earliest intelligence of their disposal.

"Wal, I cal'late we're goin' tu git an airy spring," said one of a knot of elderly men and middle-aged wiseacres. "When the ol' bear come aout he did n't see no shadder."

"What, the twenty-sixt' o' Febwary?" one of the latter chuckled. "Why, good land o' massy, the sun was er-shinin' jest as bright as 't is today!"

"The twenty-sixt' hain't the day! It's the secont, an' it snowed all day!"

"Sho! It's the twenty-sixt'," the other asserted. "Ev'ybody knows that 'at knows anythin' abaout signs."

"Wal, I know it's the secont."

"No, 't ain't nuther!"

"'T is tuther!"

"Wal," drawled big John Dart, "s'posin' the wa'n't no bear ary day? What then?"

"What ye think o' this fur a sign?" a tall newcomer asked, pushing his way into the group, carefully holding in his hand a red and yellow cotton handkerchief, gathered at its corners, which he now unfolded, displaying three full-grown grasshoppers, not very active, but unmistakably alive. "There! I picked them up as I come across lots. What ye think o' that?"

There was a general expression of wonder, and Dart exclaimed, after a critical examination of the insects, "Good Lord, deliver us! Ef the grasshoppers is all ready tu transack business as soon's the snow's off'n the graound, it won't make no odds tu us if we du hev an airy spring. They'll eat ev'ry identical thing as soon as it starts."

"Wal, I swanny, Billy Williams's dressed up consid'able scrumptious fur taown meetin'," the discoverer of the grasshoppers remarked irrelevantly, after a careful survey of the dignitaries grouped behind the desk. "S'pose he cal'lates he's goin' tu rep'sent the taown next fall?"

"Oh yes. It would n't be usin' on him well tu let him die a ye'rlin'," another responded.

"I do' know's we're 'bleeged tu send him on that accaount," the first speaker said. "We don't send folks tu Montpelier fur their health, but fur aour benefit. I never hear'd o' his duin' anythin' gret whilst he was up there."

"I wonder 'f he ever delivered the speech up there 't he prepared," a farmer asked, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and inquiring faces were turned toward him.

"You never hear'd on 't? Wal, I tell ye 't was a buster. Tom Hamlin hear'd him a-practicin' of it one day when he went there on some errant tu Billy, an' the women folks sent him aout tu the barn tu find him; an' he hear'd him a-talkin' turrible airnest on the barn floor, an' so he peeked through a crack o' the door tu see who he was a-talkin' tu, an' there stood Billy wi' a paper in his hand, a-motionin' of it aout, an' nob'dy nor nothin' afore him but an ol' poll ram a-stan'in' back in the furder eend. 'Mister Speaker,' says Billy, 'I rise tu make a motion' — Then, as he turned aroound tu git the light on his paper, the ol' ram let drive at him an' knocked him a-sprawlin' clean acrost the barn floor. Tom cal-lated Billy hed made his motion."

"Ruther more of a turnaout 'n the was tu the fust taown meetin' 'at I went tu in this taown," Gran'ther Hill remarked to an old man who sat beside him, looking nearly his own age, but whose simple, almost childlike features were in marked contrast to the strong, grim visage of the veteran ranger.

"I s'pose likely," responded the other, glancing vaguely around. "I wa'n't there."

"Ef you was, you hed n't no business there, fur you wa'n't much more 'n borned," said Gran'ther Hill. "No, sir, the hain't a livin' man here but me 'at was tu it."

"I s'pose there wa'n't a turrible sight on ye?" his companion suggested.

"Not over twenty on us, all told; an' we hel' it in a log barn 'at stood t' other side o' the river, on Moses Benham's pitch, an' we sot raound on the log mangers, an' the clark writ on the head of a potash berril. We hed n't no sech fix-uppances as these 'ere," pounding the seat with his fist; "an' as fur that 'ere," punching the stove with his cane, "we jest stomped raound tu keep warm, an' did n't fool away much time no longer 'n we was 'bleeged tu."

"I s'pose you git your pension right along, reg'lar?" the younger old man asked.

"Sartainly; it comes as sure as death an' taxes," said Gran'ther Hill. "An' what in blazes is the reason you don't git yourn?"

"Wal, ye see," said the other, "they claim 'at they can't find the roll o' my comp'ny, daown there tu Wash'n'ton, — Comp'ny B, 'Leventh Regiment, — but they say they can't find hide ner hair on't; an' my discharge, that got burnt up 'long wi' all I hed, time o' the fire: so here I be, on the taown." The old man smiled in feeble resignation.

"It's a damned shame, an' you'd ortu hev your pension," Gran'ther Hill declared.

"Served him right fur bein' sech a plaguy fool," said a hard-featured man standing near, speaking not to the two old men, but for their hearing, as he explained to those about him: "He went 'n under his bed, when the haouse was afire, an' got a peck o' wa'nuts 't he'd fetched up f'm the Lake, an' left his chist wi' all his papers in 't tu burn up. Yis, an' a bran'-new pair o' calf-skin boots."

"I s'pose I kinder lost my head," the old soldier said apologetically, and still striving to smile in spite of a quivering of his chin; "an' the wa'nuts, I fetched 'em a-purpose fur my tew leetle gran'childern; an' I do' know 's I'm sorry 'at I saved 'em, fur they died wi' canker rash, both on 'em, next spring, an' the loss on 'em jest killed their mother, an' he married agin an' went off West, an' here I be. The' was one leetle chap 'at lived, but he was tew leetle tu remember me, an' they would n't never tell him nothin' 'baout his ol' gran'ther, I s'pose," said the old man, with a sigh and a more pathetic smile.

"Lost his head!" the hard-faced man sneered. "An almighty loss that must ha' ben!"

Certain inarticulate sounds issued from Gran'ther Hill's toothless jaws,

accompanied by a nervous handling of his staff, which indicated a rising storm that his companion at once strove to prevent, whispering anxiously into the veteran's ear, from which a tuft of grizzled hair bristled like an abatis:—

"Don't fur massy's sake say nothin' tu mad him, Cap'n Hill. He's a-goin' tu run fur poormarster, an' if he don't git it he's a-goin' tu bid for aour keepin'. If he gits a spite agin me, he'll gi' me gowdy. Don't say nothin'."

Thus admonished, Gran'ther Hill corked the vials of his wrath, and contented himself with glowering savagely on its intended object and offering consolation to his friend.

"You need n't be 'shamed on 't, Ros'il. Misfortin hain't no disgrace tu a man 'at's fit in the 'Leventh agin the British tu Chippewa an' that what-you-call-him's Lane. The disgrace is fur them 'at hain't no respect fur sech duin's. What ye s'pose I'd care 'f I was on the taown? By the Lord Harry, I'd tell 'em 't was an honor tu any taown tu hev a man on it 'at took Ticonderogue, an' was tu Hubbar't'n an' Bennin'ton! The country's goin' tu the devil, it's a-gittin' so corrup', an' we'll all be on the taown in a heap in less'n twenty year, wi' the people's money bein' flung right an' left. I hear 'em a-talkin' o' hevin' ruffs over some o' the bridges. Lord Harry, what next?"

"Good airth an' seas!" exclaimed the good-natured-looking shoemaker, who had just taken a seat near the veterans. "'T ain't more'n what we're all lierble tu. 'T ain't many year sen' the constable useter warn ev'ry man jack of a newcomer tu clear aout lest he come on t' the taown. There was ol' Mister Van Brunt, 'at lived tu New York when he was tu hum, 'at owned more'n tew thaousan' acres here, come up an' stayed quite a spell; an' so the constable, he up an' warned him aout o' the taown. Van Brunt, says he tu him, ' You go an' ask the selec'men

what they 'll take fur this mis'able leetle insi'niificant taown, an' I 'll buy the hul on 't.' "

"I tell ye, it don't signify, Ros'il Adams," Gran'ther Hill began, when reminiscences and prophecies were cut short by the clerk's calling the meeting to order.

Comparative quiet fell upon the assembly, that was for a few moments thridded by the thin, whining voice of one of the invalids, who had not completed the details of his last bad spell. The clerk then read the warning that had been taken from the door, and announced the first business to be the choice of a moderator. Thereupon Squire Waite was nominated, and being unanimously elected, took his place beside the clerk behind the desk. He was a tall, portly old man, whose venerable presence was somewhat impaired by a curly chestnut wig. With a voice deep and strong enough to have outborne the clamor of many ordinary ones, he addressed his assembled townsmen:—

"Gentlemen, the next business afore the meetin' is to choose a town clark. Please nomernate some one so to sarve you."

"I nomernate the exper'enced an' deficient present incumberent, Joel Bartlett!" cried Solon Briggs, and the nomination was quickly seconded.

"Joel Bartlett is nomernated and seconted," thundered the moderator. "You 'at's in favor of him a-sarvin' of you as town clark, say 'Aye.'"

There was a loud affirmative response, and when the squire called, "Contrary-minded, say 'No,'" only Beri Burton answered, though he endeavored to make the noise of a majority.

"Gentlemen, the Ayes appear to hev it, and you hev made ch'ice of Joel Bartlett to sarve you as clark fur the ensuin' year."

The re-elected officer pursed his lips to their roundest and set himself to record the proceedings of the meeting; his choice of implements being divided

between a sputtering quill pen and a lead pencil so hard that its only mark upon the paper, unless frequently moistened, was a deep corrugation. The arrangement of his lips seemed especially adapted to the moistening process.

"The next business in order," the moderator declared, after studying the warning, "is tu choose three, four, or five selec'men. Haow many is it your pleasure tu hev?"

It was decided that there should be three, and two separate nominations and elections followed. According to the usual and wise custom, the first member of the old board was retired, the second elected to his place, the third to the second place, and a new man to the third place, for which there were three candidates, each with so considerable a following that a ballot was called for by three or more voters, and a spirited contest ensued. The readiest writers scribbled the names of their candidates on whatever scraps of paper came to hand, which were then cut into slips with jack-knives. These ballots were distributed to the eager voters who crowded around each writer, or were urged upon the wavering and indifferent. Each, when so provided, pushed into the swarming aisle and struggled forward, as if the fate of the nation depended on the immediate deposit of his ballot in the constable's bell-crowned hat, which was now devoted to this sacred service under the vigilant guardianship of its owner. Here, a tall, strong man forced a passage through the crowd, with some smaller, weaker men following easily in his wake. There, a small man, nearly overwhelmed, almost within reach of the voting place, held his ballot at arm's length above his head, like a craft, foundering within sight of port, flying a signal of distress. Having cast their votes, some got out of the press as quickly as possible, while others clung about the voting place, curious to see the last ballot dropped into the hat and to watch the counting.

"Gentlemen, are your votes all in?" called the moderator.

No one responded during the five minutes of grace, and at their expiration the improvised ballot box was emptied on the desk. The counting began, by the clerk and the constable, while the hum of conversation again arose, continuing until the result of the ballot was announced. The rival candidates strove to hide their different emotions under the mask of unconcern, and their adherents soon forgot the brief contest in the strife for a board of listers and other important officers.

The old treasurer, who had through many years' service proved faithful to his charge, was continued as custodian of the town money, kept for the most part in a canvas shot bag conspicuously marked "B. B. Twenty four lbs;" and no one underbidding the old collector's offer to collect the tax for two per cent thereof, he was unanimously reëlected to the dual office of constable and collector.

When it was voted that the selectmen should be overseers of the poor, Roswell Adams was greatly relieved of his anxiety, for he felt sure that at least two of the board were men who would have consideration for an unfortunate old soldier, and he entered quite heartily into the humor of some of the minor elections.

Reuben Black, a blind man, was nominated for fence viewer, and came near being elected.

"You might ha' done wus 'n tu elec' me," said Reuben, "for I c'n smell aout a new fence an' feel aout a lawful one, an' du it in the d'arkest night jes' 's well as in daylight, an' that's more 'n most on 'em c'n du."

John Dart, whose gigantic frame was supported by a more than ample foundation, nominated the shoemaker for inspector of leather, an office without duties or emoluments, and he was unanimously elected.

"Ef I make an' mend your boots,

John Dart, I cal'late I 'll handle the heft o' the luther in Danvis!" he roared, in a voice that excited the envy of the moderator.

It was a common custom in Vermont, in the first half of this century, to permit all kinds of stock to run at large in the highways, which made it necessary to appoint several poundkeepers, and as many haywards, or hog-howards, as they were commonly called, whose duty was to keep road-ranging swine within the limits of the highways. Six poundkeepers were now elected, and their barnyards constituted pounds. There was a merry custom, of ancient usage, of electing the most recently married widower to the office of hayward, and it then chanced that Parson Nehemiah Doty, the worthy pastor of the Congregationalists, had been but a fortnight married to his second wife. So an irreverent member of his own flock nominated him for hayward. The nomination was warmly seconded, and he was almost unanimously elected, even the deacons responding very faintly when the negative vote was called; for the parson was a man of caustic humor, and each of its many victims realized that this was a rare opportunity for retaliation. Laughter and applause subsided to decorous silence when the venerable man arose to acknowledge the doubtful honor which had been conferred upon him; and he spoke in the solemn and measured tones that marked the delivery of his sermons, but the clerical austerity of his face was lightened a little by a twinkle of his cold gray eyes: —

"Mr. Moderator and fellow townsmen, in the more than a score of years that I have labored among you, I have endeavored faithfully to perform, so far as in me lay, the duties of a shepherd: to keep within the fold the sheep which were committed to my care, to watch vigilantly that none strayed from it, and to be the humble means of leading some into its shelter. Thus while you were my sheep I have acted as your shepherd,

but since you are no longer sheep I will endeavor to perform as faithfully the office of your hayward."

"Wal, haow is 't?" John Dart inquired of the nominator. "Hev ye got much the start o' the parson? Or hev ye?"

When every office of the town had been filled, a tax of eight per cent on the grand list was voted, after violent opposition by a considerable minority of economists. Then a sharp-featured man, who had for some time awaited the opportunity, perched on the edge of his seat like some ungainly bird about to take flight, arose and spoke: —

"Mr. Moderator, it's my 'pinion, an' I guess 't is most ev'rybody's else's, 'at we ben a-payin' aout more money fur taown 'xpenses 'an we ortu, in p'rtic'lar fur keepin' aour porpers. You look a' one item, — fifty dollars fur keepin' the Bassett boy! Fifty dollars fur keepin' of a idjit, — as much as 't would ha' cost tu ha' wintered tew yoke o' oxen, pooty nigh! Why, it's ridiculous!" He paused to give his audience time to consider the extravagant cost of supporting the Bassett boy, who had been a town charge for many years, yet by title, at least, seemed possessed of perennial youth, having been designated in the town reports for forty years as "the Bassett boy." "Course we wanter du what's right an' proper by aour porpers, but we don't wanter parmpar 'em, an' we got tu be equinomercal. Naow what I was a-goin' tu say is 'at we hev sometimes heretobefore let aout the keepin' of aour poor to the lowest bidder, an' it hes ben quite a savin' tu the taown; an' considerin' haow hefty aour expenses hes ben durin' the past year, we might du wus 'an tu try it agin."

As Esquire Hard parted his coat tails and resumed his perch on the edge of the seat, another thrifty townsman arose to say, "I think the idee's a good one, an' if the gentleman 'll put it in the shape of a motion, I 'll secont it."

Thereupon the esquire got up such a little way and for such a little while that he began at once to part his coat tails while he said, "I move 'at the s'lec'men let aout the keepin' of the taown poor tu the lowest bidder," which was immediately seconded.

Yet before it could be put to vote a few made earnest protest against this barbarous but then not uncommon custom. The veteran of Ticonderoga got upon his feet with alacrity, and commanded attention with vigorous thumps of his staff as much as by his imperative voice, shaken and cracked by the heat of his indignation.

"Mr. Moderator, is the voters o' this 'ere taown white folks, or be they a pack o' damned heatherns?"

"Order! Order!" the moderator thundered.

"I did n't say they was damned, but they will be if they don't quit sech cussedness. A-biddin' off the poor tu vandew is a cussed shame! I don't keer whether they be God's poor or the devil's poor, or poor divils. 'T'ould be humamer tu fat 'em up an' boocher 'em fur the' taller 'an what it'ould be to starve 'em the way they will be. Yes, by a damned sight!"

Again Squire Waite thundered, "Order! Order! We must hev order!" while Gran'ther Hill continued, "You need n't take no pride in what I say, Square Waite, but I swear I will hev vent, an' I do' know but I've hed all I kin 'thaout hittin' someb'dy," and he sat down, still snorting and growling.

His phlegmatic son declared, "It did n't somehaow sea'cely seem Christian duin's fur tu bid off humern white folks."

"The heft of aour poor aire in no ways tu blame fur bein' where they be, an' we 'd better skimp some'eres else!" shouted the shoemaker.

"Gol dum th' poor tax!" mumbled Beri Burton. "Give 'em puddin' an' milk the year raoun', I say. Gol dum the poor tax!"

Before this many of the voters had dispersed, thinking all important business had been done, and others were impatient to get home by chore time, which was close at hand, as the waning afternoon admonished them: so that when the motion was put to vote, it was passed by a large majority. Then the first selectman announced that "bids for the support of our town's poor would now be received," while the old soldier of 1812 and his fellow paupers awaited the degree of misery to which they should be consigned.

One of the minority, whose plump, good-humored face gave proof that no living thing would suffer under his care, bid a little below the last year's cost. The anxious faces of the paupers brightened during the pause that succeeded this offer; but it only lasted while Peter Flint, the late reviler of the old soldier, after a brief mental computation, made a lower bid; and then another competitor entered the lists, and after a sharp contest of alternately decreasing bids, from which the rosy-faced farmer retired, the contract was awarded to Peter Flint.

"That means short rations fur us poor folks," said Roswell. "Why did n't a cannern ball knock my mis'able head off? I wish 't it hed!"

"No, ye don't nuther, I tell ye," Gran'ther Hill declared, with emphatic thumps of his staff on the floor. "An' you hain't a-goin' tu starve nuther, if aour 'tater bin an' pork berril hol's aout. I'm a-goin' tu take ye hum along wi' me tu visit a year, an' the taown may go tu the devil fur all o' me. A-sellin' off men 'at fit fur the' country! By the Lord Harry, I would n't never fit fur it if I 'd ha' known what a passel o' maggits it was a-goin' tu breed. I swear I won't agin, come what may!"

"You're turrible good, Cap'n Hill," faltered Roswell, overcome by this hospitable offer of a comfortable home, "but I don't b'lieve I'd ortu trouble ye, an' mebby they — they won't let me."

"Shet yer head, an' go 'long an' git int' the waggin. I sh'd like tu see 'em stop ye!" Gran'ther Hill growled hoarsely, glowering fiercely on every one within range of his vision. "Jozeff, onhitch the team, an' le's be a-goin' hum."

"I p'sume like 'nough it'll be all right wi' M'r'i, his a-comin' in so sort o' unexpected," Joseph confided to Sam Lovel as he untied the halters; "but, Sam Hill, I guess by the time father's put him through Ticonderogue ev'ry day for three four weeks a-runnin', he'll think he'd ortu hev tew pensions. Gosh! it 'most seems sometimes 'ough I'd ortu hev one, arter all I've endured in them 'ere battles."

"Wal, if ary one on 'em gits sick on 't, you can send Ros'ell over tu aour haouse a spell," said Sam Lovel.

"An' when he gits Hill's folks an' you all eat aout, Lovel, we'll give him a try down tu aour haouse," said John Dart, in a loud, confidential whisper that was like a gust of welcome south wind to the two old men already in the lumber wagon. "Skin Flint'll haf ter wait awhile fur a chance tu starve Uncle Ros'ell an' git paid for it."

There was a stir of curiosity among the groups before the town house, and sentences were left unfinished, or finished unheard by the audience, as a stranger appeared there, a traveler, evidently, for he carried a carpet-bag, and the newness of his well-fitting clothes was worn off with far-journeying. He searched the faces that were turned toward him, not as if in quest of a familiar one, but as if for one that promised the readiest answer to a question.

"Can you tell me, sir, if old Mr. Adams is here?" he asked a genial-looking farmer.

"That's him 'at's jest got inter Joe Hill's waggin," was the answer, and a half dozen ready forefingers indicated the vehicle.

Giving hasty thanks for the information, the stranger, a bright, alert-look-

ing young fellow, hurried over, and asked with some embarrassment, dividing his inquiring glances between Gran'ther Hill and the shabby old man, "Is this Mr. Adams?"

"That's my name," the latter answered, staring blankly at the questioner; and Gran'ther Hill, looking very grim, nodded in confirmation.

"Why, gran'pa, how d' ye do?" cried the young man, in a hearty voice. "You don't know me, do you?" he said, as the old man, still staring, responded in a maze of wonder, "Haow d' ye du, sir?"

"I'm your gran'son, John White."

"Good Lord! you hain't!" the old man exclaimed, half incredulous; and then, studying the smiling face: "Oh, you be! I can see your ma's looks in your eyes jest as plain! Oh, my good Lord!" and he quite broke down.

The young man's eyes were moist, and he was making futile efforts to swallow a lump in his throat. Gran'ther Hill cleared his own with a sound between a growl and a howl, and cursing under his breath his "damned ol' dried-up gullet," and Joseph and Sam looked intently at nothing away off in the fields, while they groped blindly in their pockets for handkerchiefs.

"I do' know, but it kinder seems 'ough I ketched cold in that 'ere dumbed taoun haouse," said Joseph, snuffling. "I du reg'lar 'most every March meetin'."

"I guess we all did," Sam urged, with a weak little laugh.

"Well, gran'pa," the stranger said, steadyng his voice, "where be you stayin'? Or shall we go over to the hotel?"

"I—I don't stay nowheres,—not yit," his grandfather replied.

"The hain't no hotel!" growled Gran'ther Hill,—"nothin' only Harmner's cussed tarvern. You're a-goin' hum 'long wi' me, both on ye, jes' s yer gran'sir sot aout tu! Come, pile in here, young man. Hurry up yer cakes, Jozeff, an' le's be a-pikin'."

The newcomer demurred in vain, and presently the party went lumbering on its homeward way.

The band chariot of a circus could not have attracted more attention, for the news had run like wildfire through the dispersing assembly that "ol' Uncle Ros'ell's gran'son had come fr'm aout West arter the ol' man, an' was a-goin' tu take him right off'n the taown."

It was as wonderful as a story out of a book.

The freeholders dispersed from the town house more rapidly than they had gathered. The company of ball players on the common was reduced to the few boys whose homes were nearest. The chimney of the deserted town house was scattering on the wind the last wisp of smoke from the expiring fire as Gran'-ther Hill, with his captured guests beside him, driving over the crest of Stony Brook Hill, cast a last triumphant glance back upon the scene.

Rowland E. Robinson.

VIVISECTION.

A RICH, healthy, well-educated woman once remarked that there was no amount of suffering which she would not be willing to have inflicted upon dumb animals, provided that she might obtain by such means some possible relief from future illness, or even a slight prolongation of life. Few people are quite so frankly brutal as that, and the modern defenders of vivisection profess to be actuated by humane considerations. They declare, first, that most cases of vivisection are painless; and, secondly, that the total result of vivisection is, by means of important discoveries in medicine and surgery, to prevent more suffering to the human race than it causes to the inferior animals.

Not all vivisection is painful. The term includes every form of experiment upon animals, and some experiments produce discomfort rather than pain; some are carried on while the animal is under the influence of an anæsthetic; some involve the death but not the suffering of the animal. Then, again, some experiments are performed for purposes of research, and others for purposes of illustration in the classroom. Are all of these experiments justifiable? Are some of them justifiable? And are they justifiable or not according to the

value of the results obtained from them? These are questions which every man ought to weigh and decide, inasmuch as the responsibility rests ultimately upon the community. The problem is in some respects a difficult one, — let us frankly admit that; and, moreover, it is essentially a problem in morals. To take the life of an animal — much more, to inflict pain upon it — for a given purpose must be either a right act or a wrong act. To regard such acts as morally indifferent would be to hold that man has no duty whatever toward the lower animals; and such a theory is never avowed, though indeed it is sometimes practiced, in civilized countries.

What, then, is the nature of dumb animals, and what moral relation do we sustain toward them? In all physical respects there is practically no difference between their nature and ours. They feel fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and they suffer pain precisely as we suffer it. Some animals — horses and dogs especially — have that nervous organization and temperament which renders them peculiarly susceptible to pain. When a dog receives a sudden wound or blow, he seems to suffer even more than a man who receives a like injury.

Intellectually the dumb animals are of course vastly inferior to man, but their intellects, so far as they go, are closely akin to the human intellect. That animals reason is a fact of everyday experience. That they can communicate their ideas and feelings to one another and to man is equally plain. "When a cat or a dog," wrote the late Mr. Romanes, "pulls one's dress to lead one to the kittens or puppies in need of assistance, the animal is behaving in the same manner as a deaf mute might behave when invoking assistance from a friend. That is to say, the animal is translating the logic of feelings into the logic of signs; and so far as this particular action is concerned, it is psychologically indistinguishable from that which is performed by the deaf mute."

When we come to consider the moral and emotional nature of dumb animals, we find that on that side the connection between them and us is far more close than it is on the intellectual side. I will not discuss the question whether dumb animals have any sense of right and wrong. I believe that they have this sense in a rudimentary degree; or at least that it is latent in them, and may be developed. The popular, instinctive notions about animals, the result of the experience of the race, seem to justify this view. "If we say a *vicious* horse," remarked Dr. Arnold, "why not a *virtuous* horse?" — and we do speak of a "kind" horse. It is not denied that some dumb animals have a sense of humor, and it may be doubted whether this sense is ever disassociated entirely from that of right and wrong. However, since the point is disputable, I do not insist upon it, but pass to one concerning which there can be no dispute, namely, that of the love and affection which dumb animals display for one another, and still more for man. All that is best in man springs from something which is practically the same in the lower animals that it is in him.

I mean the instinct of pity or benevolence. To this instinct as it exists in the lower animals Darwin attributes the origin of conscience in man.

It is the tendency of a sophisticated age like the present to overestimate intellectual as compared with moral and emotional gifts. The material civilization upon which we pride ourselves is almost entirely the achievement of the intellect. Fame and wealth, luxury, cultivation, and leisure, — all the big prizes of the world, in fact, — are obtained by the successful exercise of the intellect. The moral qualities, of themselves, can procure a man nothing but a clear conscience, and the approval, perhaps mixed with contempt, of his neighbors.

And yet, when the intellectual qualities are brought to the test of reality; when one's view of them is not clouded by pride, avarice, or passion, how amazingly does their value shrink and shrivel! When a man lies on his deathbed, for example, his intellectual achievements, though of the highest order, will seem as nothing to him, — he will ask himself simply whether he has lived a good or a bad life; and after his death his family and his friends will look at the matter in precisely the same way.

In these highest attributes of our nature, or at least in some of them, we are closely resembled by the dumb animals. They have the affection, the attachment, the power of self-sacrifice, which men have. To a person who takes the merely scientific view of things, there is no mystery about the dumb animals. He knows the mechanism of their bodies and the nature of their functions; he has weighed, measured, dissected and vivisected them; and the idea that there can be anything sacred about the poor creatures is to him the most absolute superstition and folly.

However, when one considers the undeserved sufferings of the brute creation, and especially their sufferings at the hands of men; still more when one

considers the immense and for the most part entirely unused capacity for affection which they possess, the mystery of their existence is apparent. Not dogs only, but elephants, monkeys, birds, and perhaps all kinds of animals have this capacity. Crows possess it to a degree which can hardly be imagined by one who has never known them in captivity. As much latent affection goes to waste in every flock of crows that flies overhead as would fit a human household for heaven. Is there no mystery here?

Physically our power over the lower animals is unlimited, — we can do with them what we will; but morally it is limited by considerations of justice, of mercy, of sympathy, and of regard for the individuality of a living being. We must, I think, go even a step beyond this, and admit that the mystery which surrounds the lower animals, the contrast between their innocence and their sufferings, and the utter obscurity in which their destiny is wrapped impose upon us further limitations of caution and even of awe in dealing with them. The subject is, as I have said, difficult, and astonishingly little consideration has been given to it; but nevertheless one general principle immediately suggests itself, namely, that the only way of utilizing the inferior animals which can with certainty be pronounced right is the natural way, — by which I mean the employment of their natural functions, as we employ the strength of a horse, the predatory instinct of a cat, the watchfulness of a dog, and the capacity of a hen to lay eggs. This use is in the line of the animal's development; and in making such use of an animal man may truly be said not only to be acting in accordance with natural principles, but even to be improving upon nature's work. No wild horse ever had the speed of a thoroughbred or the strength of a modern cart horse. Moreover, domesticated animals, if they have humane owners, are better off than animals in a wild state.

It may be admitted, also, that in a case of necessity the functions of an animal may rightly be overstrained. It would not be wrong, for example, to overdrive a horse, at the risk of killing him, in going for a doctor, just as, in war, forced marches and hopeless attacks are often commanded, though suffering and even death among the soldiers are the inevitable and the foreseen result. Casuistry may confound — and does confound — such use of a horse with the vivisecting of him; but that is a mistake which no unperverted conscience would ever make, and these matters are to be decided by the conscience rather than by the intellect.

But is it right to kill animals for food, and is it right to kill them for sport? This is really a single, and not a double question. Killing animals for sport alone, under such circumstances that they cannot be used for food, is a detestable thing, seldom practiced, and universally condemned by sportsmen. In the operation of killing animals for food, whether they be in a wild or in a domestic state, there is perhaps no necessary cruelty. There would be no deer in our woods and no fish in our streams, were they not protected for purposes of sport. Even the deer and the trout that are killed probably get more pleasure than pain out of life; and this may be true also of cattle and sheep. Still, there are weighty arguments against the practice of killing animals for food: it is attended with much unnecessary cruelty; the butchering of animals is a degrading occupation; and it may be doubted if we have a right to turn a living creature into a mere article of food, and to breed creatures for that express purpose. The time may come when flesh-eating will be felt to be barbarous. I am not concerned to defend it. "Whatever my own practice may be," wrote Thoreau (and he was not a vegetarian), "I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off

eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized."

If, however, the practice of killing and eating dumb animals is right, then I will admit that it can fairly be cited in justification of the practice of painless vivisection; that is, of using dumb animals for experiments with serum or otherwise, which may end in death, but which do not involve actual pain as distinguished from discomfort. This is, perhaps, an uncalled-for admission; the two practices do not stand on quite the same ground, although there is an analogy between them.

But between the use of animals for food and the use of them for experiments which involve pain and suffering there is no analogy. Such use of them is contrary to the unperverted instincts of humanity. We should despise the man who tortured an animal for his own good: how, then, can the torture be justified when it is for the good of the human race in general? The late Dr. Henry J. Bigelow exclaimed in a public address, "Better that I or my friend should die than protract existence through accumulated years of torture upon animals, whose exquisite sufferings we cannot fail to infer, even though they may have neither voice nor feature to express it!"

To inflict pain upon an animal for scientific purposes is to do a moral wrong in order that a possible intellectual or physical benefit may result to ourselves. To witness or even to read of a painful experiment upon an animal produces a feeling of revulsion in the spectator or the reader; and this natural, instinctive, inevitable feeling is a sufficient and the best possible proof that the act is immoral and wrong.

The vivisectionists, however, declare that it is a question of expediency: we are justified in inflicting any amount of suffering, provided that it *pays*,—pays the human race. But who is to hold

the scales? According to what principle are they to be adjusted? Who has a warrant to pronounce that a given torture may rightly be inflicted upon dogs for the sake of a given benefit which may result to mankind?

A certain Italian, Dr. Castex, wishing to study the effect of massage upon dislocations, deliberately dislocated the limbs of numerous dogs. He published an account of all these experiments, and the following is a fair example of them: "Experiment 8. Poodle dog . . . replaced on the table without chloral; I dislocate his two shoulders. The animal utters screams of suffering. I hold him for twenty minutes with his two shoulders dislocated, and the elbows tied together behind his back."

Why does one shrink with horror from a recital like this? It is because it violates the unsophisticated conscience; it violates that instinct of pity which is the only safe judge of right and wrong. The practice of painful vivisection violates, I say, the fundamental instinct of pity implanted in man; and the result is, as it always must be when an instinct is persistently violated, that a passion to do that very thing which nature forbids arises in its place. How otherwise can we account for the wanton cruelties of certain vivisectors? "Dr. Majendie," relates Dr. Elliston, "in one of his barbarous experiments which I am ashamed to say I witnessed, began by cutting out a large round piece from the back of a beautiful little puppy." Majendie may have been by nature a brutal man, but even he would hardly have done that when he was young in vivisection.

Two reasons are given in defense of vivisection: one, that it advances knowledge; the other, that it tends to free the human animal from disease and suffering. Both reasons are such as appeal with particular force to an intellectual and luxurious age like the present, — an age in which all dangerous work is done by men hired for the pur-

pose. In a familiar letter the late Benjamin Jowett spoke of that "extravagant value for human life which is springing up among us, . . . a feeling which would have been despised in an ancient state." And Matthew Arnold declared that the London cockney was characterized by an "almost blood-thirsty" fear of death and love of life.

Neither knowledge nor freedom from pain nor length of life is an ultimate good or sufficient end in itself: these things are good only as means and according to the use which is made of them. We should hold that man guilty who pursued knowledge and left his children to starve; we despise the man who, when the occasion arises, prefers freedom from pain or length of life to the dangerous duty imposed upon him by patriotism or by honor.

At the siege of Lucknow young Havelock was observed by a fusilier to be standing in a very much exposed spot. "Come out of that, sir!" cried the fusilier. "A chap's just had his head taken off there." Young Havelock stayed where he was, and cheerfully replied, "And what the devil are we here for but to have our heads taken off?" That expresses the spirit in which life should be met, — avoiding pain and danger when we can do so by proper means, but disdaining to avoid them by ignoble, cruel, or cowardly means. All will agree that knowledge, freedom from disease, prolongation of life, may be purchased at too high a price; and is not the torture of dumb animals such a price? Is it conceivable that a race which, from mercy to the dumb animals, renounced vivisection would prove morally inferior to a race which permitted and practiced vivisection?

The value of intellectual advancement is grossly overestimated. Scholars who ought to know inform us that the Anglo-Saxon of to-day is intellectually inferior to the Greek who lived two thousand years ago. If the human race has improved during that time, — and who

will deny that it has improved? — it is not because man has advanced in knowledge, but because he has more sympathy with his inferiors, be they brute or human, more justice, more generosity, more mercy toward them.

The same arguments which would lead us to vivisect the inferior dumb animal would lead us to vivisect also the inferior human animal. A grown dog is equal in intellect to a child six months old; it is at least equally susceptible to pain, and in point of love and affection it is much the superior of the child. Why not vivisect the child as well as the dog? A criminal, though superior in intellect to the dog, is not, or may not be, his superior from the moral point of view. Why not vivisect him?

In classical times human vivisection was practiced upon a large scale; and it would be easy to construct a plausible argument in favor of it.¹ We take the life of a murderer: why not vivisect him? What *right* has he to be exempted from torture any more than an unoffending dumb animal, who is equally susceptible to pain? Besides, it is a fact, to which attention has often been called, that in the interest of medical science it would be much more profitable to dissect men alive than it is to dissect horses or dogs alive. In other words, it would "pay" better. The vivisection of dumb animals is defended on the ground that it pays, and it is hard to see why the vivisecting of criminals could not be defended on the same ground. Shall not one criminal be put to torture, if thereby something may be discovered which will prolong the lives of many innocent, or comparatively innocent persons?

In this country we are not quite so cruel as the French and Italians; but we are more cruel than the English, — more cruel, perhaps, than the Germans. A medical man in Jersey City published

¹ To a slight extent, experiments have been performed in this country upon infants, insane paupers, and others.

an account of some experiments which he made upon dogs; and of this publication the British Medical Journal of November 15, 1891, said, "It is a record of the most wanton and the stupidest cruelty we have ever seen chronicled under the guise of scientific experiments."

But, the humane reader exclaims, are not the abuses of vivisection guarded against by the humane, the cultivated men who stand at the head of our institutions of learning? Alas, no. Among those persons who are ultimately responsible for vivisection — I mean among the presidents and trustees of colleges, of medical schools, and of universities — there is a cold indifference upon the subject which would shock the ordinary, uneducated person if he were aware of it. Several years ago, a defense of vivisection, entitled *A Statement in Behalf of Science*, was issued to the public by a committee of eminent surgeons and professors. This committee had been appointed by the presidents of the following societies: the American Physiological Society, the American Society of Morphologists, the American Anatomical Society, the American Society of Naturalists, the American Society of Physicians, and the American Society of Surgeons. Nothing, therefore, could be more authoritative. This document, which was indorsed by President Eliot and other distinguished persons, expressly sanctions the practice of vivisection, without the use of anaesthetics, however painful the operation, in those cases (and they are numerous) where to use an anaesthetic would diminish the value of the experiment. Further, the Statement expressly defends the custom of vivisecting dumb animals, not only for experiment but also for mere purposes of illustration in the classroom; and it makes no distinction in this respect between painful operations and those in which

anaesthetics are used, — whereas in England vivisecting in the classroom without the use of anaesthetics is prohibited by law. The language of the Statement is in the highest degree decorous and euphemistic, but when examined it will be found to cover every form of cruelty that can be perpetrated in the name of science.

A few years ago, a respectable member of the medical profession wrote to the presidents of the chief colleges and universities in this country, inquiring whether vivisection was regulated or limited in their respective institutions. The replies, with few exceptions, — I believe with only one exception, — indicated that the various presidents addressed had given no attention whatever to the subject, and had left the matter entirely to the vivisectors themselves. These institutions included Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Amherst, Bowdoin, Williams, Cornell, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Oberlin, Leland Stanford Jr., California, and the Western Reserve University. The president of the last-named university, the Rev. Dr. Thwing, wrote, "In answer to your courteous inquiry, I beg to say that a professor who is worthy of being made the head of the department of biology is certainly worthy of deciding the important question which you ask."

And yet the English Royal Commission to investigate vivisection declared, "Inhumanity may be found in persons of very high position as physiologists." "A physiologist," said Claude Bernard, "is no ordinary man. He is a learned man, a man possessed and absorbed by a scientific idea. He does not hear the animal's cries of pain. He is blind to the blood that flows. He sees nothing but his idea." It is to this man that university presidents and trustees have handed over their own responsibility in the matter.

Henry Childs Merwin.

THE ST. ISIDOR CONTRACT AND PIERRE.

Down in the city it was spring. Daffodils and lilacs were cried at street corners. Baby carriages were out in the squares, and gauze hats blossomed on tall stalks in shop windows. Up in the mountains the floods were let loose, the Moccasin and the Racquette rivers roared between banks of honeycombed ice, and in the deep woods the bare trees dropped moss on the pockmarked snow. The thin little summer fawns began to follow the camp trails in desperation, not knowing how soon spring was to be the Moon of Budding Leaves. Ice had just broken in the Upper Moccasin, and the river drives were on.

The men from the St. Isidor and the X Y Z were about to start their logs, but on different branches of the Upper Moccasin. It happened that the timber lands of the two companies adjoined, with a creek as boundary. Their drives would unite where Eel Brook and Bear Creek rushed together into the Upper Moccasin, making the Forks. Five miles below were the Rapids.

The president of the St. Isidor Lumber Company, in New York, sent out a dispatch to the mill superintendent, at Lower Moccasin:—

“Big contract on. Get estimate on 800,000 square timber by June 1st.
HOLLISTER.”

The mill superintendent sent his scaler out to estimate the square timber in the sheds, and the round in the dump. The stuff at their disposal would not fill the contract, and they would have to depend on that spring's river drive. And the river drive depended on the weather, and the weather was not under the control of the mill superintendent. A few hours' relenting in the middle of the day operates but slowly on the accumulated frosts and snows of a winter. He whistled and sat down to think.

A second dispatch came from New York:—

“Get lumber for freighting by June 15th. X Y Z competing. \$5000 if you win out. HOLLISTER.”

This meant that the logs must be floated to the mills by June 1st. It would take, at the lowest estimate, two weeks to scale and square-saw them. It was a long drive from the mountain tributaries of the Upper Moccasin down through the Rapids into Moccasin Pond, across to Lower Moccasin, and so to the mills. June 1st! Five thousand dollars! It must be done. And Abel Swinger was the man to do it, if it were within the limits of possibility. Gunnison, the mill superintendent, sent a man on horseback to Camp No. 1, twenty miles into the mountains, by the side of Eel Brook. He carried this note:—

“Logs must be got to the mills by June 1st. Big contract up. X Y Z competing. \$1000 in your pocket if you beat them. GUNNISON.”

Abel Swinger, boss of the river drivers, thrust his finger along the blotted lines, following them also with sibilant whisper, as he sought their meaning. But even this double method of connotation failed to impress their import. He thrust out his lip combatively and gazed with a frown at the red face of the messenger, who wiped his sweating brow with his sleeve and stamped the wet snow from his boots on the floor of the shanty. Abel turned to the note again, re-read it, and when the meaning burst on his astonished senses he pushed back his bench from an unfinished supper and rose to his feet. The veins on his temples bulged and his great eyebrows gathered together in bushy interrogation.

“God bless your soul and body, man,” he roared, “what baby talk is Gunnison giving us? Don't he know

Eel Brook is froze tight as a watch-case, and Upper Moccasin broke just the other day? Them logs cayn't go down no sooner nor God A'mighty hes his say-so. Thet's a purty song and dance fer you to bring me all these twenty miles, Mart."

"Gunnison told me to fetch back your answer," said young Mart sullenly, spitting into the wood box to relieve himself of responsibility.

"He did, did he?" bellowed Abel. "By Gosh, you tell him it's the devil against God if I get them logs to the dump ahead of the freshets! Tell him that, and don't minch it none. Now out with ye."

Abel turned to his meal again, while the young messenger, disregarding Abel's obviously rhetorical dismissal, sat down to a huge slab of pie that the cook put before him. The woodsman talked to himself as he ate, in a way that he had.

"One thousand dollars, Abel! Thet's a pile of dust. And Gunnison don't plank down his promises on no chunk of ice. X Y Z to beat! Dammy, I'd like fust - rate to beat that Canuck, Boudry. Dammy if I don't!"

Mart made cheerful guzzling sounds as he washed down his pie with strong black coffee, while the others who had finished their supper watched Abel with curiosity. Each in his several way had an interest in the proposition up, and each had his manner of showing it. If there were extra dollars in it, they would come in for their share; for Abel Swinger was never the man to keep the whole of the stakes.

Abel's hard, leathery face showed no sign of the tender thoughts that stirred him. In his mind, he held his newest grandson on his knee; he heard the pretty, pleading voice of Eudora, his youngest daughter, supported in idleness at a young ladies' seminary.

"Some pennies, g'an'pa."

"I want more spending money, papa. All the girls"—

The old unreasonable argument, so unreasonably effective, "all the girls." One thousand dollars,— half that sum,— it would mean much.

Pierre, the French driver, sat and sang softly to himself:—

"Derrier' chez nous y a-t-un etang,
En roulant ma boule."

"Well, boys," Abel's husky voice broke in upon the musings of them all, "what d' ye say? Kin we git onto the drive, willy-nilly, and float them logs down to the mill?"

"It depends on the weather, not us," said Paul Lawless coolly.

"Go to Halifax with your weather! Kin we do it?"

"And on the freshets," Lawless continued, as if he had not been interrupted.

"How's the ice on Bear Creek? You been up there this morning, Pierre: how's the ice holding out?"

As Pierre did not answer, but continued singing softly to himself, Davy, the "infiddle," replied: "Plenty of ice, Abel; stock below par this evenin'. Ain't goin' to be a corner in the ice market just yet, I guess."

"Boudry's men is working over on Bear Creek," said Lawless, smiling, and whittling a stick aimlessly.

"The devil they are!" snapped Abel savagely. "How d' ye know?"

"He told me." Lawless jerked his thumb to indicate Pierre, who, with his head tipped back against the wall and his large glassy eyes rolled upward, still chanted:—

"Gai, faluron, falurette."

"If Boudry can start his logs, we'll start ours, tarnation quick. Pierre, where'd you see Boudry's?"

"Gai, faluron, falurette."

"Choke that hymn in your throat. Answer me."

Pierre brought down the fore legs of his chair with a crash.

"‘Gai, faluron, falurette,’"
he lilted joyously. Then: "W’at we go to get eef we stan’ in ees wataire to ze necks of us to start one time queek zem damn logs of you? W’at we go get? One man heem not love ees wataire none zo ver’ great."

Pierre stretched out his long yellow fingers like a beggar’s for alms. He was the best driver in the gang, and the one of them all who had seemed to care nothing for his stakes and everything for glory. No one could account for Pierre.

Abel’s look grew black. He had meant to offer a bonus, but to be forced into it by a crazy Canuck! However, now was not the time to start a fracas nor to hang back, with the men waiting on his word.

"Five hundred dollars to the feller that strikes his peavey into the forrard-est log below the Rapids!"

That meant the van of the drive after the perilous part was over.

"And the devil take the hindmost!" cried Davy, whose atheistic views did not debar the archfiend from familiar converse.

"Voilà donc, Boudry," prophesied Pierre.

"You bet!" chorused the men blithely, their spirits elated by the prospect of a sharp race and a money goal.

The work was started the next morning in dead earnest. Beneath the thin armor of ice over the mountain brooks there was a rapid current rushing, and every day under the mild suns of May the snow melted in the ravines, and the ice grew thinner; where the beetling banks or the dense underbrush made an impenetrable shade, and the ice-bound stream seemed a very fortress against the besieging spring, Abel directed his dynamite fuses, blowing up the ice into crumbling ruins, and setting great fires ablaze over the castles of frost. The snow sank amazingly, as, when the thaw once begins, it always does in those northern forests, till the greenness

seemed to glow upward through the watery snow and the sap was running in the hard maples.

Four days had passed, and the St. Isidor drive had almost reached the confluence of the two creeks into the Upper Moccasin. The lower streams were swelling rapidly, and but a little more warmth was needed to bring a tremendous current that would bear the logs down with resistless speed upon the wide waters of the pond. Boudry’s men also were at their job on Bear Creek, and across the forest ranges, as the creeks converged, Pierre could hear the voices of his fellow countrymen in the mellow habitant songs of Quebec, and the mellifluous oaths of Boudry, on whose account he had left the X Y Z and gone to the St. Isidor.

There had been a bitter feud between the two men, — all over a girl, Alcée, whom neither had won at the end. Pierre pretended to himself he had forgotten her; but a man like Pierre does not love a girl like Alcée to forget. Boudry had married, since, and Pierre hated him more than ever.

One night there was an amicable arrangement made between Boudry and Abel, that if their drives should happen to meet at the Forks, the man who got his logs first down to the Rapids should have precedence the rest of the way. The stream was narrow, easily blocked by a log jam. The loser would have to hold back his drive by letting it jam at the Forks. Stray logs carried to the Rapids, but unaccompanied by a driver, would not fulfill the condition of success. The men on both streams worked with a will, pushing and poling and extricating with their long poles, up to their thighs in water; half hoping, half dreading, the expected freshet that would take the work out of their hands.

Hollister sent out a special man, a green one, from the city, to investigate the work being done at the driving camps in the woods. He found Abel lighting a minute giant fuse to break

up a jam in Eel Brook. He saw the logs scatter and fly to pieces as the jam started, and drew down his mouth at this reckless destruction of good timber. He stamped on his patent-leather boots, incased in thin rubbers to keep them warm, and blew on his pinched fingers, protected by copper-red dogskin gloves of the newest cut. He reported to the New York office that weather and conditions were absolutely unfit for driving, and that the foreman was recklessly destroying the property of the company. This was when the logs were just above the Forks, with an almost open channel below, held in check by débris of ice that would be carried away any hour by the spring thaws.

A dispatch was sent to Gunnison, and forwarded by him to Abel. Mart handed it to him from horseback, on the end of a peavey. Abel read it standing up to his waist in ice water, looking for the key log that had obstructed a hundred others.

"From the New York office," said Mart jauntily. "Stop the drive."

The yellow scrap, tossed from Abel's hand, was sucked under in a swirl of water as the released log pushed its nose savagely downstream. Pierre and Paul, apoise of a raft that trembled beneath their spiked feet, held their peaveys expectantly, awaiting Abel's order.

"To hell with the New York office," he shouted, "and on with the drive!"

That night was a full moon, and the sky, faint and bare, arched above the great mystery of the forest. The driving camps were abed and asleep early, after the long day's labor. Masses of logs lay like sleeping pythons piled up at the Forks where the streams ran together. The X Y Z and the St. Isidor jostled each other, end to end, locked inextricably, waiting only for the morrow's sun and the stimulus of the driving poles to start them whirling on their career to the mills. Some

of them were still glazed with ice or caked with snow from the upper mountain sides whence they had come. The moon shone peacefully down on their dark rotundities, on a gray haze of treetops, on the spirited stream below, curveting and flashing in lathery foam through the hours of the vacant night. If the barriers that held the logs in leash were to give way, if one should prod the key logs ever so gently, what a disorderly avalanche sucked down and swung away by the hungry Moccasin!

Pierre had crept to bed in his clothes, and he alone lay awake, staring into the darkness of the log-built room. Bunked about him were his mates, wrapped in the profound sleep of healthy animals. Pierre had finished the third version of an imaginary meeting with Alcée. It was such a tiny rift that had come between them, and then she had thought him a coward; and cowardice was to Pierre the last degree of degradation, but he could not explain. Alcée loved a brave man.

"Alcée," he murmured aloud, "after all, you do believe in me."

"Toujours," answered the dream-voice repentantly; and then Pierre began over again.

He was far off in Quebec, at the Lake of the Three Pines, and Alcée's hand was on his shoulder, when a noise from the real world tore across the thin woof of his musings. His breast vibrated to a long jarring. He sat up in bed. The logs had started. He could hear them grating against each other as they piled forward. Pierre pulled on his great boots, seized his pole, and dashed out into the camp trail. Something had started the X Y Z, and the two rafts were pitching along together into the stream. They would not go far; they would block each other soon, mid-stream, interlocked from shore to shore. A few of the foremost logs, perhaps, would be carried over the Rapids.

Thud, thud, thud! Across the Upper Moccasin Pierre saw a horseback

figure, ebony in the clear moonlight, emerge from the deep woods and strike the tote road that led downstream for perhaps a mile. It was Boudry following his logs, prepared to join them at sunrise below the Rapids, and to claim right of way, in the presence of Camp No. 2, then awake, for the rest of the drive.

"*Jamais de la vie!*" Pierre could heel a log better than any one else in the mountains. He had ridden many a mile, heel and toe, midstream, on the top of a vicious, plunging, slippery stick of spruce. Like a circus rider tiptoe on a furious steed, he had reveled in mastery of an angry wild thing. But to ride alone at night, no help near, down a swift mountain stream; to make the boiling Rapids and come up a man, and not splinters and jelly! Pierre, Pierre, even a "*little Christ*" can put his life in hopeless jeopardy. But Boudry the victor! *Jamais de la vie!* Here is the hour for distinction. He has waited for this; so has Alcée. But she will never know. Will she not? In the remote depths of a confused imagination Pierre had a vague inspiration as of another self always with him, and that self was Alcée, knowing ever his keen longings and daring enterprise, while the real Alcée was many miles away, forgetting and scorning.

Pierre, now midstream, astride of his logs like Colossus, waved his river pole exultantly. The horseback figure was arrested by the strange sight. What nightmare was this that troubled his eyes? What ouf, what goblin, what devil, followed him, jeered at him, on the Moccasin River?

"*Bon so'uar!*" called Pierre blithely, leaping from one log to another, as he left behind him the clumsy multitude and rode on the foremost sticks.

"*Depêche donc, Boudry, c'est moi!*" he called out across the tumbling water to the motionless figure on shore.

Then he broke gloriously into a stave of "*Au clair de la lune.*"

"*Madman! Fool!*" snarled Boudry, whipping his horse to a run.

The snow had melted entirely from the open trails, leaving the black, spongy duff to rebound delightfully under the horse's tread. But none of the delight of it thrilled Boudry,—only a superstitious terror. Pierre's long hair streaming in the moonlight was like a visible incantation. Pierre's singular intrepidity and apparent immunity from harm, along with a moody and unintelligible personality, had won for him the sobriquet of the "*little Christ*." Boudry was loudest in openly expressed contempt for the strange young fellow, and secretly most in dread of his supernatural power.

*"Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Prête moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot,"*

chanted Pierre, dancing up and down as if he trod on hot irons while he kept his balance on the constantly turning logs beneath. He and they sped onward through the water.

The grave forest viewed passionlessly the mad race. The large yellow moon looked weird understanding as it hung above the black edge of trees. Pierre's face was carved for an instant against it like a black onyx head on a white cameo. Then the moon slipped down behind the lacy, still peering watchfully at the two figures. Only the Moccasin raged and gnashed its teeth at the insolence of this human creature who rode so carelessly to death.

With an even footing and a solid trail Boudry on horseback might easily have won; but against the windings of the river was offset the dark road through the half-cleared forest, with its bogs and its pitfalls. Now the trail and the river part company.

*"Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu,
Ouvre moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu,"*

sings Pierre.

"For God's sake, Pierre, remember the Rapids!" cries Boudry, as he turns his horse into the woods. Was he smit with sudden compunction for Pierre's certain doom, or did he gloat over it in anticipation? "Pour l'amour de Dieu!"

"Pour le Dieu d'amour,"

sings Pierre. "I will remember the Rapids for His sake and for Alcée's."

Pierre is alone, and the solitude unnerves him. He always plays better before an audience. Look, the moon is still with him, crouching low at the very horizon's edge, squat like a giant toadstool above that cleared knoll on the river bank.

"Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Ouvrez votre porte
Pour le Dieu d'amour."

"Come here, then, thou!" he cries, poling toward him the companion spruce to the giant stick that his feet clutch. Side by side they float downstream. Here the water is wide and quiet.

"One might almost dream," says Pierre, shutting his eyes for an instant, as if indeed he were behind the foot-lights. When he opens his eyes the moon is gone, and the loneliness strikes to his soul like a damp fog to the marrow of one's bones. He is midway between Camp No. 1 and Camp No. 2. There are the Sister Pines on the hill-top. In a mile, the Rapids.

"Alcée, if you were but there to meet me at end of the race! How gayly we would kiss, *au clair de la lune!* Drenched with foam, cut by the rocks, my hair gray with the hoar frost of dawn, would you run to meet me and put your dear arms about me?"

Pierre remembered the short cut through the woods and Boudry a-gallop,—hard mouth and gleaming eyes. Ah, but how quickly Moccasin speeds down her long stairs! He would cling to the log lengthwise. He hears the roaring; he has come to the stairs. Would the driving camp be on shore to

see him? Boudry would have aroused them. But no; he would be there ahead of Boudry, he would win the race. They would send the boats off to bring in his body. His body! How they would shout and cry! (Look out! a rock.)

"Pour le Dieu d'amour." (Safely by.)

The sky grows pink. On the shore a bird sings, piercing the cataract,—"Pea, pea, peobody." He cannot think for the roaring in his ears. Are these the Rapids? Now for the leap downstairs. The lather is in his eyes. (Oh, Alcée!)

The sun was just rising above the black roofs of Driving Camp No. 2, on the quiet shore of the Upper Moccasin Pond, and the blue jays had begun to scream in social rivalry, when a man who had dipped his head into a bucket of water by the door called to the cook in the shanty, "Hey, there, they've started the logs from Camp No. 1!"

The men ran down to the shore. Some logs bobbed up from the spumy pool below the riffles, went down again, came up farther out on the smooth lake.

"Body of me, what's that?"

The men rubbed their eyes and looked again. Pierre struggled to his feet on one of those same bobbing logs. They sent out a boat to bring him ashore. As they approached he waved a swollen hand. The foam on his clothes was salmon-red from the blood of his cuts, but he sang them a stave,

"Ouvrez votre porte
Pour le Dieu d'amour,"

and then fell over, senseless, into the bottom of the boat.

"All for the St. Isidor contract," said Abel Swinger gently, as he bent over Pierre's bunk in the shanty.

"And five hundred," winked Paul Lawless.

Pierre opened on them his pale, transparent eyes. They did not know about Alcée.

Florence Wilkinson.

"TRUSTS" IN THE LIGHT OF CENSUS RETURNS.

THE discussion concerning industrial combinations has been so active during the last few years, not only through the ordinary channels of the newspaper press and the current monthly magazines, but also in lectures, political speeches, and public debates, that I should feel some hesitation in touching upon this topic were it not for the fact that the Manufactures Division of the Census Office has recently prepared some very interesting data concerning this much-agitated question.

It is a source of regret that many persons, when considering the effect upon society at large of the vast aggregations of capital so common in our day, are quite apt to discuss the subject from a sentimental standpoint and without an adequate knowledge of the facts. To become hysterical over imaginary difficulties, rather than to approach an important social problem from a temperate and unbiased point of view, seems to be a common fault even with a people so practical as the Americans. The arguments advanced from either side of this controversy are entitled, however, to the fullest consideration.

Those immediately concerned in the formation of enormous corporations insist that they are simply the natural evolution of the ordinary commercial life of the nation; that they arise from perfectly natural causes; and are the logical outcome of machinery production, improved transportation facilities, plentiful capital, and of increased competition which has forced the managers of industrial enterprises to reduce the cost of production to the minimum. It is further contended that the expense of the distribution and sale of products is much less under the industrial combination plan than under the former system, a great saving being effected in the cost of administration and general plan

of operation; that such combinations, conducted under a common oversight and control, make it possible to dispense at will with the active use of those plants which, because of their geographical situation, are not best adapted for the production of the articles to be sold. Another advantage arises from the fact that the several processes involved in the production of the article in question, instead of being carried on together in each of a number of independent establishments, may be localized in separate mills. This specialization introduces a uniformity in the operations of each mill which is conducive to economy. It is urgently maintained, in view of all these considerations, that under combinations the wants of the consumer are satisfied at a lower price than under the old competitive plan.

Those who oppose the formation of industrial combinations are very strenuous in their efforts to secure such legislation as will materially restrict the operation and management of these vast corporate enterprises. They maintain that the "captains of industry," who, with their mighty power of concentrating wealth, are constantly extending the field of their operations, are a menace to society, not only in an industrial way, but also from a social standpoint. They declare that these enterprises are veritable monopolies, with the power of compelling the people to pay higher prices for the necessities of life than would obtain under the competitive system; that they stretch out their mailed hands to reach the very sources of government itself, controlling legislatures, Congress, the courts, and great civic bodies; in short, that they are an incubus on the whole social structure, endangering the very existence of the republic.

There is no doubt that certain of the industrial combinations do control a large proportion of the output in their various lines of business, and that the conditions of production are such as to give them some advantage over their competitors. Their power of influencing prices is very great, and may at times be used to advance them arbitrarily, or, what is perhaps worse from an economic point of view, actually reduce them, temporarily, below the cost of production, with a view to driving competitors out of the field. This has been a powerful factor in the development of the industrial combination. Undoubtedly it is a distinct evil. As yet, no adequate remedy has been devised to meet it. In considering this argument, however, it must be remembered that the apparent rise in prices of many of the products controlled by these combinations is the result of increased demand, due to the prosperous condition of the country rather than to any particular advantage afforded by monopoly.

The ability to list upon the stock exchange of the country enormous amounts of securities for which there is an insufficient basis of value is another great evil. This invites the unwary and inexperienced to invest in stocks and bonds which have been issued upon a small proportion of actual invested capital.

With these lines of popular argument clearly before us, it is interesting to observe the facts which have been developed by census investigation; for, after all, our conclusion regarding these industrial evolutions of our national life should be based upon an unprejudiced study of facts.

The officials of the Census Office, in order to prevent misconceptions and insure consistency in the plan and system of tabulation, formulated the following definition of the term "industrial combination": —

"For the purpose of the Census, the

rule has been adopted to consider no aggregation of mills an industrial combination, unless it consists of a number of formerly independent mills which have been brought together into one company under a charter obtained for that purpose. We therefore exclude from this category many large establishments comprising a number of mills, which have grown up, not by combination with other mills, but by the erection of new plants or the purchase of old ones."

The word "trust," although it has the sanction of popular usage, was avoided in this definition, because, technically, it applies to only one form of industrial combination; and while this form was at one time prevalent, it has been rendered illegal by act of Congress, so that the term has become a misnomer. The above definition is not perhaps broad enough, as it does not recognize a class of corporations known as "holding concerns," which are organized for the purpose of acquiring the stock of other corporations, and do not directly operate plants. Several such corporations are, however, included in the data referred to later on. It may be said in passing that there are a considerable number of independent organizations, created for the purpose of selling goods at uniform prices, of which no cognizance has been taken in this article.

So far as can be ascertained from the data in the Census Office, the number of these industrial consolidations is 183. They control 2203 separate plants, scattered throughout the United States, 2029 being active and 174 idle during the census year. For 56 of the idle plants no returns could be obtained, making the total number of reporting plants 2147. The 183 combinations extend to almost all lines of industry, producing articles of luxury, materials essential to the upbuilding and growth of the country, and even the very necessities of life. Fully 50 per cent of these combinations were chartered just

prior to or during the census year; and it is noteworthy that the epidemic of industrial consolidation, as far as the so-called monopolies are concerned, has been practically confined to the past four years. It is evident, therefore, that the disease — if it be regarded as such — has spread very rapidly.

Naturally enough, iron and steel, with 69 combinations, heads the list. The number of reporting plants engaged in this industry is 469, and the capital invested, consisting of land, buildings, machinery, tools and imple-

ments, and cash and sundries, is valued at \$348,000,000. Since the census reports were received last year, there has been a reorganization of certain corporations engaged in the manufacture of iron and steel products, by which a number of them have been merged into the United States Steel Corporation. The stock and bonds issued by the constituent combinations up to the time of reorganization are shown below, together with a statement of the securities issued by the United States Steel Corporation: —

CAPITAL STOCK AND BONDS ISSUED.				
	Total.	Bonds.	Preferred.	Common.
United States Steel Corporation	\$1,005,351,740	\$301,000,000	\$340,726,670	\$363,625,070
Constituent Companies:	707,162,740	2,811,000	340,726,670	363,625,070
The Carnegie Company	156,800,000	—	78,400,000	78,400,000
American Bridge Company	61,055,600	—	30,527,800	30,527,800
Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines	29,425,940	—	14,712,970	14,712,970
Federal Steel Company	99,745,200	—	53,260,900	46,484,300
American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey	90,000,000	—	40,000,000	50,000,000
National Tube Company	80,000,000	—	40,000,000	40,000,000
National Steel Company	61,811,000	¹ 2,811,000	27,000,000	32,000,000
American Sheet Steel Company	49,000,000	—	24,500,000	24,500,000
American Tin Plate Company	46,325,000	—	18,325,000	28,000,000
American Steel Hoop Company	33,000,000	—	14,000,000	19,000,000
Shelby Steel Tube Company ²	—	—	—	—

It can readily be seen that the amount of securities issued by the Steel Corporation in return for the property acquired was quite liberal. Iron and steel can fairly be regarded as the predominant industry of the United States. The value of the output during the census year was something like \$500,000,000. The steel concerns employed during the year 146,000 wage earners including piece workers, and paid \$81,000,000 in wages, to which should be added about 6000 officials receiving \$7,500,000 in salaries. Of the total

number of wage earners in the employ of industrial combinations, more than one third were engaged in the production of iron and steel. From these figures the importance of this industry can be readily inferred.

It is a matter of vital interest to wage earners and the public generally to know that 23 combinations are engaged in producing articles of food, their total annual output, \$282,000,000, being second in importance to that of the iron and steel industry. The list includes such corporations as the

¹ Underlying bonds.

² In June, 1901, a majority of the capital stock of the Shelby Steel Tube Company was purchased by the United States Steel Corpora-

tion. The total authorized capital stock of the Shelby Steel Tube Company is \$15,000,000, of which \$13,150,500 has been issued.

National Biscuit Company, the American Sugar Refining Company, and the California Fruit Canners' Association. The number of reporting plants in this industry is 277, and the capital — by which is meant land, buildings, machinery, tools, implements, cash and sundries — is valued at \$247,000,000.

There are 29 combinations engaged in the production of beer, liquors, and beverages. The total output is \$93,-000,000. These products cannot be considered as prime necessities of life. They are generally regarded, indeed, as mere luxuries. The number of reporting plants is 236, and the capital employed is valued at \$120,000,000.

A division of combinations interesting to the general public is that of textiles. Seventy-two reporting plants engaged in this industry are controlled by 9 of these corporations, and their capital is valued at \$92,000,000.

Lumber and its allied industries are represented by 18 combinations. There are 65 reporting plants, representing a capital of \$25,000,000.

Six combinations relate to leather and its finished products. The number of reporting plants is 100, and the capital amounts to \$63,000,000.

One hundred and nineteen paper-making plants were reported, which were under the control of 8 combinations, and represented a capital of \$59,000,000.

In the line of chemicals and allied products there are 287 reporting plants, controlled by 19 combinations, and having a capital of \$187,000,000.

The clay, glass, and stone industry, which includes cement and brick companies, and others of like character, comprises 201 reporting plants, controlled by 17 corporations. The capital is \$49,000,000.

Under the division of metals and metal products, other than iron and steel, are included the Amalgamated Copper Company, a brass company, a shot and lead company, a smelting and

refining company, a metal, a lead, and a zinc company, — 16 combinations, representing 94 reporting plants, with a capital of \$120,000,000.

The tobacco industry, with 5 combinations, controls 41 reporting plants, with a capital of \$16,000,000.

Six combinations are interested in the manufacture of vehicles for land transportation. They control 66 reporting plants, which represent a capital of \$86,000,000. Their output during the census year was also valued at \$86,-000,000.

In this census classification, 30 combinations, organized for various purposes and operating a total of 120 reporting plants, have been grouped under the head of miscellaneous industries. They include a glue company with 6 plants; a hard rubber company with 3 plants; an ice company with 14 plants; a shipbuilding company with 11 plants; a soda-fountain company with 7 plants; a fireworks company with 6 plants; a roofing company with 6 plants; a railway, electric lighting and equipping company with 3 plants; one electric-boat company with 3 plants; and 6 other combinations carrying on various industries, such as the manufacture of carbon, whips, rubber goods, etc. These corporations were reported as employing \$45,000,000 of capital in the specified industries.

No statement has here been made of the capital stock issued upon the property represented in the plants and other assets employed in these several classes of industry. The reason for this is that, owing to different methods of tabulation, the capitalization statistics presented by the Census Office are not comparable, by classes of industry, with the statistics of property. In a number of instances combinations operate plants engaged in different industries. In the tabulation of the statistics of property and other assets, all plants engaged in a given industry are gathered together without regard to the nature

of the combinations controlling them, while in tabulating the capitalization statistics each combination has been placed in the group of industries to which it would be assigned according to its product of chief value, and with it have been gathered all the plants over which it exercises control, without regard to the nature of the work carried on by them. The method of treating

property involves considerable duplication in the number of combinations, and this the reader may have noticed, as the sum of the combinations enumerated considerably exceeds 183, the actual total number. The capitalization of the industrial combinations — that is, the par value of stocks and bonds actually issued — is shown below by classes of industry: —

COMBINATIONS CLASSIFIED BY PRINCIPAL PRODUCTS, WITH NUMBER OF PLANTS AND CAPITALIZATION.

	Number of combinations.	Number of plants.	Capitalization : amount issued.
Iron and steel, and their products	40	489	\$784,420,295
Food and allied products	21	277	290,344,200
Chemicals and allied products	14	295	287,651,295
Metals, etc., other than steel	11	113	212,070,600
Liquors and beverages	28	258	248,830,300
Vehicles for land transportation	6	72	199,980,000
Tobacco	4	41	197,184,628
Textiles	8	72	146,458,175
Leather and its finished products	5	108	197,820,200
Paper and printing	7	119	172,467,717
Clay, glass, and stone products	15	203	69,464,358
Lumber and its manufactures	8	59	39,809,400
Miscellaneous industries	16	97	238,699,700
Total	183	2,203	\$3,085,200,868

Attention has already been called to the lack of comparability, by industries, between these figures and those for property holdings. The totals for all industries, however, are entirely comparable, and an idea of the relation of capitalization to the property of the combinations may be obtained by a consideration of these totals.

The total property of the 2147 reporting plants controlled by the various combinations, including land, buildings, machinery, tools and implements, cash, bills receivable, etc., is valued at \$1,458,522,573, of which \$24,717,653 represents the property of the reporting idle plants. The entire capital issued by the 183 combinations which operate these plants is as follows: —

Bonds	\$216,412,759
Preferred stock	1,066,525,963
Common stock	1,802,262,146
Total	\$3,085,200,868

To this should be added the capital stock issued by the United States Steel Company over and above the capital stock of those of its constituent companies which were included in the census statistics. This additional sum is \$484,414,940, comprising \$298,189,-000 of bonds, \$93,112,970 of preferred stock, and the same amount of common stock. This makes a total capitalization of \$3,569,615,808. The valuation of the land, buildings, and other assets, upon which this capitalization is based is \$1,458,522,573. This figure does not include the value of the property owned by two combinations in the United States Steel Company which do not receive consideration in the census statistics, but the fact will have to be ignored. It will be noted that the total property value lacks \$216,000,000 of equaling the value of the bonds and preferred stock, so that

this sum, plus the value of the common stock, a total of \$2,018,000,000, seems to represent good will, franchises, and other intangible assets. Probably a good deal of this is what is known as "pure water." The public will be expected to pay more or less interest on this watered stock, but to what extent time alone will determine. In many cases there never will be any interest. In other instances a fair dividend undoubtedly will be paid. The Census Office did not make any estimate of the value of certain property incidental and necessary to the carrying on of the various industries noted above; for example, there was no way to ascertain the value of mines, steamboats, and railroads owned by some of the larger corporations. Such necessary adjuncts of business should be set off at full value against the common stock.

The real value of the various plants seems to be about 41 per cent of the amount of stocks and bonds issued.

While it is within the power of the promoters of consolidation to set their own valuation upon the face of securities, the market value is ultimately determined by the public. It is especially interesting, therefore, to observe the attitude of the public toward the huge volume of securities which has been placed upon the market with all the advantages of exceedingly skillful manipulation. Exclusive of the Standard Oil Company and the Pullman Car Company, which should be regarded as exceptional, the par value of the preferred and common stocks of 50 "industrials" listed among active or inactive securities on the New York Stock Exchange is \$2,463,553,708. The market value of these stocks, computed at the prices current December 7, 1901, was \$1,506,-743,990. It appears, therefore, that the public has promptly discounted the face value of the promises of these leading industrials by the enormous figure of \$956,809,718, and that it purchases this class of securities (par \$100)

at the average price of 61.8. This significant fact indicates that, with the lapse of time and increase of knowledge due to increasing publicity, that part of the problem of industrial combinations which relates to overcapitalization is likely to become less important by reason of the caution of investors. This will have an important bearing on the consolidation of industrial interests in the future. Already so much publicity has been given to the subject of industrial combinations that investors who plunge into this class of securities without due investigation and caution are entitled to little sympathy.

The total industrial combinations employed 23,000 managers, superintendents, clerks, etc., and 399,000 wage earners, including piece workers. They paid out during the census year, in salaries, \$195,000,000, and the value of their entire output was \$1,661,000,-000. Contrary to the general impression, these great combinations do not control a very large proportion of the industrial output of the country. In 1890 the entire output of manufacturing industry was about \$9,000,000,000. The total product of the manufacturing industry for the year 1900 has not yet been compiled, but it is safe to say that the total will be in the neighborhood of \$13,000,000,000 or \$14,000,000,-000, so that the output of these combinations, although it seems enormous, does not represent much more than one tenth of the total industrial product of the United States.

It is interesting to note the different localities which seem to afford the most advantageous abiding places for these various combinations. There are certain states which apparently offer special attractions as the normal homes of these combinations. We find that 358 plants are located in Pennsylvania, 227 in New York, 225 in Ohio, 163 in Illinois, 123 in Massachusetts, 100 in Indiana, while the rest are scattered through other states. I think it may

be safely stated that nearly all are organized under the beneficent laws of the state of New Jersey.

Such an array of statistics as I have presented may be somewhat dry, but there seems to be no better way of giving a clear idea of the real condition of these industrial enterprises. Unquestionably they constitute a difficult problem in civic control. If they are enabled, by the advantages coming from the concentration of immense wealth and the existence of liberal laws in different states of the Union, to secure and maintain a monopolistic control of prices, there can be no doubt that they are harmful, and deserve the attention of the legislative branch of the government. It is clear, however, that these industrial concerns have not been in operation long enough to demonstrate just how far they will prove to be monopolies. Their growth is an evolution in our commercial life, and a few years must elapse before experience will enable us to determine whether they are dangerous, and if so, what the proper remedy will be.

I think it is undeniable that great wealth in the hands of a few men and especially in the hands of bright and able men, such as these leaders in industry have shown themselves to be, is always more or less dangerous to the state. Even though they may be men of high character and personal integrity, they will probably hold that efforts to influence by improper inducements the action of legislators and assessors and of men in authority who may, under certain circumstances, have the power to do things adverse to their interests, are permissible, on the principle that the end justifies the means. The political influence of these large aggregations of capital is the chief danger, and the one which will be the hardest to eradicate. It may safely be predicted that there will be some sort of supervision over them sooner or later. This supervision ought not to be such as to interfere with

the pursuit of the business for which they were incorporated; but it ought to give their transactions such publicity as will not only protect the investors who buy their securities, but also convey to the great mass of consumers some conception of the profits which arise from the existence of industrial combinations. There can be no doubt that many of the thoughtful men of the country look with much suspicion and anxiety upon the influence being exerted by these vast corporations in the United States. The heads of these institutions are men of experience and wide influence, who stop at hardly anything which is to their own advantage. Upwards of thirty years ago, the late Senator Cushman K. Davis, then a rising young lawyer in St. Paul, delivered a very interesting address to the students of the University of Minnesota, entitled *Modern Feudalism*. The lecture attracted a great deal of attention, and led to his entering public life as a candidate for governor of the state shortly thereafter. At the present time, Senator Davis's address reads like prophecy. The concluding paragraphs were as follows: —

"Feudalism, with its domains, its untaxed lords, their retainers, its exemptions and privileges, made war upon the aspiring spirit of humanity and fell centuries ago with all its feudal grandeur. But its spirit walks the earth to-day and haunts our institutions, in the great corporations with their control of the national highways, their occupation of great domain, their power to tax and to escape taxation, their sorcery to debase most gifted men to the capacity of most splendid slaves, their pollution of the ermine of the judge and the robe of the senator, their aggregation in one man of wealth so enormous as to make Croesus seem a pauper.

"The poor fisherman, told of in the Arabian Nights, threw his net into the sea, and drew up a casket covered with rust and slime and closed down with the seal of Solomon. He took it in his

hands, and, holding it to his ear, he heard the voice of a spirit imprisoned within, telling in tones of enchanting sweetness how he, the poor, miserable fisherman, if he would release the prisoner, might sway the sceptre of power, might revel in all sensuous delights, might command all the riches hidden by earth or sea. The foolish fisherman broke the seal by which the wisest of

men had confined the enemy of mankind, and lo! there rose from the casket a cloud unformed, which towered to heaven, and which, at last, condensed into an awful malignant demon, who stood dilated to the skies. The fisherman lured the devil into his prison, closed the seal upon him, and threw him back into the depths. A similar task is laid upon the present generation."

William R. Merriam.

DANTE AS LYRIC POET.

I.

WE have been so long accustomed to think of Dante chiefly as the poet of *The Divine Comedy*, and of Shakespeare chiefly as the dramatist of the Plays, that we do not always remember that they are also supreme among modern lyric poets. There are two apparent reasons for this supremacy. The first concerns the Poet as Artist. Dante could never have perfected the *terza rima* of *The Divine Comedy*, Shakespeare could never have elaborated the blank verse of the Plays, — those Protean metres, each susceptible of endless variety in cadence, in sweep, in delicacy of modulation, in richness of tone, — unless they had both been, potentially at least, masters of minor metrical forms. The greater includes the less.

The second reason concerns the Poet as Man. Of all poetry, the lyric is the most personal. Through it the poet utters, without feigning or restraint, his subjective emotions. But the value of an emotion, for the purpose of poetry, depends on the calibre of the individual who experiences it. In music or painting it may be otherwise, but great poetry inevitably presupposes greatness of character in the poet. He may have many flaws, — sins, even, and startling limitations; he certainly will not let

himself be measured easily by conventional standards; but his greatness is essential, the one fixed fact in literature. Accordingly, there is no luck in the surpassing excellence of the lyrical poems of Dante and Shakespeare, nor of the lyrics of Milton and Goethe, — the greatest characters after those that have expressed themselves through poetry in modern times. Let us glance first at Dante the Man.

Fate gave him genius; life brought experience: and he, by self-correction, perfected both. Commentators, in their effort to reconstruct the poet from his poetry, have almost made us forget that he was a man at all: rather was he, if we could believe them, a marvelously intricate mechanism for turning out literary masterpieces according to rules which these commentators have deduced from his works. Now, little as we know about Dante's external life, we do know this beyond dispute, — he was no literary formula.

Historically, he came at the climax of the thirteenth century, — that wonderful century, only to be matched in importance by the fifteenth and the nineteenth. It was the great Catholic century. It witnessed the Papacy at its zenith under Innocent III, the formulation of Catholic theology by Thomas Aquinas, the rise of the great orders,

— the Dominican to safeguard the faithful by persecuting heretics, the Franciscan to lead all men to Christ by following his example. It boasted its mystics and its logicians; it built cathedrals: it set forth on eight continents;

it beheld the establishing of popular government in Italian cities, the bounteings of popular literatures, the astonishing expansion of the great universities. Above all, it saw the death struggle between the Holy Roman Emperors and the Popes,— the world their stake,— which resulted in the destruction of both Church and State as the sole temporal head of Christendom.

Into all these immense problems of creed and of government, into the speculations of the philosophers, into the antagonisms of popes and emperors, Dante plunged with might and main. He mastered not merely the theory of the mediæval world religion and world politics, but threw himself into the civic life of his native Florence, where factions raged, and where to discharge a citizen's duties meant to hazard property and life on the caprice of a fickle people.

Coming of a well-to-do family, he enjoyed whatever schooling Florence then gave her youth, and he early, I conceive, outstripped his masters. Like most Italian lads, he wrote verses; unlike most, he quickly proved himself a poet, for when he was eighteen his sonnet, "A ciascun' alma presa," won him a reputation among the chief poets of Florence.

He fell in love with a damsel whom, after the fashion of his time, he never aspired to marry, being content to worship her at a distance, from his ninth year to his twenty-fifth, when she died. The commentators would persuade us that throughout his adolescence and young manhood this passion shut Dante out from all other thoughts, keeping him in a state almost hysterical — now ecstatically oblivious to everything except the recollection that Beatrice had

saluted him last week; now plunged in gloom; now fainting or seeing visions; forever sighing and weeping; and more than once stark mad. In his "little book," *The New Life*, Dante himself

some 'butifles rol' tms'

portrays

but not to perceive that he there writes as an artist, and not as a systematic chronicler, is to miss the key to *The New Life* and to him. Unquestionably, that passion for Beatrice was the chief experience of his youth; and, on looking back, he omitted, like the great artist that he was, all that he had done or thought outside of the orbit of Beatrice during those years, so that he created the impression that there was nothing more.

So we must distinguish between the ideal world, in which Dante placed his passion for Beatrice, and the actual world, in which, during those very years, he was really busy with many other things. Specifically what things, we cannot say in detail. We know, however, that he was mixing with the best intellects of his time, studying, meditating; eagerly taking part in the affairs of Florence, even enlisting in her militia and going forth to battle for her independence; in a word, playing from the outset the part of a man hungry for life, impetuous, stern, of manifold capacities, and as far removed as possible from any abstraction or formula. Let us not think of him as the central figure in a Pre-Raphaelite picture, — a soulful, æsthetic youth, condemned to gaze yearningly at sad-eyed, large-jointed, wry-necked ladies, whose spirits and complexions seem sodden in opium. Pre-Raphaelitism had its charms, but it could no more interpret Dante than Pope could Homer.

After Beatrice died, almost every authentic glimpse we get of Dante, for ten years, shows us a man seizing hold on active life with ever increasing energy. He takes part in the government of Florence; he goes on embassies; he is one of the city priors, and a recognized

leader in one of the great political parties. He marries, and has several children; presumably, he has also some bread-giving occupation. Then, in January, 1302, while he is absent from Florence, his enemies, having got the upper hand, banish him on a charge of barratry and falsifying, and ten weeks later they condemn him to be burned alive. Thenceforward, until his death in 1321, he leads an exile's life: at first coöperating in attempts to capture Florence, then chafing because one possible liberator after another fails to come to her aid. Amid these perturbations, and in spite of wanderings which took him to almost every part of Italy, and perhaps across the Alps, he writes *The Divine Comedy* and *The Banquet*, and makes himself master of all the knowledge of his time. And to his learning he adds an intensity of observation and a breadth of reflection which had been united in no earlier man of genius.

I venture to recall almost at random these points in Dante's career, because I believe it to be much more essential to know the tremendous energy of the man, and to see how in his character and genius he held a whole epoch in solution, than to be learned in his commentators. Only in this way shall we rid ourselves of the common notion that a great poet cannot be a man of action, and we shall understand Dante's lyrics better by perceiving that they are authentic fragments of a colossal personality.

To be able to certify that a given poem was written on a given day in a given year, or to whom it was addressed, or what all its allusions refer to, is often gratifying; but the matter of first importance is, how much of these poems is alive to-day? how much of the eternal do they hold? what message do they bring to your heart and to mine?

The approach to all the masterpieces of literature has become so clogged by the patient labors of the critics that one might waste a lifetime climbing

over or tunneling the Cordilleras they have raised before reaching the rich kingdoms where Homer or Dante or Shakespeare reigns. To be a scholar now is to read, not the originals, but the reviews of critiques of commentaries on the originals; and yet the best advice is, Seek the original — read it — ponder it — enjoy it — absorb it — find out what it means to you. What it meant to the poet himself or to his contemporaries we shall never wholly know; for we can never reconstruct Dante's mind or Shakespeare's, or the age in which each lived. Many of the allusions, much of the spirit of that age, and the scope of the master's genius, we can understand; but still much remains, and, unless evidence now unknown be discovered, will forever remain, conjectural. In the domain of conjecture criticism shifts its position from time to time, as an army besieges an impregnable fortress, attacking now on one side and now on another, even making a complete circuit, yet never taking it.

A beautiful Greek statue is dug up: while archæologists are disputing whether it represents god, demigod, or hero, and who carved it, and where the marble was quarried, shall their uncertainty prevent us from delighting in its beauty? And although it can never be established to whom Shakespeare addressed his Sonnets, or just how far *The New Life* mingles fact with allegory, have they no meaning for us? Does it really signify whether Shakespeare had Pembroke or Southampton in mind when he uttered his passion in such sonnets as "When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," or "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments," or "That time of year thou mayst in me behold," or "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought"? Must we have solved the enigma of Beatrice in order to thrill as a lover thrills at the beauty of "Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare"?

Let us emphasize this, because eru-

dition threatens to usurp the function of taste in dealing with literature, and, indeed, with all works of art. Erudition continually thrusts upon us irrelevances whose only excuse is that they are facts. Philology sits in judgment on poetry. And since the authentic facts about Dante or Shakespeare were inventoried long ago, erudition offers theories, conjectures, plausible guesses, buttressed by many citations, instead of facts.

II.

Dante's *Canzoniere*, or book of lyrical poems, contains eighty-six pieces usually held to be genuine, eight more called "doubtful," and some fifty surely "apocryphal." I propose to consider only the genuine, — counting less than twenty-eight hundred lines in all, — among which are fifty sonnets and twenty *canzoni*; taking their authorship for granted, and making such comments on them as would still be pertinent even if Dante were not their author. In short, it is their substance and style — questions of pure literature rather than of erudition — with which I wish to deal.

The first difficulty which confronts the reader of Dante is allegory. Not less in the *Poemis* than in *The Divine Comedy* you soon find yourself entangled in a network of meanings and cross-meanings. Just as your mind grasps a thought, this suddenly dissolves into another, and this again is metamorphosed. It is as if, when you gaze into the translucent blue of noon, you could see, first, the constellations of the stars, and, after a little, beyond them, and lovelier still, angelic hosts, such as the old painters put in the heaven of their pictures. Dante intended this. There are, he said, four meanings possible in the highest poetry, — the literal, the allegorical or mystical, the moral, and, finally, the anagogical. For our present purpose, we will not lose ourselves in the maze of symbolism: we will take

the poems as they stand, and see what they mean to-day.

For commentaries, turn to the excellent works of Witte and Fraticelli, those scholars to whom every subsequent reader of Dante gladly acknowledges his indebtedness, and to Giosuè Carducci, who is at once the most eminent living poet in Europe and one of the foremost living critics. In Carducci's monograph *Delle Rime di Dante*¹ there is a full discussion, based on the latest information, of the sources, composition, date, probable meaning, and style of most of the poems in the *Canzoniere*. Sig. Carducci discriminates so nicely that he thinks he can set down the order in which the lyrics were written. He assigns the first poems of *The New Life*, inspired by Guido Guinizelli and the popular poets of the third quarter of the thirteenth century, to 1283 and the next few years. Then Dante, feeling his own genius, enters his second period, that of the "sweet new style" (*il dolce stil nuovo*), which lasted till Beatrice's death. From 1292 to 1298 Carducci discerns another period, which he subdivides into three parts, according as "natural," "allegorical," or "gnomic" tendencies manifest themselves. Finally, Dante's banishment in 1302 opened another period, in which the agonizing novelty of exile rekindled the poet in him, while years and experience matured the sage and the statesman.

Let us admit at once that Dante's lyric poetry has the raw material from which such a classification can be made; but let us be politely skeptical as to the probability that such minute dissection is right. To suppose that Dante, or any other true poet, produced his works after this orderly, chessboard fashion — now all black, again all red, one month joy, the next month gloom — would be to make that most mysterious of all creations, a poet's soul, as humdrum as a railway time-table.

¹ Studi Letterari di Giosuè Carducci, vol. viii. Bologna, 1893.

Before we survey the contents of Dante's lyrics, let us examine for a moment his work as an artist in metre. He did not invent the forms in which he moulded his poems, but he so stamped his originality on each of them that the sonnet, the *ballata*, and, above all, the *canzone*, became through his genius new metrical instruments, capable of producing effects hitherto undreamt of. It was as if two strings had been added to a primitive violin.

While he ennobled these verse forms, he showed how the Italian language could serve the highest purposes of poetry. There is a striking contrast between the metrical development of English and of Italian. English is rough rather than musical in sound; it has few perfect rhymes; its words, except in a few cases, refuse to be contracted or curtailed. How to get from such an instrument the delicate modulations that beautify the lyrics of Shakespeare, Shelley, and Tennyson,—that was the technical problem for the masters of English verse.

Italian stands as the reverse of all this. It is plastic almost to the point of fluidity. If a final syllable harms the rhythm, it can be elided; if the first syllable interferes, it can often be suppressed; if a foot or half-foot is needed, a suffix, of the required length, can be added; even the central syllable of a word is not always safe from condensation. Of rhymes there is no limit, and they are exact rhymes. The very genius of the language is musical, its prose having a daftylic flow almost as marked as the formal metres of its poetry. For improvisation, for sweet ditties and dulcet serenades, for folk-songs with their simplicity and their easy, haunting refrains, such a language could not be surpassed; but could it be the mouthpiece for great passion? Would tragedy not find it too soft, satire too flimsy? Could it be trumpet, violin, or organ, as well as guitar?

¹ De Vulgari Eloquio, ii. 1.

Dante achieved this wonder! He wrote some sonnets which not even Petrarch, coming after him and profiting by his example, has rivaled. He raised the canzone to be the peer of the English ode. Welcoming difficulties, because he saw that to overcome them he must have control over every phrase, word, and syllable, wherewith to clothe his thought, he experimented with novel kinds of metres and rhymes. The intricacies of structure which in English prevent the sonnet from ever losing, except with a few masters, an artificial air, checked in Italian that tendency to improvisation which Dante resisted. Accordingly, he packed his canzoni with thought, firm of texture and polished until every syllable fitted irremovably into its place. Sometimes, indeed, he carried condensation across the border of obscurity: imagine the terseness of Tacitus rendered still more difficult by the omissions and ellipses permitted in poetry, and you will get an idea of his most compressed passages. His treatise on The Vulgar Tongue shows how completely he had mastered the theory of the science of verse, especially in the Romance languages; his poems prove that he could embody his knowledge in his technique.

Dante gives no comfort to the idle singers of an empty day, who pretend that technical knowledge and the file need not be included in a poet's outfit. "The highest conceptions cannot exist," he says, "except where there is knowledge and genius."¹ "Never without sharpness of genius, nor without assiduity in art, nor without practice of knowledge," he says again, can one succeed in writing a canzone; "and hereby is confessed the folly of those who, without art and without knowledge, relying solely on their genius, set themselves to sing in the highest fashion of the highest things."² In a famous passage of The New Life he remarks: "It would be a great disgrace to him who should

² Ibid. ii. 5.

rhyme anything under the garb of a figure or of rhetorical coloring, if afterward, being asked, he should not be able to denude his words of their garb, in such wise that they should have a true meaning. And my first friend [Guido Cavalcanti] and I are well acquainted with those who rhyme thus foolishly.”¹ And so are we, who have heard the follies of French Symbolists and of their foreign mimics gravely proclaimed as a new triumph in poetry.

In Dante we find that rarest union,—intensity of imagination and clearness of intellect. When Love inspired him, he wrote; but the fervor of that inspiration did not prevent the working of his critical faculty, by which he tested its validity and decided how to clothe it in words. He seems to have held that our thought lies beyond our control, but that its expression depends on faculties which we may direct,—on knowledge, taste, patience, and skill, which are greater or less according as we voluntarily cultivate them. “Speech,” he says, “is not otherwise an instrument necessary to our conceptions than is the horse to the soldier.”² A memorable simile.

The little singers of our day and of all days shun knowledge and dread criticism, and well they may; for their verse-making is but effervescence. But Dante, seer and knower in one, could endure the most searching criticism—his own—without chilling his inspiration. The analyses which he makes of each poem in *The New Life*, and his exhaustive interpretation of the canzoni in *The Banquet*, show critical talents of the highest order. Indeed, we almost resent his cold-blooded dissection of those throbbing sonnets to Beatrice, until we reflect that through his ability to criticise, not less than to create, Dante became the chief moulder of Italian poetry. He rescued Italian poetry from the doom of improvisation. The Provencal, lacking such a savior, had degenerated quickly, never to revive.

¹ *The New Life*, § 25, Norton’s translation.

Thus we can hardly overestimate Dante’s importance as a lyric craftsman. As such, he greatly influenced his immediate successors, and he has dominated the best Italian poets ever since. Shakespeare certainly ranks second to no other lyric poet, and yet his direct influence on English metrical development is scarcely discernible,—his lyrics, like his plays, have had no progeny; while Dante, both in his lyrics and in his epic, stands literally as the Father of Italian Song.

Such was Dante’s influence on the structure of Italian poetry: not less elemental was his effect on its substance. His treatment of Love, the imperial theme of lyric poetry, illustrates this.

Chivalry as an ideal partook somewhat of the feudalism and somewhat of the religion of the society out of which it sprang. The devotion of the Knight to his Lady went by the name of love, but ought rather to be called worship; for between them there existed, in theory at least, no personal relations. In fact, however, that faultless worship of the Knight for his Lady, untainted by thought of sex, had few votaries. As ancient as Adam and Lilith was the love the Troubadours sang. “Galeotto was the book, and he who wrote it,”—in those words Francesca da Rimini revealed to Dante the influence which had brought her and her lover to Hell. That sexless attachment of Knight and Lady, like its counterpart, sacerdotal celibacy, might have prospered save for one thing: in the one case Chivalry, in the other the Church, left human nature out of the reckoning; and flax and flame, then and to-day and always, must burn when they meet.

The sudden exalting of woman, commonly regarded as the chief product of Chivalry, had in essence a deeper origin. It marked a change in the ideals of sex that had slowly overspread Christendom; nay, they had not only overspread Christendom, they had mounted to hea-

² *De Vulg. Eloq.* ii. 1.

ven. The deification of the Virgin Mary typified the gradual recognition, unconscious rather than reasoned out, that at the very Heart of the Universe there must abide those qualities which make woman woman. The Christian God, as defined by the theologians, whether he were worshiped as One, or as Three in One, was a masculine God. The Power personified in the Father, the Wisdom in the Son, the Love in the Holy Ghost, were still the attributes of man, and not of mankind, since they did not include attributes which are the peculiar endowment of woman. Motherhood, the most intimate and beautiful of human relations, had no recognition in that scheme of Deity. But instinct deeper than creed supplied the lack in the creed which theology had drawn up. In the apotheosis of Mary mediæval Christendom made its most precious contribution to human ideals.

But while ideal womanhood had already before Dante's birth been deified, chivalric love had sunk in practice to the carnal level. The song might still be innocent, but the courtly singer and his mistress, the Knight and his Lady, were not. And the poetry itself, naïvely charming in its youth, had become conventional. The old phrases and much of the old prettiness remained, and the metrical skill had increased; but instead of many themes there was only ingenious repetition of one theme, — conceits refined and overrefined, and, worst of all, the evidence that neither the poet nor his readers believed in the pure devotion which he extolled.

Then Dante came, and into this ideal faded he poured that which first suffused it with new life, and then transfigured and sanctified it, until he had created a new ideal. Dante's passion for Beatrice was genuine; accordingly, his lyric poems to her vibrate with sincerity. Fortunately, he was spiritual as well as sincere; and it is of great moment that he, the earliest master of modern poetry, should thus spiritualize the poetry

of personal passion. Physical beauty remains of the earth, unless it be the medium through which the soul shines forth. Expression transcends form. Into his portrait of Beatrice he painted those attributes which never grow old, which could not be exhausted though every woman in the world possessed them; and the mere description of them must have more and more meaning according as men see with the eyes of the spirit. To have converted the poetry of chivalry from being either a metrical plaything or an erotic ornament to such high uses attests the genuineness of his passion. But he did more than this: he revived and amplified the mystical conception of Platonic love.

In his passion for Beatrice — as in all his other vital experiences — he passed by a process of growth from the personal and concrete to the impersonal and universal. At first it was the real Beatrice, the beautiful and lovely daughter of Folco Portinari, on whom all his passion centred; then, after she died, it was her memory that he worshiped; until gradually, from a person she became a personification, — the Symbol in Paradise of Heavenly Wisdom. What is this but Platonic Love, as described so mightily by Plato in *The Symposium*, and so commonly misunderstood?

III.

And now for the poems themselves. We find in the earliest of them a mystical view of love, which tends more and more toward the Platonic ideal, and which, after the death of Beatrice, when Dante writes avowedly in allegory, visibly merges in that ideal. As a youth, he had before him the beautiful canzone of Guido Guinizelli, "Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore," in which mystical love is described with much philosophical finesse and much poetical charm. Among all the poems of that century, not by Dante, this is, I think, the most delightful; and if it had here and there

a little more distinction of phrase, it would rank with the best modern lyrics. In it we have the two cardinal points laid down, that Love's dwelling place is the gentle heart, — "Love and the gentle heart are one same thing," is Dante's own expression, — and that Love, since it came from God, wears an angel's face.

Only a barbarian would undertake to degrade into cold prose the loveliness of the love poems in *The New Life*: no other medium than verse can convey the music of the words, the heightened imagery, the emotion which vibrates through the metre. We may, however, indicate some of their characteristics.

First, the freshness of them! They are the earliest blossoms of the Spring of modern Love; and they glisten with the newness and the tenderness of Spring. For this vernal rapture we go back, in English poetry, to the Elizabethans; but Sidney and Spenser drew from Italian streams which flowed from Dante's fountain.

Then, their blending of naïveté with knowledge. This strange power, Love, overcomes Dante: it fills all his life, and transfigures the universe before his eyes; he watches its influence spread, as he might watch with increasing wonder the mystery of dawn grow into the pageant of sunrise. But while his soul is thus enthralled by the ecstasy of love, his reason seeks to know the origin and nature of his new master: hence that interweaving of passion and philosophy, in which Dante came at last to transcend all other poets.

This blending reaches perfection in his descriptions of Beatrice, which rise higher and higher in spirituality, without letting us doubt that they apply to an actual woman. He reveals her to us by the effect she produces on those who beheld her, rather than by a definite portrayal of her countenance. Her eyes and her smiling mouth (the two features through which the soul becomes visible), and the sweet dignity of her

bearing, her expression, and not her physical mould,—these are the outward signs of Beatrice which Dante describes. Accordingly, his portrait of her is at once actual and ideal: every lover who looks upon it believes that it was drawn from a living Beatrice, but that it cannot possibly be true of any other than his own beloved.

And then, how many chords are touched by the poems in *The New Life*! Dante sings not only the perfection of Beatrice, but also his own perturbations. Like all lovers, he pendulates between boldness and shyness. For days or weeks his one desire is to see her, yet when they meet his courage deserts him, he trembles at her salutation. He goes home to cry out on the tyrant Love who thus torments him; and even while he cries out, he longs for a repetition of the torment. Like other lovers, he resorts to subterfuge, and pays such marked attention to another damsel that Beatrice herself is deceived into thinking that he has forsaken her. When he hears of this, he sends her a poem (*Ballata i*) in which he explains his conduct, and protests that his devotion has never wavered. The time comes when his passion is no longer a secret: his friends talk to him about it; Beatrice's companions question him as to its goal, and he pours forth the canzone, "Ladies, who have intelligence of love," a passionate ode in praise of Beatrice, whom the angels desire to be their comrade in heaven. Not long afterward the father of Beatrice dies, and for the first time the realization that Beatrice herself may die crashes like a thunderbolt through Dante's soul. For him, as for every true lover in youth, nothing else can equal the dismay and agony which that possibility causes. Life and love are identical to the youth who loves; how can he think of life without the beloved? Only in the all-enveloping immensity of Death can the agony which Death inflicts be quenched. This sublimation of grief is rarely felt in later

years, for experience teaches us that life can be lived, bereft of the beloved, or even lovelessly, and that Duty, Friendship, or Philanthropy may take Love's place at the helm.

This canzone, embodying Dante's first premonition of Death, lifts his love story to a higher plane of significance by endowing it with that tragic quality which intrudes sooner or later upon us all. Dante had, in truth, already written two poems (Sonnet 3, Ballata ii), when one of Beatrice's friends died; but they are graceful and sweet, the utterance of sentiment, while this is tragic. And even after the death of Beatrice herself he speaks as one sorrowing, but not amazed, at Death. In the third canzone he pictures Beatrice in heaven, God having called her to him because he saw that this troubled mortal life was not worthy of such a gentle thing. But if we except the lamentation addressed to pilgrims who are passing through Florence, sorrow rather than anguish henceforth prevails. He suffers keenly, but he continues to live; he strives for resignation, or at least for distraction, and is stirred by moral incentives of whose force he had not dreamed till now.

The conclusion of *The New Life* contains further the record of Dante's experience with the Compassionate Lady, who grieved at his grief and tried to cheer him, and so far succeeded that he found himself in love with her. A very human touch is this, bearing witness to the close resemblance between Sympathy and Love. But the memory of Beatrice comes back so vividly to Dante that he realizes that Sympathy, however sweet, is not Love, and cannot replace the passion which Beatrice inspired; and so he concludes *The New Life* with that famous resolve to say of her "what was never said of any woman."

¹ These are Canzoni ix, x, and xi, Sestina i, and sonnets 22, 32, 37, and 43. Canzone viii refers to the Lady of the Casentino. I fol-

Brief as is this analysis of the themes dealt with in *The New Life*, it will show, I trust, how wide their range is. Alike in the history of the poetry of the modern world and in the history of the ideals of love, they are of immense importance: intrinsically, also, many of them have never been surpassed, some of them have never been equaled, by subsequent singers of spiritualized love, of beauty, and of womanly perfection.

This cycle of poems in *The New Life*, although it fills less than a quarter of the *Canzoniere*, is better known because of its sequence, its completeness, and the delightful prose setting, than all the rest, although among these are many magnificent poems, the fruits of Dante's lyric genius at its maturity. There are perhaps a dozen which seem to belong, either in theme or in treatment, with *The New Life*; then come the three canzoni of *The Banquet*, and finally some forty other pieces which have not been classified.

We may mention first that strange group of poems¹ in which Dante inveighs against a lady who will not listen to his suit. They have shocked some of his critics and puzzled all, and many specious allegories have been invented to explain them. To analyze them we have not space here; but in the briefest review of Dante's lyrics they should not be passed by. For just as the poems to Beatrice reveal him as the youthful lover, so these show him to us loving with the full vehemence of his prime, and not at all resigned to worship silently and aloof the object of his passion. Who the lady was who has been called Pietra, quite without authority, and whether she was also the Lady of the Casentino, will probably never be known, but the poems add a whole province to our estimate of Dante's personality.

May we not be content to admit that low throughout Fraticelli's numbering (*Canzoniere*, Barbiera, 1873), which is the best in print, although by no means satisfactory.

much of the Canzoniere has never been satisfactorily "explained," nor can be, unless further evidence turn up, but that, nevertheless, nine tenths of it has intrinsic, vital meaning to-day? Most of the controversies rage round insoluble matters. I care not whether the stony-hearted lady lived in Padua, or the Lady of the Casentino had (as alleged) a goitre; what would it profit us to know the names of the grandmothers of the sculptor of the Venus of Milo, or of the musicians who played the shawms when the 90th Psalm was first sung? The vital facts we have: the passion of the "Pietra" canzoni and of the canzone written in the Casentino is plain, and these poems all testify that no bardling wrote them.

Nor do I observe that psychology has yet contributed anything of value to literary criticism. Like pedantry,—or scholarship, if the old name seems discourteous,—it furnishes facts which do not touch the inner meaning of any art product. Suppose that we could, by some miracle of hindsight, measure after the psychologist's fashion the emotions of Shakespeare and Dante, and that we learned that Shakespeare's pulse rose three beats when he entertained an angry thought, or that Dante's temperature fell three twenty-ninths of a degree when he thought vehemently of love: what would it prove? Absolutely nothing as to the value of a scene from Timon or a sonnet from The New Life. Equally vain are the efforts, so far as I have seen them, of those critics who have imagined that by such devices they could fathom the mysteries of the creative imagination. Psychology hath its bubbles, as religion and science have, and these are of them. Thirty years ago other critics believed just as confidently that they could explain genius by heredity.

Returning to our survey, we cannot but be amazed, as we get to the heart of one poem after another, by Dante's inexhaustibility of thought, phrase, and

metre. Judged merely by their number, the twenty canzoni are among the most remarkable evidences of poetic genius; but quality is the final test, and in this they do not fail. Not one is mediocre; fully three quarters are superior. If Coleridge had produced fifteen odes equal to Dejection, we might have had in English a poetical achievement to set beside Dante's canzoni. I do not imply, of course, that Coleridge's genius resembles Dante's in quality. But without frequent citations from the original, it is impossible to do more than speak of some of the obvious characteristics of such poetry. Lyrics like the ballate — ten in number — evade even description. Their beauty depends on the perfect marriage of word and music, and is no more to be described except by itself than is one of Shakespeare's songs.

The first two canzoni of The Banquet record the stages by which Dante passed from the love of Beatrice to the love of philosophy; the third expounds the nature of true nobility. The remaining forty-five lyrics may be divided into moral, personal, and patriotic, according to their themes.

Concerning Dante's didactic poems in general, it may be said that, even to an Anglo-Saxon who has personally, and vicariously through Puritan ancestors, listened for centuries to moral preaching, they still have that insistence of truth which was old before Dante's birth, and is born again whenever the youngest child perceives its meaning. In their intensity, they are among the few modern utterances through which the Old Testament resonance echoes; but Dante reasons, whereas the Jewish prophet proclaims downright, "Thus saith the Lord!" and awaits no reply. In these works, as in nearly all that he wrote, Dante was a pioneer. He tells us that before his time there were only love poems in Italian, but that he chose to write of Philosophy under the guise of Love.

When we reflect that the Italians, from never having read the Bible freely in their mother tongue, have been cut off from the traditional source of moral education in Protestant countries, we shall hardly overestimate what it meant to them that their greatest poet was also their greatest moralist.

Among other personal poems there are three sonnets (40, 41, 43) apparently written to Cino da Pistoja, for whom Dante feels such friendship that he frankly urges him to mend his ways; but above all, there is the sonnet to Cavalcanti, "Guido, I would that Lapo, thou and I," — the delightfulest expression of Love and Comradeship, with its strange modernness of sentiment, and its language as simple and musical as that which captivates us in Heine's songs.

Finally, there are two patriotic canzoni. In one of them (xx) Dante addresses Florence, — "My country, worthy of triumphal fame, mother of great-souled sons," — conjuring her by her spotless past, when the citizens "chose virtues to be the pillars of the State," to extirpate the impious children who degrade her: "so that down-trodden faith may rise again with justice, sword in hand." From the first line to the last, we hear the outpouring of a true patriot, one who loves his country with a son's devotion, and knows that he best proves his love by repudiating the evil policy into which she has been led. Are there not lands to-day which might well heed the alarm of this envoy? "Thou shalt go forth, Canzone, boldly and proudly, since Love leadeth thee, into my country, for which I mourn and weep; and thou shalt find some good men whose lantern gives no light; for they are submerged, and their virtue is in the mire. Shout unto them: Arise, arise! It is for you I call!"

Thus Dante pleads for the regeneration of his beloved Florence. In the other canzone (xix) he rises at once to

the summit of patriotism. He is an exile, outcast, yearning for his ungrateful city, when three ladies come together about his heart, because Love sits within. They too have been cast out from their rightful place in the affairs of men; they have been scorned, insulted, despised. Who are they? Righteousness, Generosity, Temperance: think what it means that a whole people should banish them, and that their refuge should be the heart of one just man, himself in banishment! Love listens to the story of their wrongs, and bids them not despair, for he and they are of one family, founded on the Eternal Rock. "And I who hear," says Dante, "such lofty exiles console them and lament, hold as an honor the exile decreed to me: and if man's judgment or the force of destiny will that the world turn its white flowers to dark, to fall among the good still merits praise." Here, then, is the last behest of patriotism: you shall not condone your country's sins, but you shall keep your heart so pure that it may be the abode of Justice and Righteousness when all other men reject them; and above any compromise with the wicked, you shall prefer to fall among the good.

We may well close our survey with this magnificent poem, in which Dante has set Patriotism immutably on the heights, where Love and Righteousness dwell.

Thus is the circle of the *Canzoniere* complete. Love in many phases, — expectant, adoring, timid, angry, ecstatic; Friendship; Scorn; Wisdom; Integrity; Honor; Beauty; Patriotism; Death, — Dante has touched one after another these everlasting chords of human interest, and he has so touched them as to produce lyric poetry of the very highest quality. If we measure the range of Shakespeare's Sonnets and Songs, the only other work which equals the *Canzoniere* in lyric genius, we shall find that Shakespeare has little or nothing to say on several of these themes,

however royally abundant is his treatment of others. In their capacity for passion the two poets were equal; but Dante had a theory of life, the centre of which was Love, by which he came to test whatever experience, reflection, or imagination brought him. Shakespeare, so far as I discern, had no such unifying principle. The Niagara of life swept before him, and he sat upon the bank and strove to paint it as he saw it, — incessant, vast, awful, beautiful, — infinite in its momentary variations, yet apparently one and permanent: so he painted it, not recking to put on to his canvas any questions of Whence, or Why, or Whither. Accordingly, myriads of men have had their characters formed by Dante; I doubt whether many have been consciously formed by Shakespeare. I am not trying to compare these incomparable Two, but merely to indicate their most striking differences. A comparison of Dante and Shakespeare, for the purpose of ranking them, would be as idle as a comparison of the Alps and the Atlantic Ocean; the genius of each sufficed to symbolize life in its entirety.

What abatement must we make in our estimate of the *Canzoniere*? Something, no doubt, must be deducted on the score of age, although Dante's language has fewer antiquated words than Shakespeare's. More formidable is his use of allegory; for even when we have agreed to take what we can of the natural meanings, and let the gnomic and analogical go, we should prefer to know all the possible answers to the riddle, and may feel a little aggrieved that we never can. That Dante sometimes exercises his marvelous gift for logical disputation beyond the proper limits of lyrical poetry, in which the main business is

not to syllogize, can hardly be denied. So, too, we may justly object to an occasional display of learning, or to a passage obscured by too great condensation. But these blemishes occur very rarely, and not one of his poems is spoiled by them. To complain that even he could not lift some of the intricate metres with which he experimented out of the region of artificiality condemns those verse forms, and not him.

After making whatever deduction we must, an inestimable treasure remains. In the *Canzoniere*, the highest lyrical genius embodies itself in the noblest themes. Appraising Dante's lyrics absolutely, for their contents and art, they belong at the head of modern poetry; judging them historically, to determine their place in the evolution of European poesy, they have, like all of Dante's writings, unique structural importance. By his conscience for form and respect for unity of theme and tone he belongs with the ancients, while by his treatment of the passionate and spiritual he seems strangely modern. He is the spokesman not of his own time and place merely, but of an entire age, of a complete civilization, which after six centuries of growth culminates before his eyes. And so his works embody that civilization, and transmit to us and to later ages as much of it as has perennial life.

But it is *his* genius, — the throbings of *his* heart, the intensity and penetration of *his* mind, the mediæval ideals exalted by *his* spirit, the terrible earnestness of *his* moral nature, — it is Dante, the man, the person, the poet, and not his epoch, that lives to-day; it is Dante, the passionate lover, that sings this matchless song to Beatrice — “*Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare.*”

William Roscoe Thayer.

CONFessions OF A PROVINCIAL EDITOR.

THERE is something at once deliciously humorous and pathetic, to the editor of a small daily in the provinces, about that old-fashioned phrase, "the liberty of the press." It is another one of those matters lying so near the margeland of what is mirthful and what is sad that a tilt of the mood may slip it into either. To the general, doubtless, it is a truth so obvious that it is never questioned, a bequest from our forefathers that has paid no inheritance tax to time. In all the host of things insidiously un-American which have crept into our life, thank Heaven! say these unconscious Pharisees, the "press," if somewhat freakish, has remained free. So it is served up as a toast at banquets, garnished with florid rhetoric; it is still heard from old-fashioned pulpits; it cannot die even though the conditions which made the phrase possible have passed away.

The pooh-poohing of the elders, the scoffing of the experienced, has little effect upon a boy's mind when it tries to do away with so palpable a truth as that concerning the inability of a chopped-up snake to die until sunset, or that matter-of-fact verity that devil's darning needles have little aim in life save to sew up the ears of youths and maidens. So with that glib old fantasy "America's free and untrammeled press;" it needs a vast deal of argument to convince an older public that, as a matter to be accepted without a question, it has no right to exist. The conditioning clause was tacked on some years ago, doubtless when the old-time weekly began to expand into the modern small daily. The weekly was a periodic pamphlet; the daily disdained its inheritance, and subordinated the expression of opinion to the printing of those matters from which opinion is made. The cost of equipment of a

daily newspaper compared to the old-fashioned weekly, as a general thing, makes necessary for the launching of such a venture a well-organized stock company, and in this lies much of the trouble.

Confessions imply previous wrongdoing. Mine, while they are personal enough, are really more interesting because of the vast number of others they incriminate. If two editors from lesser cities do not laugh in each other's faces, after the example of Cicero's augurs, it is because they are more modern, and choose to laugh behind each other's backs. So, in turning state's evidence, I feel less a coward than a reformer.

What circumstance has led me to believe concerning the newspaper situation in a hundred and one small cities of this country is so startling in its unexplained brevity, I scarce dare parade it forth as a prelude to my confessions. So much of my experience is predicated upon it that I do not dare save it for a peroration. Here it is, then, somewhat more than half-truth, somewhat less than the truth itself: "a newspaper in a small city is not a legitimate business enterprise." That seems bold and bare enough to stamp me as sensational, does it not? Hear, then, the story of my Herald, knowing that it is the story of other Heralds. The Herald's story is mine, and my story, I dare say, is that of many others. To the facts, then. I speak with authority, being one of the scribes.

I chose newspaper work in my native city, Pittsburg, mainly because I liked to write. I went into it after my high-school days, spent a six months' apprenticeship on a well-known paper, left it for another, and in five years' hard work had risen from the reportorial ranks to that of a subordinate editorial writer, — a dubious rise. Hard

work had not threshed out ambition: the few grains left sprouted. The death of an uncle and an unexpected legacy fructified my desire. I became zealous to preach crusades; to stamp my own individuality, my own ideals, upon the "people;" in short, to own and run a newspaper. It was a buxom fancy, a day-dream of many another like myself. A rapid rise had obtained for me the summit of reasonable expectation in the matter of salary; but I then thought, as indeed I do still, that the sum in one's envelope o' Mondays is no criterion of success. Personal ambition to "mould opinion," as the quaint untruth has it, as well as the commercial side of owning a newspaper, made me look about over a wide field, seeking for a city which really needed a new newspaper. The work was to be in a chosen field, and to be one's own taskmaster is worth more than salary. As I prospected, I saw no possible end to the venture save that of every expectation fulfilled.

I found a goodly town (of course I cannot name it) that was neither all future nor all past; a growing place, believed in by capitalists and real estate men. It was well railroaded, in the coal fields, near to waterways and to glory. It was developing itself and being developed by outside capital. It had a newspaper, a well-established affair, whose old equipment I laughed at. It needed a new one. My opening was found. The city would grow; I would grow up with it. The promise of six years ago has been in part fulfilled. I have no reason to regret my choosing the city I did.

I went back to Pittsburg, consulted various of the great, obtained letters to prominent men high in the political faith I intended to follow, went back to my town armed with the letters, and talked it over. They had been considering the matter of a daily paper there to represent their faith and themselves, and after much dickering a company was

formed. I found I could buy the weekly Herald, a nice property whose "good will" was worth having. Its owner was not overanxious to sell, so drove a good bargain. As a weekly the paper for forty-three years had been gospel to many; I would make it daily gospel to more. In giving \$5500 for it I knew I was paying well, but it had a great name and a wide circulation.

I saw no necessity of beginning on a small scale. People are not dazzled in this way. I wanted a press that folk would come in and see run, and as my rival had no linotypes, that was all the more reason why I should have two. Expensive equipments are necessary for newspapers when they intend to do great works and the public is eager to see what is going to happen. All this took money, more money than I had thought it would. But talking the matter over with my new friends and future associates, I convinced them that any economy was false economy at the start. But when I started I found that I owned but forty per cent of the Herald Publishing Company's stock. I was too big with the future to care. The sixty per cent was represented by various politicians. That was six years ago.

It does not do in America, much less in the Atlantic, to be morosely pessimistic. At most one can be regretful. And yet why should I be regretful? You have seen me settle in my thriving city; see me now. I have my own home, a place of honor in the community, the company of the great. You see me married, with enough to live on, enough to entertain with, enough to afford a bit of travel now and then. I still "run" the Herald: it pays me my own salary (my stockholders have never interfered with the business management of the paper), and were I insistent I might have a consular position of importance, should the particular set of politicians I uphold (my "gang," as my rival the Bulletin says) revert to power.

There is food in my larder, there are flowers in my garden. I carry enough insurance to enable my small family to do without me and laugh at starvation. I am but thirty-four years old. In short, I have a competence in a goodly little city. Why should I not rejoice with Stevenson that I have "some rags of honor left," and go about in middle age with my head high? Who of my schoolmates has done better?

Is it nothing, then, to see hope dwindle and die away? My regret is not pecuniary: it is old-fashioned moral. Where are those high ideals with which I set about this business? I dare not look them in their waxen faces. I have acquired immunity from starvation by selling underhandedly what I had no right to sell. Some may laugh; the better American. But P. T. Barnum's dictum about the innate love Americans have for a hoax is really a serious matter, when the truth is told. Mr. Barnum did not leave a name and a fortune because he befooled the public. If now and then he gave them Cardiff giants and white elephants, he also gave them a brave display in three crowded rings. I have dealt almost exclusively with the Cardiff giants.

My regret is, then, a moral one. I bought something the nature of which did not dawn upon me until late; I felt environment adapt me to it little by little. The process was gradual, but I have not the excuse that it was unconscious. There is the sting in the matter. I can scarcely plead ignorance.

Somewhere in a scrapbook, even now beginning to yellow, I have pasted, that it may not escape me (as if it could!), my first editorial announcing to the good world my intent with the Herald. Let me quote from the mocking, double-leaded thing. I know the words. I know even now the high hope which gave them birth. I know how enchanting the vista was unfolding into the future. I can see how stern my boyish face was, how warm my blood. With a

blare of trumpets I announced my mission. With a mustering day of the good old stock phrases used on such occasions I marshaled my metaphors. In making my bow, gravely and earnestly, I said, among other things: "Without fear or favor, serving only the public, the Herald will be at all times an intelligent medium of news and opinions for an intelligent community. Bowing the knee to no clique or faction, keeping in mind the great imperishable standards of American manhood, the noble traditions upon which the framework of our country is grounded, the Herald will champion, not the weak, not the strong, but the right. It will spare no expense in gathering news, and it will give all the news all of the time. It will so guide its course that only the higher interests of the city are served, and will be absolutely fearless. Independent in politics, it will freely criticise when occasion demands. By its adherence to these principles may it stand or fall."

But why quote more? You have all read them, though I doubt if you have read one more sincere. I felt myself a force, the Herald the expression of a force; an entity, the servant of other forces. My paper was to be all that other papers were not. My imagination carried me to sublime heights. This was six years ago.

Events put a check on my runaway ambition in forty-eight hours. The head of the biggest clothing house, and the largest advertiser in the city, called on me. I received him magnificently in my new office, motioning him to take a chair. I can see him yet,—stout, prosperous, and to the point. As he talked, he toyed with a great seal that hung from a huge hawser-like watch-chain.

"Say," said he, refusing my chair, "just keep out a little item you may get hold of to-day." His manner was the same with me as with a salesman in his "gent's" underclothing department.

"Concerning?" I asked pleasantly.

"Oh, there's a friend of mine got arrested to-day. Some farmer had him took in for fraud or something. He'll make good, I guess; I know, in fact. He ain't a bad fellow, and it would hurt him if this got printed."

I asked him for particulars; saw a reporter who had the story; learned the man was a sharp-dealer with a bad reputation, who had been detected in an attempt to cheat a poor farmer out of \$260,—a bare-faced fraud indeed. I learned that the man had long been suspected by public opinion of semi-legal attempts to rob the "widow and the orphan," and that at last there was a chance of "showing him up." I went back with a bold face.

"I find, though the case has not been tried, that the man is undoubtedly guilty."

"Guilty?" said my advertiser. "What of that? He'll settle."

"That hardly lessens the guilt." I smiled.

The clothing man looked astounded. "But if you print that he'll be ruined," he sputtered.

"From all I can learn, so much the better," I answered.

Then my man swore. "See here," he said, when he got back to written language. "He's just making his living; you ain't got no right to stop a man's earning his living. It ain't none of any newspaper's business. Just a private affair between him and the farmer, and he'll settle."

"I don't see how," I put in somewhat warmly, "it is n't the business of a newspaper to tell its public of a dangerous man, arrested for fraud, caught in his own net so badly that he is willing to settle, as you claim. It is my obvious duty to my constituents to print such a case. From the news point of view"—I was going on smoothly, but he stepped up and shook his fist in my face.

"Constituents? Ain't I a constit-

uent? Don't I pay your newspaper for more advertising than any one else? Ain't I your biggest constituent? Say, young man, you're too big for this town. Don't try to bully me!" he suddenly screamed. "Don't you dare bully me! Don't you dare try it. I see what you want. You're trying to blackmail me, you are; you're trying to work me for more advertising; you want money out of me. That game don't go; not with me it don't. I'll have you arrested."

And he talked as though he believed it!

Then he said he'd never pay me another cent, might all manner of things happen to his soul if he did. He'd go to the Bulletin, and double his space. The man was his friend, and he had asked but a reasonable request, and I had tried to blackmail him. He worked that blackmail in every other sentence. Then he strode out, slamming the door.

The "little item" was not printed in the Herald (nor in the Bulletin, more used to such requests), and, as he had said, he was my biggest advertiser. It was my first experience with the advertiser with a request: for this reason I have given the incident fully. It recurred every week. I grew to think little of it soon. "Think of how his children will feel," say the friends of some one temporarily lodged in the police station. "Think of what the children of some one this man will swindle next will say," is what I might answer. But I don't,—not if an advertiser requests otherwise. As I have grown to phrase the matter, a newspaper is a contrivance which meets its pay roll by selling space to advertisers: render it therefore agreeable to those who make its existence possible. Less jesuitically it may be put—the ultimate editor of a small newspaper is the advertiser, the biggest advertiser is the politician. This is a maxim experience has ground with its heel into the fabric of my soul.

We all remember Emerson's brilliantly un-New-England advice, "Hitch

your wagon to a star." This saying is of no value to newspapers, for they find stars poor motive power. Theoretically, it must be granted that newspapers, of all business ventures, should properly be hitched to a star. Yet I have found that if any hitching is to be done it must be to the successful politician. Amending Mr. Emerson, I have found it the best rule to "yoke your newspaper to the politician in power."

This, then, is what a small newspaper does: sells its space to the advertiser, its policy to the politician. It is smooth sailing save when these two forces conflict, and then Scylla and Charybdis were joys to the heart. Let us look into the advertiser part of the business a bit more closely.

The advertiser seeks the large circulation. The biggest advertiser seeks the cheapest people. Thus is a small newspaper (the shoe will pinch the feet of the great as well) forced, in order to survive, to pander to the Most Low. The man of culture does not buy \$4.99 overcoats, the woman of culture 27 cent slippers. The newspaper must see that it reaches those who do. This is one of the saddest matters in the whole business. The Herald started with a circulation slightly over 2000. I found that my town was near enough to two big cities for the papers published there to enter my field. I could not hope to rival their telegraphic features, and I soon saw that if the Herald was to succeed it must pay strict attention to local news. My rival stole its telegraphic news bodily; I paid for a service. The people seemed to care little for attempted assassinations of the Shah, but they were intensely interested in pinochle parties in the seventh ward. I gave them pinochle parties. Still my circulation diminished. My rival regained all that I had taken from him at the start. I wondered why, and compared the papers. I "set" more matter than he. The great difference was that my headlines were smaller and my

editorial page larger than his. Besides, his tone was much lower: he printed rumor, made news to deny it, — did a thousand and one things that kept his paper "breezy."

I put in bigger headlines, — outdid him, in fact. I almost abolished my editorial page, making of it an attempt to amuse, not to instruct. I printed every little personality, every rumor my staff could catch hold of in their tours. The result came slowly, but surely. Success came when I exaggerated every little petty scandal, every row in a church choir, every hint of a disturbance. I compromised four libel suits, and ran my circulation up to 3200 in eleven months.

Then I formed some more conclusions. I evolved a newspaper law out of the matter and the experience of some brothers in the craft in small cities near by. Briefly, I stated it in this wise: The worse a paper is, the more influence it has. To gain influence, be wholly bad.

This is no paradox, nor does it reflect particularly upon the public. There is reason for it in plenty. Take the ably edited paper, which glories in its editorial page, in the clean exposition of an honest policy, in high ideas put in good English, and you will find a paper which has a small clientele in a provincial town, or if it has readers it will have small influence. Say that it strikes the reader at breakfast, and the person who has leisure to breakfast is the person who has time for editorials, and the expression of that paper's opinion is carefully read. Should these opinions square with the preconceived ideas of the reader, the editorials are "great;" if not, they are "rotten." In other words, the man who reads carefully written editorials is the man whose opinion is formed, — the man of culture, and therefore of prejudice. Doubtless he is as well acquainted with conditions as the writer; perhaps better acquainted. When a man does have

opinions in a small city, he is quite likely to have strong ones. A flitting editorial is not the thing to change them. On the other hand, the man who has little time to read editorials, or perhaps little inclination, is just the man who might be influenced by them if read. Hence well-written editorials on a small daily are wasted thunder in great part, an uneconomic expenditure of force.

When local politics are at a fever-heat, a different aspect of affairs is often seen: editorials are generally read, not so much as expressions of opinion, but as party attack and defense. During periods of political quiet the aim of most editorial pages is to amuse or divert. The advertiser has noted the decadence of the editorial page, and as a general thing makes a violent protest if the crying of his wares is made to emanate from this poor, despised portion of the paper. An advertisement on a local page is worth much more, and he pays more for the privilege.

So I learned another lesson. I shifted, as my successful contemporaries have done, my centre of editorial gravity from its former high position to my first and local pages. I now editorialize by suggestion. News now carries its own moral, the bias I wish it to show. This requires no less skill than the writing of editorials, and, greatly as I deplore it, I find the results pleasing. Does the Herald wish to denounce a public official? Into a dozen articles is the venom inserted. Slyly, subtly, and oftentimes openly do news articles point the obvious moral. The "Acqua Tofana" of journalism is ready to be used when occasion demands, and this is very often. Innuendo is common, the stiletto is inserted quietly and without warning, and tactics a man would shun may be used by a newspaper with little or no adverse comment. I mastered the philosophy of the indirect. I gained my ends by carefully coloring my news to the ends and policies of the

paper. Nor am I altogether to blame. My paper was supposed to have influence. When I wrote careful and patient editorials, it had none. I saw the public mind must be enfiladed, ambushed, and I adopted those primary American tactics of Indian warfare: shot from behind tree trunks, spared not the slain, and from the covert of a news item sent out screeching savages upon the unsuspecting public. Editorial warfare as conducted fifty years ago is obsolete; its methods are as antiquated to-day as is the artillery of that age.

I have called the Herald my own at different times in this article. I conceived it, established it, built it up. It stands to-day as the result of my work. True, my money was not the only capital it required, but mine was the hand that reared it. I found, to my great chagrin, that few people in the city considered me other than a hired servant of the political organization that aided in establishing the Herald. It was an "organ," a something which stood to the world as the official utterance of this political set. "Organs," in newspaper parlance, properly have but one function. Mine was evidently to explain or attack, as the case might be. To the politicians who helped start the Herald the paper was a political asset. It could on occasion be a club or a lever, as the situation demanded. I had been led to expect no personal intrusion. "Just keep straight with the party" was all that was asked. But never was constancy so unfaltering as that expected of the Herald. It must not print this because it was true; it must print that because it was untrue.

I had been six months in the city, when I overheard a conversation in a street car. "Oh, I 'll fix the Herald all right. I know Johnny X," said one man. That was nice of Johnny X's friend, I thought. The Bulletin accused me of not daring to print certain matters. I was ashamed, humiliated. Between the friends of Johnny X and the

friends of others, I saw myself in my true light. Johnny X, by the way, a noisy ward politician, owned just one share in the Herald; but that gave his friends the right to ask him to "fix" it, nevertheless. I consulted with a wise man, a real leader, a man of experience and a warm heart. He heard me and laughed, patting me on the shoulder to humor me. "You want that printing, don't you?" he asked.

I admitted I did. I had counted on it.

"Then," said my adviser, "I would n't offend Johnny X, if I were you. He controls the supervisor in his ward."

I began to see a great light, and I have needed no other illumination since. This matter of public printing had been promised me. I knew it was necessary. I saw that, inasmuch as it was given out by the lowest politicians in the town, I escaped easily if I paid as my price the indulgence of the various Johnnies X who had "influence." I was the paid supernumerary of the party, yet had to bear its mistakes and follies, its weak men and their weaker friends, upon my poor editorial back. I realized it from that moment; I should have seen it before. But for all that, my cheeks burned for days, and my teeth set whenever I faced the thought. I don't mind it in the least now.

So at the end of a year and a half I saw a few more things. I saw that by being a good boy and adaptable to "fixing" I could earn thirty-five dollars a week with less work than I could earn forty-five dollars in a big city. I saw that the Herald as a business proposition was a failure; that is, it was not, even under the most advantageous conditions, the money-maker that I at first thought it to be. I saw that if the city grew, and if there were no more rivals, if there were a hundred advantageous conditions, it might make several thousand dollars a year, besides paying me a bigger salary. I was very

much disheartened. Then there came a turn.

I saw the business part of the proposition very clearly. I must play in with my owners, the party; and in turn my owners would support me nearly as well when they were out of power as they could when ruling. Revenue came from the city, the county, the state, all at "legal" rates. I began to see why these "legal" rates were high, some five times higher than those of ordinary advertising for such a paper as the Herald. The state, when paying its advertising bill, must pay the Herald five times the rate any clothing advertiser could get. The reason is not difficult to see. All over the state and country there are papers just like the Herald, controlled by little cliques of politicians, who, too miserly to support the necessary losses, make the people pay for them. Any attempt to lower the legal rate in any state legislature would call up innumerable champions of the "press," gentlemen all interested in their newspapers at home. The people pay more than a cent for their penny papers. It is the taxpayer who supports a thousand and one unnecessary "organs." The politicians are wise, after all.

So I got my perspective. I was paid to play the political game of others. I had to play it supported by indirect bribes. As a straight business proposition, — that is, without any state or city advertising, tax sales, printing of the proceedings, and the like, — the Herald could not live out a year. But by refusing to say many things, and by saying many more, I could get such share of these matters as would support the paper. In my second year, near its close, I saw that I was really a property, a chattel, a something bought and sold. I was being trafficked with to my loss. My friends bought me with public printing, and sold me for their own ends. I saw they had the best of the bargain.

I could do better without the middlemen. I determined to make my own bargain with the devil for my own soul. It was a brilliant thought, but a bitter one. I determined to be a Sir John Hawkwood, and sell my editorial mercenaries to the highest bidder. Only the weak are gregarious, I thought with Nietzsche. If I could not put a name upon my actions, at least I could put a price. I made a loan, grabbed up some Herald stock cheaply, and owned at last over fifty per cent of my own paper. Now, I thought, I will at least make money.

I knew at that particular time my own party joined with the enemy was very much interested in a contract the city was about to make with a lighting company, a long-term contract at an exorbitant price. No opposition was expected. The city council had been "seen," the reformers silenced. I knew some of the particulars. I knew that both parties were gaining at the expense of the public, to their own profit and the tremendous profit of the gas company. I, fearless in my new control, sent out a small editorial feeler, a little suggestion about municipal ownership. This time my editorial did have influence. No mango tree of an Indian juggler blossomed quicker. I was called upon one hour after the paper was out. What in the name of all unnamable did I mean? I laughed. I pointed out the new holdings of stock I had acquired. What did the gentlemen mean? They did n't know, — not then.

I had a very pleasant call from the gas company's attorney the next day. He was a most agreeable fellow, a man of parts, assuredly. I, a conscious chattel, would now appraise myself. I waited, letting the pleasantries flow by in a gentle stream. By the way, suggested my new friend, why did n't I try for the printing of the gas company? It was quite a matter. My friend was surprised that the Herald had so complete a job printing plant. The gas

company had all of its work done out of town, at a high rate, he thought. He would use his influence, etc., etc. Actually, I felt very important! All this to come out of a little editorial on municipal ownership! The Herald did n't care for printing so very much, I said. But I would think it over.

The next day I followed up my municipal ownership editorial. It was my answer. I waited for theirs. I waited in vain. I had overreached myself. This was humiliation indeed, and it aroused every bit of ire and revenge in me. I boldly launched out on a campaign against the dragon. I would see if the "press" could be held so cheaply. I printed statistics of the price of lighting in other cities. I exposed the whole scheme. I stood for the people at last! My early fire came back. We would see; the people and the Herald against a throttling corporation and a gang of corrupt aldermen.

Then the other side got into the war. I went to the bank to renew a note. I had renewed it a dozen times before. But the bank had seen the Gorgon and turned to stone. I digged deep and met the note. A big law firm which had given me all its business began to seek out the Bulletin. One or two advertisers dropped out. Some unseen hand began to foment a strike. Were the banks, the bar, and, worst of all, the labor unions, in the pay of a gas company? It was exhilarating to be with "the people," but exhilaration does not meet pay rolls. I may state that I am now doing the gas company's printing at a very fair rate.

I saw the policy was a good one, nevertheless. I also saw that it could not be carried to the extreme. So I have become merely threatening. I have learned never to overstep my bounds. I take my lean years and my fat years, still a hireling, but having somewhat to say about my market value. What provincial paper does not have the same story to tell?

My public doesn't care for good writing. It has no regard for reason. During one political campaign I tried reason. That is, I did n't denounce the adversary. Admitting he had some very good points, I showed why the other man had better ones. The general impression was that the Herald had "flopped," just because I did not abuse my party's opponent, but tried to defeat him with logic! A paper is always admired for its backbone, and backbone is its refusal to see two sides to a question.

I have reached the "masses." I tell people what they knew beforehand, and thus flatter them. Aiming to instruct them, I should offend. God is with the biggest circulations, and we must have them even if we appeal to class prejudice now and then.

I can occasionally foster a good work, almost underhandedly, it would seem. I take little pleasure in it. The various churches, hospitals, the library, all expect to be coddled indiscriminately and without returning any thanks whatever. I have railroad transportation as much as I wish, the magazines free of charge, and a seat in the theatre. These are my "perquisites." There is no particular future for me. The worst of it is that I don't seem to care. The gradual falling away from the high

estate of my first editorial is a matter for the student of character, which I am not. In myself, as in my paper, I only see results.

I think these confessions are ample enough and blunt enough. When I left the high school, I would have wished to word them in Stevensonian manner. That was some time ago. We who run small dailies have little care for the niceties of style. There are few of our clientele who know the nice from the not-nice. In our smaller cities we "suicide" and "jeopardize." We are visited by "agriculturalists," and "none of us are" exempt from little iniquities and unquieties of style and expression. We go right on: "commence" where we should "begin," use "balance" for "remainder," never think of putting the article before "Hon." and "Rev.," and some of us abbreviate "assemblyman" into "ass," meaning nothing but condensation. Events still "transpire" in our small cities, and inevitably we "try experiments." We have learned to write "trousers," and "gents" appears only in our advertisements. In common with the very biggest and best papers we always say "leniency." That I do these things, the last coercion of environment, is the saddest, to me, of all.

Paracelsus.

SINGING WOOD.

UPON HEARING A GIRL PLAY THE VIOLIN.

If with a kinsman's finger you could fret
The vital chord in any clod or stone,
Would there not bubble to the air a tone
Of that one central music hidden yet?
Would there not sound, in ears that still forget,
Notes of the dumb, prenatal antiphone,
Strains to unlock the sense from that long swoon
Which holds us till we pay the bounden debt?

So with this wood to-day you touched to song:
In it there slumbered all a season's sweet,
The moonlight and the morning and the wheat
And crocuses and catbirds,—one low, long
Sweep of the bow, and there a year you drew
As lies a landscape in a drop of dew.

Harrison S. Morris.

THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE problem of establishing a modified American school system in the Philippine Islands, under existing conditions, is also the problem of supplanting an old system deeply interwoven with the religious beliefs and social institutions of a semi-civilized people. The Spanish messengers of the faith who came to these islands implanted the faith and education at the same time. He who fails to take into account the early services of the members of the religious orders will not form an adequate judgment of present forces. Shrewd and capable leaders among them controlled these people for centuries, and built up an approach to civilized society by the introduction of a nominal change of faith and a plan of education which, although narrow, was not limited, as some think, in the number of persons who were somewhat educated. In pursuit of church policy, the education of the individual person did not go very far. Higher education was for the select class. When a Filipino felt an inclination to acquire an intellectual education, he could do so only by becoming a pupil in the ecclesiastical schools. The friars learned the dialects, and, in their capacity as local supervisors of schools, blocked every attempt of the government to make Spanish the basal language of school instruction. As in other Oriental countries, religious ideas absorbed so completely the attention that a lamentable backwardness is noted in the advancement

of public education. Impervious as it was to every liberalizing influence, the exclusively religious school system that the Americans found here was an anachronism, recalling European school systems of more than a hundred years ago. The instruction given, at its best, was weak on the side of thought work, and only fair in formal work. Nearly every organized town had its school, and in it the pupils were taught obedience, to read and write, more or less mechanically, the native dialect, and the catechism. A small fee was necessary for admission. In vitalizing power, in that which should elevate and uplift the race, the system was wholly lacking; and without this power any system must fail.

Confucianism never had a stronger hold on China and Japan than the church dogma had on the Philippines. Originality was a species of disloyalty. The mind of the Tagalo was restive in its ecclesiastical fetters. The insurrection of 1896 served to show the temper of the people toward church control, and explains the desire for modern education. The insurrection of 1896 was hardly over when the United States declared war against Spain. The overthrow of the Spanish rule and the occupation of the Philippines by the Americans have wrought a tremendous change in the condition, and advanced materially the affairs, of this far-off group of islands in the East.

There was a thirst for Western edu-

cation before we came, and in every revolutionary propaganda there was an article to establish schools and colleges. It is interesting to note that in the platforms of the political parties at the present time public education takes a prominent place. It is also worthy of record that Cailles, upon his first visit to Manila after his surrender, still wearing his general's uniform and accompanied by his staff, called upon the officials of the Department of Public Instruction to express his appreciation of the educational efforts of the Americans; and that Malvar, still in the field, released his American prisoner as soon as he was convinced that he was one of the teachers of English sent out to his people. Respect for learning has always been the redeeming feature of the East. In this regard the Philippines are no exception. It was in the midst of such a groping after light that America appeared. Under American management, education was bound to have a wider popular extension and a broader and more liberal character.

There could have been no clearer expression of American purposes with regard to the Philippines than was presented in the reopening and organizing of schools by military commanders as soon as peace was restored at their posts. General Otis and General MacArthur both strongly favored and advanced a progressive educational policy. During the first year of the war educational efforts were necessarily confined to the city of Manila, where American authority was firmly established; but later, when practicable, the work was extended throughout all provinces where conditions warranted it. Soldier teachers were put into the schools to teach English. The central military government ordered and distributed large quantities of American school books and supplies. Financial aid was given to towns too poor to pay the salaries of native teachers and the rentals of school buildings. The educational work done under the

purely military régime, with old machinery, was hardly systematic or ideal, but it showed that the military authorities recognized the value of a system of schools — to quote General MacArthur — "as an adjunct to military operations, calculated to pacify the people, and to procure and expedite the restoration of tranquillity throughout the archipelago."

Education under the civil régime began to take form in the latter part of 1900. After some preliminary study and investigation of the conditions, the general superintendent made recommendations in the form of a bill for the establishment of a centralized system of free public schools. The bill, in slightly modified form, was passed by the Philippine Commission on January 21, 1901.

The chief features of this bill are:

It establishes a centralized system of free public schools. It places in the hands of the general superintendent the entire work of organizing and inaugurating a modern public school system, and confers upon him ample and necessary powers for the administration of his office. As amended, it provides for the employment of eighteen division superintendents of schools, and as many deputy division superintendents as there are organized provinces; for one thousand men and women teachers of English, from the United States; and for the establishment and maintenance of normal, agricultural, and manual training schools. In addition, it makes a general provision for the expenditure, during the current year, of four hundred thousand dollars for the construction and equipment of school buildings, and two hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the purchase of textbooks and supplies. Further, it provides for a superior advisory board of education, to be composed of the general superintendent and four members, to advise with him as to the schools, and to make recommendations to the Commission for

legislation. The representation of the people in an advisory and auxiliary way is aimed at in the constitution of local school boards. The president of the town is *ex officio* chairman; and of the four or six members, one half are elected by the municipal council, and one half are appointed by the division superintendents. The course of instruction in all the towns is outlined by the general superintendent; the Filipino teachers are appointed, and their salaries fixed, by the division superintendents; and even the school buildings must be designed after the ideas of the general superintendent, and subject to the approval of the division superintendents. The central government supports the entire supervisory machine, pays the American teachers, and provides textbooks and school supplies. The towns, as a rule, must supply buildings, either by construction or rental, must furnish them, and must pay the salaries of native teachers. The English language, as soon as practicable, will be made the basis of all public school instruction. The Commission adopts the Faribault plan of religious instruction, which gives every denomination the right to send religious teachers, several times a week, to the public schools, to give instruction to the children of parents who desire it,—at times when such instruction shall not interfere with the regular curriculum. No public school teacher shall teach religion, and no pupil shall be required to receive religious instruction.

Unlike the state systems of public instruction, the system outlined shows a decided tendency to centralized control,—a natural consequence of the social and political conditions of the islands. The local school boards, at present, are given more duties than powers; and in the appointment and fixing of the salaries of the native teachers by the division superintendents the principle of local self-government has had to give way. American educational offi-

cials in Porto Rico have found how impossible it is to advance schools so long as the local boards control the teaching force. However, in the administration of the system the principle of local initiative is not lost sight of, and everything is done to bring about the coöperation of local and central agencies. Owing to a lack of sufficient school accommodations, the educational act contains no general law compelling school attendance.

With the new educational machine a warfare against superficiality and ignorance has been begun. The common school is the equalizer, and the common language, English, the nationalizer. Instead of making a great show by establishing high schools, colleges, and an ambitious university first, and in spite of the fact that these were most in demand, primary schools were fostered, and an endeavor was made to insure to the Filipino child a knowledge of English, clear ideas on a few subjects, and a receptive and awakened intelligence.

The first year's operations of the department may be briefly summarized. More than half a million American schoolbooks and a large quantity of school supplies have been selected, purchased at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars, and distributed to the various towns, and the old textbooks removed from the schools; one hundred thousand dollars has been expended for twenty thousand modern school desks; one thousand teachers, normal and college graduates, have been appointed, and over eight hundred have arrived from the United States, and been stationed in a systematic manner throughout the islands; the archipelago has been divided into eighteen school divisions, and an American school superintendent placed in charge of each division, with a deputy division superintendent in charge of each province. All religious instruction during school session is being gradually abolished. Instruction in the English language has been provided for in

more than a thousand schools, and an opportunity has been given in English evening schools for those of the people who are past the school age to keep in accord with the new ideas acquired by their children. Salaries of the Filipino teachers have been raised; and a definite announcement has been made to them that the American teachers are here, not to displace them, but to prepare them to take charge of their own schools. The Filipino teachers have received daily English instruction; and so soon as they have progressed enough with the language itself, instruction in the common branches, and methods of teaching those branches, will be given. Vacation normal courses have been held in several of the school divisions. Free schools have taken the place of fee schools. Instructors for the normal, agricultural, and industrial schools have been appointed. The Normal School, opened in September, has a regular attendance of two hundred, which is as many as can well be accommodated. Nearly every town where peace has been restored has been visited by some representative of the department, and the needs investigated. Circulars of inquiry have been sent out to the presidents, provincial governors, district commanders, and teachers, and a mass of important data is accumulating. The pay roll for American teachers and supervisors may serve to gauge the operations of the department. Within a year's time it has grown from one thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars a month.

Educational work has been impeded by the complexity and multiplicity of the difficulties involved. It has been pioneer and creative work purely. There has been no haste, no desire for spectacular results; permanency and suitableness have been the qualities sought for.

There are in the Philippine Islands some six and a half million Christians, one million pagans, and one half mil-

lion Mohammedans, scattered over several hundred islands with a total area greater than the combined areas of Portugal, Greece, Switzerland, Denmark, and Belgium; or, to use an American standard, equal to the combined areas of the New England states and New York. There are twenty dialects in the island of Luzon alone, and seventy have been enumerated in the Philippine group. Fourteen may be accepted as the number of principal tribes. Altogether, there is as queer a mixture of languages, races, and customs as perhaps is to be found anywhere in the world. The Americanizing of the Philippines is the training of a widely differentiated insular people, the mass of whom have never risen above a purely rice and fish existence.

There are only one hundred and twenty miles of railroad; the few steamships in the islands are small and uncomfortable, and irregular in service; there are no good harbors, and landing is always a difficult matter; there are only a few good roads, and outside of Manila no modern bridges. The transportation of the American teachers to their stations and the distribution of school books and supplies have been done under great disadvantages, owing to the inadequate means of conveyance. Many of the six hundred teachers who came on the transport Thomas expected to be transferred directly to steamship lines, almost on the day of their arrival. It took a month to get them all away. Insufficient hotel accommodations in Manila and the unforeseen withdrawal of the commissary privileges complicated the problem of caring for and assigning the teachers, especially the women. The civil commissary has since been established, and the teachers report they were welcomed everywhere, and are now comfortably settled and intensely interested in their work.

Aside from the local difficulties of transportation, a serious disadvantage

is the great distance from the base of material supply. There have been delays in receipt of school supplies, and the selection of a large number of school superintendents and teachers in the United States has presented many perplexities. About twelve thousand applications for positions in the educational work here have been received. It was found necessary to delegate a limited appointing power to many normal schools, colleges, and educational officials in the United States. More than five hundred of the thousand or more appointments were made in this manner.

The town proper, or *pueblo*, is sometimes very small, with only fifty or sixty houses; the rest of the town, made up of *barrios*, may spread over a large area. There are seldom school buildings in the barrios, and those found in the pueblos are inadequate and unsuitable; for they are supplied with the worst imaginable furniture, or none at all.

School attendance is much affected by the long distances that the children must come. Often they must traverse bad roads, which are impassable during the rainy season. Insufficient clothing, need of children to assist in harvesting, and a great amount of sickness among the Filipino children are all causes of irregular attendance, — a serious evil to be noticed even in places where there seems to be the liveliest interest in schools.

To the Filipino, suspicious and distrustful by nature, and nowadays doubly so when it is a question of what the United States promises to do for him, the educational movement is the most significant. I am sure it tends to increase confidence in our fair intentions, and has been one of the chief causes that he believes in our honesty more to-day than he did a year ago. The Oriental, however, does not understand the ways of the Occidental: he is of course very conservative, and resents innovations; having been so long used to a paternal

form of government, he hesitates to take the initiative; but he is naturally ambitious, as a rule, for his children, and especially is this so in the matter of education. I doubt if at present there is any strong desire on the part of the Filipinos to become Americanized, but they appreciate the benefits of American educational methods. They desire to better their station in society; and in the cities, particularly, they are keenly alive to the material advantages of knowing English, so as to fill positions in the government and mercantile service.

Until municipal taxes are collected, next spring, lack of local funds will prevent any considerable increase in the Filipino teachers' salaries (which are now mere pittances, ranging from five dollars gold per month to twenty dollars) or any great activity in school construction. Municipal officials are slow to appropriate money if they think that, by delay, the general government will come forward. When requested to make repairs on school buildings or to get school furniture, they are very ready with promises; but, as some one has said, "the Filipino never says 'no,' but never does 'yes.'"

Two important tests may be applied in determining the intellectual status of a people: the policy as regards the education of girls, and the absence or presence of supplementary educational agencies. Parents in the far East do not think it necessary to send girls to school. The boy receives the preference in the family plans for schooling as in other matters. The progress of the education of girls under the Spanish was exceedingly slow. There was no serious attempt to give them even elementary education until about 1870. The American teachers have found that the public school for girls is still, to a large extent, an object of social distrust and prejudice. Considered in its social and moral bearings, the education of girls is a matter of great sig-

nificance, and every attempt is being made to provide equal school facilities for boys and girls. No steps have been taken to bring about coeducation, nor are there likely to be.

Aside from the public schools and the churches, there have been no other important sources of enlightenment. A person may know how to read and write, yet possess not even the rudiments of culture. The assertion is made that "eighty per cent can read and write," thus leaving only twenty per cent who cannot. If this refers to the total Philippine population of eight millions, and "to read" means to understand the material one is reading, and "to write" more than the writing of one's name, then I am willing to venture an opinion that the amount of literacy would be nearer twenty per cent than eighty. It is commonly stated that five per cent of the inhabitants can speak and understand Spanish. Public libraries, lecture courses, broad commercial relations with foreign countries, a widespread daily press to give publicity to all affairs of state and society, modern theatres, active participation in public affairs, street-corner political discussions, — these and other agencies of essential importance for the advance of culture have been almost entirely lacking. Traveling libraries, in the form of supplementary English reading and illustrated lectures on American life and government, are being organized by the school department.

It has already been seen that the educational situation does not lack its hopeful signs. There is a real desire for school, and an intense eagerness to acquire English. In education there is a coincidence of American and Fili-

pino interests. The attitude of the people toward the new system — an important element in the success or failure of a centralized system of education — can be treated by concrete example. Its faith in the system has been demonstrated by voluntary contributions of money; schoolhouses have been built by public subscription; teachers' salaries have been raised; American teachers have been cordially welcomed and hospitably treated. There may be interruptions and setbacks in this interesting and unique attempt to enforce Western ideals upon an Eastern people, — a people most unlike us, possessing ideals and traditions totally different; but the educational representatives of the American nation, with the saving grace of common sense, will train up, promptly and properly, a generation of Filipino youth to regenerate their own country. The Filipino child is a child of promise; he is docile, quick, and mentally alert. He has an aptness for acquiring languages, and a natural talent for the lesser mechanical arts; he draws and writes well. The majority of the schoolchildren are young-looking and attractive.

During the year to come, the department will forge steadily ahead with its primary schools, introducing some form of manual training; open secondary schools, with general, industrial, and commercial courses; and extend its system of normal, trade, and agricultural schools. Schools of art and music, orphanages, reform schools, schools for the deaf, dumb, and blind, colleges and higher technical schools, and a university with its professional schools are included in the general plan of public education.

Fred W. Atkinson.

THE ECONOMIC FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

THE United States confront a serious task in the Philippine Islands, on the economic as well as the political side. This is obvious to every one who studies conditions on the ground, as has been the opportunity of the present writer during the past summer. The political and economic problems are more or less interwoven each with the other, for they grow naturally out of the comparative backwardness of tropical peoples and their need of Caucasian leadership. The work undertaken by the United States in the education of the Filipino people will be an important element in their economic future, and it is an undertaking almost unique in the dealing of colonizing powers with their dependencies. Whether the experiment of sending a thousand teachers to the islands, to teach the people the rudiments of modern ideas, will soon produce such results as have been achieved in a moral and intellectual way by education in the United States may well be doubted; but it will undoubtedly accomplish much in improving their material condition and in extending the influence of the United States. Already English is driving Spanish from the schools and the marts of trade, and eagerness is shown on every hand to learn American methods and American points of view.

Actual contact with tropical and Oriental races brings strong conviction of the necessity of Caucasian leadership for their orderly progress in the paths of civilization and economic efficiency. In the intellectual field there is a gulf fixed between the Caucasian and the Oriental mind, except in the case of a very few, which can be bridged only by several generations of culture. The fundamental distinction, however, between the Oriental and the Caucasian is not so exclusively one of culture as of

traditions and points of view. The masses of the Oriental peoples are not only without the capacity for self-government; they have no conscious interest in their government. They may, under extreme conditions, revolt against excessive taxation or other forms of oppression, but for the most part the struggle for existence is too constantly present to give them time for thinking of abstract problems. Oppression must become terribly concrete to arouse even their interest. In China and Japan, it is doubtful if one could obtain from the average coolie or agricultural laborer an intelligent answer to any question regarding his form of government. The essential dignity of human nature; the doctrine that the humblest man or woman is made in the divine image, dowered with immortality, and possessed of inalienable moral and political rights, are propositions of which only a faint glimmering filters, by means of Caucasian example, into the Oriental mind.

This difference between the Caucasian and the Oriental mind seriously affects the solution of every economic as well as every political problem in the Orient. The conception of "the economic man," battling with all his power to distance his fellows in the production of wealth by the most efficient methods, and to raise his standard of living, would hardly be grasped by the ordinary Oriental. In some countries, as in the overpopulated parts of China, the struggle for existence is an intense reality, but is carried on according to archaic methods. In the less thickly populated countries, especially those under the tropics, the gathering of the scantiest subsistence suffices for the average native. That he should strive to increase his possessions at the expense of discomforting labor, that he should dig deep into the earth in order to draw forth its riches,

and confront a circle of wants expanding constantly with the increase of his earning power, would strike him, if he were able to comprehend the idea, as a supreme waste of energy.

Caucasian leadership, therefore, will be vital for a long time to come to the progress of the undeveloped peoples. What Great Britain, in the economic field, has accomplished in Egypt and British India; what even Russia, with her brutal soldiery and autocratic methods, is accomplishing in Central Asia; what the United States are to accomplish in the Philippines, is not capable of accomplishment by the native races if left to themselves. Japan, under the guiding hand of European and American teachers, has risen to the rank of a

productive capacity. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." What a man produces, that shall he also consume in its equivalent of what others produce. In rare cases only can he obtain from others more than the fair equivalent of that which he produces. The essential difficulty with all the inferior races of the earth is not chiefly what is taken from them by others,—whether this is great or small,—but the small volume of their own production. The lesson to be taught them by Caucasian leadership—how to increase the sum of their product—will benefit both the teacher and the learner, because increased producing power on the one hand means increased power to demand products on the other.

devising or adopting them for themselves. This mission has been executed by every civilized power in its colonial possessions, upon a smaller or larger scale. It was done upon the smallest scale, perhaps, by Spain in the Philippines. Few colonizing powers, holding practically undisturbed possession, for four centuries, of an empire of such infinite possibilities, have left so little impress as Spain has left upon the Philippine Islands. Even upon her own political domain British enterprise has entered, in the guise of British merchants, to teach the native people some of the lessons of economical civilized production; but it has remained for the United States to bring to them, of direct purpose, and not as a mere incident of exploitation, the education which shall raise them to something like the producing capacity of the civilized races.

Few who have not come into contact with Oriental peoples can appreciate the inefficiency of labor, growing out of the lack of proper tools and education. This inefficiency is due largely to the lack of capital, which it is the mission of the great civilized nations to supply; but it is largely due, also, to the lack of initiative and of the means of acquiring the knowledge suitable for obtaining the best results from labor. Filipinos, Chinese, and Japanese labor to a large extent by the primitive methods of their ancestors, and get only the equivalent produced by their ancestors, because they have not invented and have not acquired better methods. How far the small results of the tasks at which they toil day by day with their hands when they might use tools, with their own backs when they might use beasts of burden or the power of steam or electricity, are due to inherent lack of capacity will presently be referred to; but it is obvious that even the most inefficient laborer can be rendered greatly more efficient by placing in his hands modern tools and labor-saving machinery.

It is only by the application of modern machinery and organized industry that the almost unexplored riches of the Orient can be placed at the command of mankind. The methods of the native races have barely scratched the surface of the deep resources of these countries. These methods often do irreparable damage to the almost priceless gifts of nature by such crass improvidence as the cutting down of gutta-percha trees for the extraction of their product, when proper treatment would make them reproductive for many years. Gutta percha is already becoming a scarce commodity outside the Philippines, because of the improvidence and ignorance of the native races even in countries under Dutch and British control. The island of Mindanao, one of the least explored of the Philippine group, is rich in gutta percha, rubber, and elastic. Nearly all the islands are capable of profitable development in rice, sugar, and tobacco. Iron and coal of good quality are found, rich mines of copper only await proper development, and gold is found in paying quantities. The natives of the southern islands, Moros by race, Mohammedan by faith, and uncivilized in their condition, nevertheless welcome capitalists and prospectors who promise to respect their individual holdings of land, give them as much work as they are willing to do, and take the natural products which they gather in the forests or grow on their little plots. Wiser by intuition than some of their friends in America, they realize that the coming of organized industry means for them the full realization of the rich possibilities of their forests, streams, and mines.

Contact with the teeming millions of the Orient brings home in a striking manner to the economic observer the lesson of the influence of the organization of industry upon human progress. There is probably no more steady, industrious, and thrifty worker in the world than the Chinaman. To the limit

of his individual capacity he makes the most of his producing power. But China does not possess the captains of industry who have lightened labor in the civilized countries by invention and by combining in the most effective manner the factors of production. Man performs the functions of a beast of burden in the rickshaw and in drawing the canal boat, even in progressive Japan, because no great organizer of production, like our railway and iron kings, has come to show him the best means of combining his resources in order to get the largest sum of product from the smallest expenditure of labor. The means of attaining these things will be taught in the Philippines by the agricultural colleges and the manual training schools, which promise to be among the most useful parts of the system of education which is being worked out on such a comprehensive scale by Dr. Fred W. Atkinson, the superintendent of education; but the capacity for great enterprises, not always encountered even among highly advanced people, will probably be found, for many years to come, among the Caucasian rulers of the Orient rather than among the people themselves.

The labor problem promises to be a serious one at first in the Philippines, because of the lack of inclination among the natives to systematic work. The nightmare of an invasion of the United States by "a flood of Filipino cheap labor," which has disturbed the dreams of some of the opponents of expansion, would lose its terrors by a visit to the islands. The average Filipino laborer in competition with American labor would have about as much chance of survival as a mouse in a threshing machine. The wants of the people of the Philippines have been confined within such narrow limits, and have been supplied in a scanty way from day to day by such desultory methods, that a considerable degree of education will be required to induce the continuous labor

which has become the habit of civilized races.

Upon this side of the problem, however, the very benefits brought by the civilized races are likely to afford a compelling influence to greater labor. Races which have not adopted modern standards of civilization advance but slowly in population. In Manila it is reported that the average births to each mother run as high as fifteen, but that under Spanish rule only four of these children grew to maturity. Remarkable as this statement appears, both as to fecundity and death rate, and incapable of exact verification as it may be, it is in both respects below the figures given by Adam Smith for the Scotch Highlands less than a century and a half ago, when he says, "It is not uncommon, I have been frequently told, for a mother who has borne twenty children not to have two alive." The introduction of scientific methods, in dealing with childbirth, in vaccination, in supplying nutritious food, and in the proper care of infants, is beginning to reduce the appalling death rate which these figures indicate. Already in the city of Manila twelve municipal physicians and eight midwives are acting under the American authorities, and the general death rate fell from 57.08 per 1000 in October, 1899, to 28.46 in July, 1901.

When the death rate among the workers of the Orient has been brought down to that of civilized peoples, one of two influences will act upon the mind of the native parent: either he will labor more to support his larger family, or he will apply the restraints to production which are employed by every civilized people through later marriages and fewer births. It is probable that both causes will operate to stimulate ambition for better standards of living and greater productive power on the part of the individual worker. The search for the means of increasing his producing power will promote intellec-

tual capacity and the desire for higher culture. The tendency, at first, of a lower death rate may be to multiply families unduly and to bring the population close up to the margin of the food supply, as was believed to be the case among the workingmen of Great Britain in the eighteenth century. But in the long run the influence of the new conditions is likely to be the same as in more advanced countries, in raising the standard of living, and applying the moral and physical restraints to overpopulation which have replaced, among all civilized peoples, the terrible restraints of war, pestilence, and famine.

For people who in their daily lives stand on the boundary line of the minimum of subsistence, independent economic or political life is an impossibility. The struggle for bread excludes all else. No mawkish sentiment in favor of a political independence which means anarchy can stand in the face of the fact that Great Britain has lightened the burdens of the tax-ridden fellahin of Egypt, and that she has opened a pathway bright with hope to the thousands of Chinese who flock to Hongkong, Singapore, and her other Oriental possessions. France, though pursuing in many cases a less enlightened policy, has taught the masses of the people of Algeria the difference between a government which meant robbery and a government which means security. Under their old rulers, Algeria and Tunis were practically in that state which made honest labor and accumulation worse than useless, because they only invited the cupidity of the rulers. Much the same conditions existed in the Philippines, especially in the provinces, under the exactions of the friar and the tax-gatherer. The rule of powers like Great Britain and America means for all these people greater security for life, a higher standard of living, a prospect of working and saving without being deprived of all they have earned and saved, and steady progress toward those ideals of

justice, liberty, and law which are the glories of Western civilization. Even the efficiency of labor is likely to increase under such conditions, under the stimulus which Professor William Smart so aptly describes when he says, "There is no laborer but may develop unsuspected powers and intensity of labor if his subsistence is increased, or varied, or seasoned by hope."

The responsibility assumed by the United States in the Philippine Islands is not likely to terminate at once in complete peace. The natives of the more civilized islands are rapidly learning the great lesson that American methods are not Spanish methods, and that what is taken from the people by taxation will be remitted back to them in public benefits. This lesson has not yet been fully learned, because of the brief time since military operations ceased and the works of peace began. The natives are naturally suspicious of any foreign power coming with promises on its lips, after their experience with Spanish commissioners and governors-general. The methods of American civil administration cannot probably be introduced among the savage tribes for some time to come. A wise policy, however, on the part of American civil and military governors will tend to keep these people at peace, and gradually open their eyes to the benefits of trade and commercial relations with the sovereign power. From a military standpoint, the occasion may still arise, from time to time, for a brief campaign in the more savage islands and for the steady maintenance of proper garrisons; but in the civilized provinces there is no reason why garrisons should be much larger than those in the United States, except as they are incident to the greater task of maintaining American prestige in the Orient, in case it is threatened from the side of China, Germany, or Russia. This necessity will always require a strong military and naval force in the Philippines, which can be relied upon

in emergencies in many directions, but which cannot be properly charged to the necessities of American rule in the islands themselves.

That the United States have assumed a great task in seeking to raise a people like the Filipinos from their present economic condition up to the level of Western civilization is obvious to every candid observer. The reward for taking up the task must be found, on both the political and the economic side, in the benefits which have always come to great peoples when superabundant energy and resources, spreading beyond national boundaries, have carried their commerce, their flag, and their civilization to undeveloped countries. Whether the Philippines "will pay" cannot be determined by the budget of a few years, any more than it could fairly have been determined whether Texas "would pay" when we went to war with Mexico, or whether the Oregon purchase "would pay" when we were almost annually suppressing the uprisings of the Indians.

The true problem in the Philippines and in all colonial establishments is whether they promise an ultimate return to the community. The answer to this question cannot be given in a single year, or even in a series of years. Governments, in their colonial policy, act for generations unborn, as they do in the improvement of rivers and harbors, in their lighthouse establishment, and in giving helpless children an education which will make them and their children's children worthy citizens of the state. A careful comparison at any given moment of such expenditures with their results would show a deficit which would be appalling to the man who wishes every dollar of taxation paid back in tangible form into his own pocket.

The benefit of the Philippines and

of nearly all colonial establishments is the degree to which they offer a field for the enterprises and capital of the nation. By means of opening markets for new products, by finding outlets for capital which would otherwise compete against existing capital at home, and by creating new wants among undeveloped peoples, capital and labor alike gain the benefits of diminished competition and wider markets for their products. Let a single great colonial market, like Hongkong or British India, be closed to British goods, and the effect would reach back from Bradford and Lancashire, with their idle and starving factory hands, to every agriculturist in the British Empire, and from them to the wheat farms and cotton fields of America. That the necessity for such openings is recognized by the statesmen of all countries is shown by the eagerness with which Germany is fighting for colonial footings in such barren and unpromising soil as German East Africa, under the burning sun of the equator; by the heavy expenditures assumed with so much lightness of heart by Belgium in the Congo; and even by the heavy sacrifices made by impoverished Italy in Eritrea and the heart of Abyssinia. If the need is less obvious at the present moment for these openings for the people and resources of the United States, it needs but little reflection upon the great output of our mills and factories to show how soon this need must become imperative. Even if the Philippines were barren of productive results for a time, the United States would be peculiarly fortunate — while France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy have been contending for a quarter of a century for the most desolate and unpromising quarters of the earth — in having wrested from Spain one of the most fertile and promising domains of the Pacific.

Charles A. Conant.

ONLY AN EPISODE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

THE blackbirds sang on in the lowlands by the lake, and the fields were flushed with the yellow dawn of California poppies. Great and glorious distances, that were brimful of sunlight, led the eye away to where shadowy mountains assembled on an unbelievably remote horizon. But to Nora these things were nothing.

"All this is mine, and it is spring, and it is nothing," she said to herself, and looked at the world with desperate pain in her eyes.

It had been decreed that Larrie should stand aside in life, while others lived, and he had learned to play the part of an observer with some humor and much philosophy. But with ordinary beings humor and philosophy are chiefly to be relied upon when least required, and in this hour of need he found his comforters useless. John was foolish and reckless; but his friend saw nothing humorous in his condition, neither could he wring philosophy from the contemplation of his probable future. And once or twice he surprised a look in Nora's eyes that made him think of some wild, miserable thing caught when off its guard. It might be possible to smile at a man who will wreck a life to fill an hour, but it would be impossible to smile at this particular look in Nora's eyes.

One day John received a letter. He found it at the post office, on his weekly visit to the nearest town, and held it as though it contained an explosive.

Larrie remarked that John had not received a letter since coming to the ranch, and John, climbing into the cart, said that he was sorry to receive one now. But when he had read it, he laughed and crushed it into his pocket. Being a man Larrie asked no questions;

being human he was curious, and fortunately for his humanity, John, after pulling reflectively at his pipe for some moments, volunteered the information that, though he might not look it, he, John, was a rich man.

He proceeded to explain that on leaving Colorado, where he had worked six months in a gold mine, part of his wages had been confided to a friend, with instructions to invest them. The friend had shown business tact, and the result was a small fortune.

"He only got on my track through that Eastern friend of yours who was here last year," added John; "for I never sent him my address, partly because I supposed the money to be lost. Now that it is found, and in a somewhat inflated condition, what the dickens am I to do with it?"

"Why not come into partnership with me?" suggested Larrie.

But John shook his head gravely. "That could never be," he said. "But thanks, awfully, just the same; and I don't pretend to say that would n't be one of the few things that could make living more worth while."

"What's the objection, then?"

"Your name must n't stand beside mine, and it might some day turn out that I was not drowned."

"I will risk the chance and the consequences," said Larrie.

John was silent.

"We've both made a big miss," continued Larrie, "and the best that's left is n't good enough to be overcareful of. Think it over."

"I cannot even think it over," said John; and the drive home was accomplished in silence, broken only by the remark on Larrie's part that the weather was going to change.

At the ranch nothing was said of John's money.

That evening he took Evelyn on the lake as usual, and as usual Nora, from her seat on the piazza step, watched them go. When Larrie drew near she lowered her eyes, suddenly conscious that he must not see them.

"It is n't like you to sit with your hands idle so much," he remarked. "Evelyn says you sit so for hours."

"I am thinking," said Nora, "and resting."

"Yet you look more tired every day. At first there was something vivid and electric about you; but while I was away you lost it, and now you look almost ill. I don't like the life you lead. You ought to marry."

The eyes that met his were haggard in the twilight. "I shall never marry," she said.

"And yet there are few women who could bring a man the wit and tenderness and power that you could bring."

"I know, I know," she whispered a little wildly. Then she rose, with a sudden change of manner. "While we are talking, I am forgetting to boil the coffee," she said, and went into the house.

The next day Larrie's prophecy was fulfilled, and the weather changed. The air was full of wind and rain and scudding mist, and the cold was of the damp, dreary nature that denies exhilaration and defies protection. By the combined efforts of John and Nora Larrie was kept in the house, and John went out alone into the storm. Evelyn, seated by the window, watched him go, and her work lay untouched on her knees.

"Your hands are as idle as mine," said Nora, who was watching her.

"It is different with me," answered Evelyn softly. "I was thinking."

"So have I been thinking."

"And dreaming."

"And I also have been dreaming."

"You?" The blue eyes turned to

Nora wonderingly. "What can you have been dreaming of?"

Nora looked at her silently and strangely before she spoke again. Then she mentioned the weather. "It is a bad storm," she said, "and Larrie thinks it may last several days. We shall have to put off our journey till it clears."

"Our journey?" repeated Evelyn vaguely.

"Our journey home."

Evelyn raised a startled face. "Oh, but I cannot go home now."

"I am afraid that you must," answered Nora.

"I cannot! I cannot!" she insisted.

"Why not?"

"Because" — Her breath caught, and the blood came and went swiftly in her face. By a sudden birth of feeling she was bewildered and frightened, as some lost creature.

Nora stood and watched her remorselessly. "And if he is guilty?" she said. "If he is guilty?"

Evelyn shivered. "How can you say such things?" she cried. "How can you be so suspicious? I trust him. I know that he is innocent."

"How do you know?"

"Because he is a good man."

"Child! do you think no good man ever sinned? Do you think" — Nora turned abruptly, and the sentence remained unfinished.

During that long day she found herself face to face with the moment for fearless thinking and swift action. Evelyn loved John,—loved his poverty, his unhappiness, his strength, his worship of her — For a breathless instant Nora drew back her thought, but it was only for an instant. Evelyn was his shrine, the serenity above his storm, the purity above his passion. For him she held the divine mystery of the unattainable, and to her he could bring only his highest thought: for which reasons he worshiped her, and loved as men love only where they worship, also.

Nora told Larrie these things, with an odd monotony of voice and manner; and as there were certain matters in which he was wise, with wisdom beyond his condition and sex, he showed as little surprise as he felt, nor did he make the usual masculine protest against sudden change of action when unjustified by anything but feminine intuition.

"I must take Evelyn away to-morrow," said Nora. "I am only sorry that we cannot go to-day."

Larrie acquiesced by a silence, in which was heard only the dreary insistence of falling rain.

"Why do you say that she is in love with his poverty, his strength, his devotion?" he questioned at last. "Don't you consider that by any chance she is in love with himself?"

"She is in love with the setting rather than the man, with his attributes rather than his qualities."

"Your expression is rather involved, but I think I follow your idea. So you go away to-morrow?"

Nora assented. But before the morrow came the world had changed.

There are women who have outgrown feminine weaknesses; who can be relied on in times of emergency; who do not faint at the sight of blood, or shrink from knowledge, or fear sin. But since the beginning of the world men have loved the ones who cling and tremble, who fear pain, and need help on the rough places. Therefore it was natural that Nora, and not Evelyn, should be in demand when the Chinaman, with much gesture and excitement, brought news of the escape of a sick bull, the goring of one of the horses, and the wounding of John. It was also natural that John should think of Evelyn while Nora knelt beside him, in the big barn, and bandaged his arm.

"No one must frighten her about it," he said sternly, resenting a possible annoyance that the unfeeling might inflict upon Evelyn. Then his face changed, and Nora, with her fingers on the band-

age, looked up at him once or twice. She had seen this new look on his face grow and deepen during the past week. The bitterly won hardness of the past years was breaking like ice in the spring, and the strength that had been turned to repress and endure was suddenly transformed to tenderness. The hour of strife was not yet, and love was as a streaming glory in his life.

"You must be quiet for just a moment; this is a bad place." Nora's touch on the wounded arm was swift and sure, and divinely tender. There seemed to be power of healing in her finger tips.

"How did you learn it?" John asked wonderingly. "I mean this way of handling a wound."

"I learned from those who needed it," she answered, without raising her head; and he looked down at her with new understanding, born of his new birth.

When the last pin was in the bandage, he rose and looked through a notch in the barn door.

"Do you see the bull?" she asked.

"Unhappily, he is now at large."

"I am not afraid to go back."

"It is n't a question of being afraid," he answered. "The point is merely whether or not you care to risk being killed."

His eye was yet at the hole, when he gave a great cry and flung the door wide, as Evelyn, panting and trembling, fell into his arms. She lay there helpless as a frightened bird, sobbing and clinging to him.

"I thought that you were killed! They told me you were killed!" she cried.

John, motionless and silent, still held her.

"But you are hurt!" she continued, seeing the bandaged arm. "You are hurt! Is it dangerous? Oh, tell me what has happened!"

For one instant John bent his head over her, and his strong face worked

pitifully. Then he straightened himself and put her from him.

"It is nothing," he said quietly, and pulled the shirt sleeve over his arm that she might not be troubled by the red stain. "It is nothing," and he turned from her.

"What have I done? What have I done?" he whispered.

Evelyn crept up behind him. "You are in great pain," she said, sobbing, "and you will not tell me."

It was then that Nora pushed back the barn door and slipped silently out into the storm. Larrie ran from the house to meet her.

"You were a fool to risk your life in that field!" he cried. "Why did you do it? You ought to be"—

"Come in out of the rain; you will take cold," said Nora. "Evelyn and John are in the barn. She had an idea that he had been killed, and she went down — forgetting the bull. When she saw him, she — They are there now," she repeated, "and I thought that I had better come away."

Larrie's eyes questioned and Nora's answered, after which they entered the house in silence.

Nora's face seemed paler than ever, and the dark eyes were heavy with a deadly weariness, but she did not forget to hold Larrie's coat to the fire.

"What are you going to do about the bull?" she asked.

"He must be shot. Do you think that you will go to-morrow?"

Nora answered nothing, while Larrie suddenly remembered John's money and the possible significance of it.

Down in the twilight of the old barn, where the hay was piled to shadowy eaves and the dust lay peacefully on plough and axe, John sat with his head bowed over Evelyn's hands.

"Sweetheart," he said slowly, — "sweetheart." The deep-spoken word trembled with its weight of feeling, and then there was silence save for the falling of rain on the roof.

"You say that you know," the broken voice went on, — "that you know, and that you love me!"

Evelyn trembled a little. "You must never ask me how I knew," she said. "The one thing I am afraid of in the world is that you will find it out."

"Are you sure that you know it all?"

"Yes, yes. But you must never question me about it, never speak of it. It is the one thing I ask."

"You have only to ask," he said. Then he raised his head and lifted his eyes to her face. The look of the eyes awed.

"You know — and you love me." His voice was hushed and full of wonder, and his manner strangely still. It was as if he stood in a holy place.

"Do you know what this means?" he asked her.

"Why, yes," she answered.

"Can you be happy at the other side of the world?"

"Yes, with you." The last words fluttered timidly on the edge of a deep-drawn breath.

"And you know that I am a hunted man?"

"You will be safe in the new country."

"That I should be in prison as a criminal?"

"Hush! hush! Why will you speak of these things? I have said that I know, and you have promised never to ask me how I know." Her lips were tremulous and appealing. "Let us be happy and forget. And — and you must be very good to me, because I have only you in all the world. I have no home since papa died, and it is so lonely in New York, because Nora does not love me. I wonder why she does not love me?"

He could not answer. In this first wonderful hour his joy was solemn and touched with awe, so completely had thought or hope of happiness been banished from his life.

In the dim light her hair was as a

silver nimbus about her face. John put out his rough hand and touched it, timidly, for his strength made him afraid with her.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Like it?"

"I mean my hair."

"It is wonderful," he said gravely, and Evelyn laughed.

"I wish that you would smile," she said. "I like you when you smile."

And John smiled, obediently.

It was part of the eternal juxtaposition of great and little things, of the sublime and the trivial, that a bull must be shot and umbrellas must be brought before John and Evelyn, who were spelling immortal words in the barn, could be brought back to human beings and the mundane necessity of tea. It was little that they thought of the bull or the supper; but hours are inexorable, even to those who are realizing eternity. Dusk stole into the barn, and shadows, growing bold, came from the corners to envelop the lovers till they could not see each other's eyes.

Reluctantly they opened the great door, and by the light from the darkening west made use of the waterproofs that Nora had sent down, ~~down, how am I.~~

or was it a moment, or a year? John winced as he swung the door back on its hinges, and Evelyn put her hand out to him.

"Ah, you have hurt your arm!" she cried pityingly. "You must not use it; you must let me do for you now."

He laughed and held the hand. "This rose leaf on that rough door!" he said. "You must not think of my arm. I could move the world with it to-night. What shall I do for you, sweetheart? Swing an ocean aside? or unhook a star or two and hang it in your bedroom?"

That evening it was Evelyn who made the explanations and discussed the plans, while John, in worshiping silence, sat on the floor, near her. Larrie had wrung his friend's hand when he told

him the news, and finding himself — by reason of a certain look on John's face — unable to speak the few words that were in his heart, had clapped him forcibly on the back before turning to kiss Evelyn. Nora looked at John with enigmatic eyes.

"So you are to drink 'of Life's great cup of wonder,' after all?" she said, and John's eyes gave back a deep assent.

When removed from her lover's presence, Evelyn was perfectly serene, and appeared to have slight need of the overeager sympathy and friendly confidences that are given and taken at these times. That night, as she was brushing her hair tranquilly, she looked up to meet Nora's eyes in the glass.

"What is it?" she asked, unaccountably startled.

"Are you sure that you love him?"
"Why, Nora!"

With a swift movement Nora knelt beside her, and took the delicate face between her hands. "Do you love him?" she repeated, with odd stillness.

"Nora, you frighten me! Let me go!"

"Would you love him if he were a guilty man? Look at me. Would you love him if you found that he had sinned?"

The brush fell to the floor.
"Nora" —

"Answer me." The dark eyes looked into the blue, holding them terrified and unwilling captives.

"I cannot while you look at me so — you frighten me — you" —

"Child! child!" cried Nora bitterly, as she rose and turned away.

Evelyn sobbed with fear and indignation. "You have no right to speak so," she said. "I could not love him if I did not trust him."

Nora walked to and fro in the shadow of the room. She did not speak, and Evelyn gained courage.

"It is wicked of you to try to make me doubt him," she continued.

Nora was silent.

"It is an insult to doubt him."

Still was Nora silent.

"But I love him too well."

"One might love him well enough to doubt, and love on," said Nora from the shadow.

"And that would not be love." The blue eyes were very serious, and the tears were dry. "That would not be love."

Then Nora spoke with swift passion. "I thank God that I could love well enough to dare to doubt!" she said.

The next day was born fresh and glorious out of a stormy night, and before the sun rode high Evelyn and John were out and away over the hills and pastures. Nora was walking to and fro on the slope in front of the house when Larrie joined her.

"You have been walking here pretty much all the morning," he remarked. "When a man or a woman walks ten miles or so on a space no larger than a farm lawn, it is safe to conclude that something is wrong."

She put her hand to her head. "It's the call of the mourning dove," she said. "It is driving me wild. I have tried to escape it. I have been off over the pastures and up among the hills, but I heard it just the same. I think I must be nervous." She laughed slightly. "Let us go into the house," she added.

Larrie was looking at her with questioning gravity, but she did not notice him. "Where are Evelyn and John?" she asked.

"Out," he answered. "Heaven knows where. It is very pretty to see her cut up his food and do a hundred little things for him that she likes to think he cannot do for himself without hurting his arm. She seems very much in love with him, don't you think so?"

"Love is a wonderful thing," said Nora.

"That sounds like the beginning of a disquisition," interrupted Larrie. "Love is a wonderful thing. It is as

the wind, for no man may prophesy the coming or the going thereof. Please continue."

Nora was unsmiling. "I only mean that even a little love is electric enough to change a world," she said.

"But the child forgot about the bull when she heard that John was hurt. Oh, I think she loves him all right. And he loves her enough, God knows."

Larrie had dropped his tone of banter, and Nora, looking into his face, realized how weary he was, and how sad. She put her hand on his arm.

"Poor boy," she said softly.

"It knocks me up, rather," he admitted. "He must take her out of the country, and I shall be alone. But I shall get used to it. I always get used to things, you know."

He smiled down at her, and she met the smile with a look of passionate wistfulness. "I am beginning to think that you only pretend to get used to them," she said.

"Perhaps I do; and perhaps some day I shall cease pretending, and go home to be happy for a year or two — and die."

"No, Larrie."

He sighed impatiently. "No, I suppose I shall be miserable here for many years — and live. It would be interesting, merely on theoretical grounds, to know why a man should believe in his conscience, obey the call of a duty that his reason does not justify, and trust in a Being whom his senses cannot perceive nor his mind grasp."

During the next few days John seemed more or less mad; "rather more than less," as Larrie remarked. "But I wish he would n't look at her as if she were his religion," he added. "It troubles me. What will he do the first time that she is cross? And who would have thought he was an idealist?"

Evelyn was serene and self-possessed; she even evinced a surprising realization of practical necessities to which John was wholly oblivious. He was living through flushed, immortal hours, and

such details as the transference of his fortune or a choice of the swiftest and most convenient route to Australia found scant foothold in his mind. Larrie was to live with or near them when the distant home had been found. This was settled by every one but Larrie himself, who smiled and said that he would "see about it."

One evening Evelyn retreated to Larrie's "den" to write the news of her engagement to some Eastern friends, while Larrie read the papers by a fire in the smoking room, and Nora sat near him, hemming linen for the Australian home. John placed himself so that he could see Evelyn through the doorway. The days at the ranch were numbered, and the future lay before them clear and glorious as the path of the sun.

Larrie frowned suddenly over his newspaper.

"Here are some of the workings of 'Providence,'" he said, and read aloud: "'Much excitement has been caused this week by the arrest of David Freeman for the murder of one Richard Billingsworth, who was killed ten years ago in this city. It may be remembered that a well-known college man, Robert Copley by name, was arrested and convicted of the same crime. The evidence against the present prisoner is said to be strong.' Rough on Robert Copley, was n't it?"

"Poor fellow," said Nora. "I remember hearing of it at the time. The authorities gave it out that he died in prison, but some people say that he got away."

John was smoking a pipe, and his face was hidden by the shadow of his hand. "Read it again," he said.

Larrie read it again, and John did not move or make further remark.

The night was very still. Seconds slipped into minutes, and the minutes multiplied, till half an hour passed, and John had not moved. He was telling himself that he would let the other man go. He, John Peters, had paid

his debt and served his term, if misery could count, and now great happiness was his, to have and to hold. But in the shadow of his hand his face was gray and damp by reason of a deadly fear, — fear of himself, fear that he would give up this happiness and go back, to save the other man.

The moments passed by in silence, save for the purr of sap in the burning logs. Suddenly there was a sound in the room, and Nora raised her head quickly.

"Did you hear that, Larrie?"

"Yes."

They listened intently, and Nora shivered. "It sounded like a drowning man trying to breathe," she said.

"I don't believe anybody ever heard such a thing," answered Larrie, and going to the window he pushed aside the curtain. "There is nothing out there," he added, and reseated himself by the fire.

Nora glanced at John, but he sat as he had been sitting for the last half hour, with his pipe in his mouth and his hand shading his face. The room dropped back into silence.

John became conscious that his mind was staggering like some creature that has received its deathblow; but now he was fighting with reeling senses and laboring breath, while the woman he loved sat before him. There were moments when he seemed to be hanging over some place of huge desolation, and the angels of God were pushing him into it. Once he realized that Evelyn had raised her head from her letter and was smiling at him.

After all, there was no occasion for this agony. It was only necessary for him to keep silent, and all would be as it had been. He could have laughed with relief; for how simple it was, to keep silent! No difficult action, no struggle, no risk, — just silence. And the other man? Then his mind swayed again, and the air seemed full of hideous tumult. But in the room where he

fought his battle there was only silence, — a silence that deepened till it became oppressive, overcharged, almost palpable. The fire burned low, and a chill, as of dread, came in from the night. Nora shivered once or twice, without knowing why.

No one had spoken or moved since the sound that had first startled her, and nearly an hour had gone by since then. Suddenly John's pipe slipped from his lips to the floor.

"He must have gone to sleep," said Larrie. His voice was strange and intense, as human voices are when they fall unexpectedly in a great stillness. He rose and stretched himself, adding that it was time all of them were in bed.

Evelyn sealed her last letter, and came in to say that she was sleepy. Then she noticed John's pipe on the floor.

"Careless boy," she said lightly, as she stooped to pick it up. "Why, how curious! It is n't all here. You must have broken off the stem with your teeth; and it's quite cold, too! Why, John!" She was still on the floor, at his feet.

"John! John!" The cry shivered off into silence, for John had taken his hand from his face. Very slowly he rose, slowly and unsteadily, as though stricken blind. Then he lifted his head and looked straight at Larrie.

"I am Robert Copley," he said, "and I killed Richard Billingsworth ten years ago."

It was over, and Robert Copley, standing at last for what he was, looked into white, awestruck faces, and felt his strength return.

"I must go back," he continued, "for the other man is innocent."

He did not look at Evelyn, but he saw that Larrie seemed to support himself against the mantelpiece, and he met Nora's eyes, dark, burning, and compassionate. In neither face was there horror or shrinking. "I dare say

you knew, or suspected, all along," he went on. "I would have told you everything, but your ignorance was our safety. If you had not felt this, you would have known seven years ago what you know to-night."

"Why did you kill him, John?" asked Larrie quietly.

"I was in love, and mad, and twenty-one," he answered. "She was one of the women who make hell here — and after. And I believed in her, God knows" — The hoarse voice broke. "I believed in her — I was going to marry her. Then came doubts, and one evening I waited outside of her house and saw Billingsworth go up the steps. I spoke to him, and he told me what she was. Then I shot him — through the heart — and he dropped like a stone at my feet. He was my friend" — The man whom we have known as John was shaking like a woman, and he turned his haggard eyes to Nora. "He was my friend," he repeated, "and I shot him through the heart — and saw him drop dead at my feet. I was mad to think of happiness after that. He was my friend" —

He bowed his head, and in the room was the terrible sound of a strong man sobbing; not for dead happiness, but for living remorse, for memory of the act of one swift, black, hideous moment, that was done for all eternity.

There was no help to give him, and no voice was raised to comfort or reproach. When he had mastered himself he turned to Evelyn, who was swaying like a storm-beaten flower.

"What can I say to you?" His deep voice was humble and beseeching. "What can I say to you?" He did not attempt to touch or even approach her; but she put out her hand as if to keep him away, and there was terror in her eyes.

"You are a guilty man!" she cried, shuddering.

He looked at her silently, while he read fear and loathing in her face.

"My God!" he whispered, "*did n't you know?*"

"Do you think I could have loved you — if I had known?" she said, shivering and wringing her hands.

For one instant John seemed uncertain of his foothold; then he raised himself slowly and stood erect.

"I may not even ask your pardon?" he said. "The wrong is too great. But without your assurance that you knew all I should never have approached you with a word or a look of my love. I must ask you to believe this."

But Evelyn continued to shudder.

"I must ask you to believe me," he repeated, quietly but proudly, — more as one who dictates than one who solicits.

She looked at him unwillingly, and most unwillingly she answered him: "Yes, I believe you."

"I thank you," he said gravely, and held the door open for her to pass.

She hesitated on the threshold and looked appealingly at Nora. "I hope you do not think I would have been willing to marry him if I had known he was a guilty man?" she said.

"I do not wrong you to that extent for an instant," was Nora's answer.

When he turned to look at the two who were left, his face was quiet, but rather terrible because of the aloofness and isolation that were written upon it.

That night John and Larrie said good-by, and the words they spoke were characteristically few.

"I wanted you to know that I was a guilty man. I thought you did know," said John.

"I have suspected it for seven years," answered Larrie.

Their eyes met above the clasped hands, as the eyes of friends who understand.

Under the strain of the last few hours Larrie seemed to have withered and grown old, for his delicacy was suddenly and pitifully evident. John's face

might have been hewn from gray rock as he looked at him.

Larrie put a hand on his shoulder. "Good-by, John. Good-by, old man," he said. "I shan't live to see you through it."

John wrung his hand in silence, and in silence turned and went from the house.

While he saddled his horse by the light of a stable lantern, a shadow, darker than the night, slipped from the house to the barn. It was Evelyn seeking John. He looked up to see her standing, with a face like a foam wreath; and already she was as some being from a world not his own, some spirit in a dream that was strange and dead.

She looked at him steadily, with blue eyes that were distant and pale; and when she spoke, her voice was frail, illusive, and inadequate in the solemn night. "I wanted to say that I do not blame you," she said. "It was my fault. Nora told me I trusted too much. I shall never trust again."

John paused, with the bridle in his hand. He did not answer her.

"I wanted to make amends if I had spoken hastily," she added, and waited as if for him to speak; but he did not speak. They looked at each other in silence across the great dim space in the barn where they had first spoken their love.

She put her hand to her throat suddenly. "Why won't you speak to me?" she said. "You are cruel!"

"I am sorry," said John kindly. "What shall I say?"

"I do not want you to go back to prison. I cannot bear to think of it."

He looked at her silently.

"It is not that I feel what — what I thought I felt, or that I could ever see you again: you don't think that?"

"No, I do not think that," he assured her gravely.

She could not drag her gaze from his eyes. Were the eyes accusing?

"But we have been friends," she continued hysterically, "and one can't forget at once — even if one has been mistaken. It will make me unhappy all my life to think that any one I know is in prison — and — and — you ought to think of me in the matter — if you love me at all."

She buried her head in her hands and sobbed. "You are cruel!" she cried again. "You do not think of my feelings at all. Why don't you speak to me?"

"You forget that the other man is innocent," he said.

Evelyn looked up through her tears. "But I do not know the other man," she answered.

He looked at her strangely, and she was afraid.

"What is it?" she whispered. "What are you thinking of me?" She began to tremble and cry again.

"Listen to me," he said gently. "You are cold and very tired. You must have sleep. To-morrow you will have forgotten me and my trouble, and after more to-morrows I shall be only an episode in your life. If you ever think of me in after years," — he hesitated, but continued in the same tone, — "it must be only to remember that you gave me the happiest hours of my life. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

He walked with her to the house, holding the lantern and guiding her footsteps in silence. At the door she paused, sobbing a little, because she felt ashamed, and did not know why.

"Are you going back, in spite of what I said?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And there is nothing more to say?"

"Nothing," answered John.

And so it was that they passed from each other's lives.

The night was still black when another shadow slipped from the house, and John, tightening his saddle girths,

looked up to see Nora. In the dim light her face was strange and almost beautiful.

"You go to-night?" she asked.

"I must catch to-morrow night's train. There is not a day to lose."

"Of course not," she said, very quietly. "I have made you some coffee," she added. "You will need it in the morning, and you can warm it over my spirit lamp."

"And how am I to return the spirit lamp?"

"I will make you a present of that." She smiled faintly, and they fastened the lamp and the bottle of coffee to the saddle as casually as if in preparation for a day's excursion, though the man was going to lifelong servitude, and the woman's heart was breaking.

In the east the sky was growing pale.

"Is everything ready?" asked Nora.
"I think so."

She stood with her hand on the horse's neck and looked at John in silence. The look was sad with more than the sadness of death, — the sadness of life, — and wise with the wisdom of great love, and compassionate as the heart of eternal motherhood. It was also tender and steadfast with the unrewarded courage of a noble woman.

"How long is your sentence?" she asked.

"Thirty years."

Nora leaned heavily against the horse. "It is your life," she said, "it is your life." The low-voiced words seemed to have been wrung from her, and as she spoke them she trembled. But when she raised her head, her eyes were as steadfast as before. "Good - by, John Peters," she said, stretching out her hand to him.

But he did not move. "You forget that I am not John Peters, but Robert Copley, the criminal," he said slowly.

She smiled. "Good - by Robert Copley." The hand was still stretched to him, and he took it.

"It was a crime," he said, looking at her with shadowy eyes.

"It was a great crime," she answered.

"And you do not condemn me?"

"I leave that to God."

There was a short silence while he kept her hand. "It is women like you who help one to believe in God," he said, very low, and, looking into her eyes, he realized suddenly that there were many things he wished to say to her, and that they must remain unsaid through all eternity.

Robert Copley rode alone through the darkness. For his crime there could be no atonement; but his life

was forfeited in retribution, and so it was that he fulfilled the law of the prophets.

Evelyn knelt in her room, trying to pray, but confused, stung, and terrified by a sense of lost identity, and a haunting, indefinite shame that she understood as little as she acknowledged.

Nora lay face downward on the ground.

The rim of the world was black against the brightening east, and a waning moon, lustreless, yellow, distorted, wandered through a starless sky.

Nora stirred, and stretched her empty hands to the heavens.

"God! God! God!" she called.

Eugenia Brooks Frothingham.

(*The end.*)

A ROMAN WARING.

HIGH upon a hill some fifteen hundred feet above the surrounding plain, on the borders of ancient Samnium and Campania, and almost midway between Rome and Naples,

" uplifted like a passing cloud
That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky."

The scene from the summit is one of incomparable beauty. To the south stretches an undulating plain far away toward the shores of the Mediterranean. Near by are Arpinum, the birthplace of Cicero, and Aquinum,

"the old Volscian town
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
Of splendor seen o'er cities in the night;"
and where later

"The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played
And dreamed perhaps the dreams that he repeats

In ponderous folios for scholastics made : "

while to the westward lies that

"Beautiful valley through whose verdant meads

Unheard the Garigliano glides along ; —
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,
The river taciturn of classic song."

The monastery of Monte Cassino is now nearly fourteen centuries old. It was in 528 that St. Benedict, leaving behind him the rocky gorges of Subiaco where he had already devoted himself for thirty-five years to pious labors, journeyed with a few chosen disciples to the south, and founded the monastic home destined to become the most celebrated and influential in the Christian world. It was here that he wrote his famous Rule (*Benedicti Regula*), and here, fifteen years later, that he brought to a peaceful close the life so nobly spent in unselfish service.

The history of the monastery has been a stormy one in the years that have since passed. Lombard and Saracen, Norman and Frank, have in turn captured and plundered it. Convulsions of nature, too,

have, as it were, vied with human forces in challenging its vitality. But it has survived every shock of nature and of man, and is to-day, under the direction of an abbot of American birth, serenely rounding out the fourteenth century of its existence.

To the student of general history, and particularly to the student of ecclesiastical affairs, this famous foundation must be primarily of interest for the religious associations that cluster about it, and especially because from this centre emanated the organizing and leavening forces which influenced so prodigiously the monastic life of the West.

To those, however, whose province is the narrower one of letters, Monte Cassino is hallowed because of its association with the humanistic revival of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was here, during the long intellectual night of the Middle Ages, that faithful monks kept alive, even though but dimly, the light of knowledge, if not of learning; it was here that were transcribed and preserved so many of the priceless treasures of ancient thought,—at times, to be sure, with a somewhat careless guardianship, yet in the main with a fidelity not to be disparaged. Hither about 1350 came Boccaccio, only to observe with pain the carelessness with which the manuscripts of the library, even then famous, were protected. The time was one of anarchy in the affairs of the monastery. No door or fastening guarded the books. Grass grew thick about the windows. The manuscripts were without custodian, and the books and shelves were covered with dust. Benvenuto da Imola tells us how Boccaccio began to open and turn over now this book and now that, and found there many and various volumes of rare and ancient works. From some of them, adds Benvenuto, whole sheets had been torn out, and in others the margins of the leaves were clipped, and so they were greatly defaced. Here and there illuminated manuscripts lay torn and

neglected on the unswept floor. At last, full of pity that the labors and studies of so many illustrious minds should have fallen into the hands of such careless stewards, grieving and weeping, he withdrew. And coming into the cloister, he asked a monk whom he met why those most precious books were so vilely mutilated. The answer was that some of the monks, wishing to gain a few ducats, cut out a handful of leaves and made psalters, which they sold to boys; and likewise of the margins they made breviaries, which they sold to women. The monk concluded his remarks to Boccaccio with this scornful irony: "Now, therefore, O scholar, go and rack thy brains in the making of books!"

This era of neglect, however, was presumably of brief duration, for fifty years later (about 1400), when Poggio Bracciolini visited the monastery, in his indefatigable search for the works of the ancient writers, he was rewarded by the discovery of numerous manuscripts of the greatest importance. Among these was one of Sextus Julius Frontinus, entitled *De Aquis Urbis Romæ*.

The *De Aquis* is an original manuscript in the sense that at the time of its discovery no other manuscript of the work was known, nor has any since come to light, excepting those derived from copies made by Poggio at the time. As the title of the work at once suggests, it is a treatise on the aqueducts of ancient Rome. Since the old aqueducts have practically disappeared, this treatise becomes of the greatest interest and value to the modern student, particularly so since Frontinus himself was water commissioner (*curator aquarum*) under Trajan, at a time when the aqueduct system of Rome had nearly reached its fullest expansion, embracing no fewer than nine aqueducts with over 240 miles of conduits bringing water to the city, to say nothing of the miles of distributing mains within the walls.

The work, as Frontinus tells us, was

prepared at the beginning of his administration for his own guidance, in accordance with a custom which he had followed in the other offices he had filled. It stands almost alone as a systematic treatise on a definite field of archaic life and custom. How rarely any such compendium is found is sufficiently well known. As a rule, our knowledge of ancient institutions is gathered, not from any formal venerable treatise, but only by laboriously piecing together the isolated and often conflicting testimonies drawn from writers of different ages, different temperaments, different degrees of knowledge and of credibility. As a result, there is almost no department of historic institutions in which our knowledge does not now suffer and will not always suffer from serious *lacunæ*. What would we not give for a systematic treatise on ancient music, on the mode of reading ancient poetry, on the fashions of dress, with a few plates of some old-time Butterick, on the fine arts, to say nothing of political and religious institutions?

But these old Romans evidently did not write many formal treatises on their common affairs. Even of the few they attempted scarcely one is adequate for us to-day. From Vitruvius's work on architecture we should get no just conception of the Roman house were it not for the remains at Pompeii. Frontinus's work is unique as almost the only exception to the general conditions just described. In brief compass, scarcely more than fifty printed 12mo pages, he tells what we most want to know, and what but for the survival of his little manual we probably should never know. With the genius of a born teacher, he is not afraid of being too elementary. He takes nothing for granted, but tells the whole story with substantial completeness.

Of the details of Frontinus's life we are but scantly informed. His personality, as will be shown, stands out in his works in no ambiguous fashion; but the

events of his career, so far as we can glean them, are few, disjointed, and indefinite. Even the year of his birth is not known; but since Tacitus speaks of him as *praetor urbanus* in the year 70 A. D., under Vespasian, we may infer that he was born not far from 35. Three times he was elected consul, in 74, 98, and 100. After his first incumbency of this office he was dispatched to Britain as provincial governor. In this post, as Tacitus tells us in the *Agricola*, chap. xvii., Frontinus fully sustained the traditions established by an able predecessor, Cerialis, and proved himself equal to the difficult emergencies with which he was called upon to cope. He subdued the Silures, a powerful and warlike tribe of Wales, and, with the instinct for public improvements which dominated his whole career, at once began in the conquered district the construction of a highway, named for him the *Via Julia*, the course of which can still be made out, and some of whose ancient pavement, it is thought, may still be viewed.

From this provincial post he returned to Rome in 78, after which the next twenty years of his life are a blank,—from 78 to 97. But this age of terror was a blank to more than one Roman,—a time when, as Tacitus tells us, a man signed his own death warrant by his very eminence, and at the close of which those left alive are characterized as survivors, not merely of those who had perished, but even of themselves.

For Frontinus these were the best years of his life,—from his forty-third to his sixty-second year; and it is all the more to be regretted that political conditions denied him opportunity and scope for continuing that career of public service which his earlier successes as well as his subsequent ones proved him so capable of pursuing with distinction. It was not until 97, in his sixty-second year, that he was appointed to the post of water commissioner,—the office whose management gives him probably his best

title to eminence, and during the tenure of which he wrote the *De Aquis*. This office of water commissioner Frontinus held presumably till his death, some six or seven years later, in 103 or 104.

This little work has been mentioned as a valuable repository of information concerning the aqueducts of Rome. But it is much more than that. It gives us a picture of the faithful public servant, charged with immense responsibility, called suddenly to an office that had long been a sinecure and wretchedly mismanaged, confronted with abuses and corruption of long standing, and yet administering his charge with an eye only to the public service and an economical use of the public funds. It is this aspect of the *De Aquis* which lends it, despite its generally technical nature and its absolute lack of stylistic charm, a certain literary character. It depicts a man; it depicts motives and ideals, the springs of conduct.

The administration of which Frontinus was a part was essentially one of municipal reform. Nerva and Trajan alike aimed to correct the abuses and favoritism of the preceding régime. They not only chose able and devoted assistants in their new policy; they themselves set good examples for imitation.

Hence we find Frontinus, at the outset of his work, expressing his loyalty to his chief, and his sense of the importance of his office as one contributing not only to the convenience and health, but even to the safety of the city. In view of this, the first and most necessary thing to be done is to familiarize himself with the duties of his post. His immediate predecessors, he intimates, had, in their ignorance, depended upon the practical knowledge of their subordinates. This Frontinus declares to be a debasing course for any man to pursue. For himself, he will learn all that can be learned of his office and his duties. *He* will be the directing head in its management. His subordinates are to be but the tools that

make his policy effective. With this spirit and with this purpose, at the very outset of his administration, as he tells us in the opening lines of the *De Aquis*, he has written his little manual. The outline of the work, as given in the closing section of Frontinus's Introduction, is as follows:—

“That I may not by chance omit anything which is necessary for the understanding of the whole matter, I will first put down the names of the waters which are brought to the city of Rome; then by what persons and under what consuls, and in what year since the founding of the city, each of them was brought in; then at what places and at what milestones their aqueducts commence; how far they are carried in underground channels, how far on masonry substructures, and how far on arches; then the height of each of them, and the size and number of taps and what uses are dependent upon them; how much each aqueduct brings to each ward without the city, and how much within the city; how many public reservoirs there are, and how much is delivered from these to places of public amusement, how much to fountains, how much to basins, how much for state uses, how much for private uses by way of grant from the sovereign; furthermore, what is the law with regard to the maintenance of the aqueducts; what penalties enforce it under the laws, the resolutions of the Senate, and the edicts of the Emperor.”

This programme is faithfully carried out in the two books of the treatise. What is recorded, too, Frontinus tells us, is not based on hearsay. He has made a personal examination of every detail. Not satisfied even with a record of measurements, he has had plans and profiles drawn, that he may, as it were, have the aqueducts directly before him and consider them as though standing by their side.

In this study of details he proceeded with the spirit of the true investigator.

One of the most serious abuses proved to be connected with the size of the pipes used by owners of water rights in receiving and distributing water. These owners of water rights we may, for convenience, call watermen. The Roman name was *aquarii*. Now these watermen had, prior to Frontinus's day, long successfully practiced the most barefaced frauds upon the state, from which they received water, and the consumers whom they in turn supplied. Their scheme was this: They received their water chiefly through pipes of two sizes. Not to trouble the reader with their technical Latin names, it may be stated that one was a seven-inch pipe, the other an eight-inch pipe. They supplied their consumers through pipes that were nominally four inches in diameter; but Frontinus's searching examination soon discovered that it had long been a traditional trick of the trade for these watermen to enlarge the seven-inch pipe by ten per cent of its capacity, the eight-inch pipe by over fifty per cent, while, on the other hand, they diminished the size of the four-inch pipe, with which they supplied their consumers, by twenty per cent of its capacity. Thus, while nominally receiving no more water than they distributed to their customers, these watermen were in effect, in some cases, receiving over seventy per cent more than they supplied. Such an abuse evidently pointed to corruption somewhere, and it took no long time for Frontinus's vigilance to put a stop to this form of defrauding both the state and the public.

The particular form of fraud just described had to do with the supply within the city. Another form of dishonesty was conducted on even a larger scale outside the walls. The way in which Frontinus detected it was this: In examining whether the amount of water received in the city from all the aqueducts tallied with their recorded total capacity as determined by gauging at their intakes, he met with a startling state of affairs. Be-

ing aware of certain fraudulent practices and suspecting the existence of others, he had been prepared to find that the actual supply was much less than the theoretical capacity of the aqueducts. Imagine, then, his surprise at discovering that whereas the aggregate capacity of the nine aqueducts was only 12,700 *quinariae*, the city was receiving daily over 14,000 *quinariae*. In other words, the city was receiving some 1300 *quinariae* in excess of its supposed supply, and that, too, in the face of the moral certainty that much of the supply was fraudulently diverted. Clearly something was wrong, and our conscientious commissioner at once began a searching investigation to account for the discrepancy. The *quinaria*, it may be said in passing, the unit by which the Romans measured water, was a measure not of volume, but of capacity. The *quinaria* was as much water as would flow through a pipe one and a quarter inches in diameter constantly discharging under pressure. The name (literally "a fiver;" that is, five quarters) had primarily applied only to the pipe itself, but soon became a unit of measure. Where the supply was actually brought, as was often the case, in larger pipes, the measurement was uniformly reduced to terms of *quinariae*.

Frontinus's first examination had apparently revealed the anomalous condition of the city's receiving more water than was supposed really to be available for use. In determining the available supply, Frontinus had relied upon the recorded gaugings of the different aqueducts, taken by his predecessors and kept on file in the archives of his office. Evidently these must be inaccurate, and our commissioner accordingly decided upon making new gaugings. Each aqueduct was remeasured at its intake, and in every one, without exception, the actual supply was found to be much larger than stated in the records. In some cases the amount received at Rome was less than half of what entered the aqueduct

at its beginning. In the aggregate, he found that the gaugings recorded by his predecessors and on file in the office were smaller by over 10,000 quinariæ than the amount of water that entered the aqueducts: so that, instead of receiving 1300 quinariæ more than might fairly be expected, the city was in fact receiving nearly 9000 quinariæ less. In other words, 40 per cent of the city's supply was found to be either wasted, lost, or stolen. It took but a short time to reveal the fact that systematic fraud accounted for most of this enormous discrepancy. Everywhere along the line of almost every aqueduct were disclosed evidences of systematic robbery of the public supply. Proprietors whose estates bordered upon the conduits deliberately tapped them at will for their own purposes. Even in the city the mains were freely tapped by unscrupulous consumers who wished to secure water without payment. "Far away in all directions," writes Frontinus, "run these pipes under the pavements." So much water was taken in this way that often an insufficient quantity reached the places of public supply. "The amount of water gained by suppressing this evil may be measured," he says, "by the enormous quantities of lead pipe we have dug up where we have discovered these illicit practices."

Other abuses demanding correction were connected with the workmen employed in the maintenance and repair of the aqueducts. Naturally the number of such laborers was large. Frontinus describes two gangs aggregating seven hundred men, including overseers, reservoir keepers, levelers, pavers, plasterers, etc. The services of these men were supposed to be confined to the needs of the state, but, by the exercise of favoritism or the neglect of their foremen, they were often put upon private work. Frontinus tells us that he resolved at once to bring these men back to sound discipline and to the service of the state by writing down

day by day what each was to do, and by putting in the records what the members of each gang had accomplished when the day's work was ended. Nothing, apparently, escaped his watchful eye; no detail was too trivial for his conscientious attention. A characteristic passage describes how he summarily dispensed with the services of a number of superfluous employees, who had evidently been appointed for the purpose of making patronage, and whose posts had long been sinecures. By a resolution of the Senate, passed in 10 b. c., it had been provided that the water commissioner should have two lictors, three personal attendants, an architect; also a number of secretaries, clerks, assistants, and criers. For over a century these supernumeraries had been regularly appointed, and had as regularly drawn their pay from the public treasury; but according to Frontinus they had long ceased to perform any visible duties. For himself, he proudly adds, he will have no lictors. "My sense of honesty and the confidence imposed in me by the Emperor will stand in place of the lictors."

Other illustrations of the scrupulous honesty and fidelity to duty which mark Frontinus's character might be added, but the foregoing are sufficient to reveal to us the true nobility of the man. It is impossible, however, to neglect certain questions of engineering and hydraulics to which his work naturally gives rise.

First, it is important to correct the impression, still widely prevalent, that the entire courses of the ancient aqueducts were constructed upon arches. As a matter of fact, only a relatively small proportion of any aqueduct was so built. Frontinus himself gives us the clearest refutation of the current misconception; for, with his painstaking accuracy, he tells us just how each aqueduct was constructed. Let us take Appia (built in 312 b. c.), for instance. From the intake of this aqueduct to the Porta Tri-

gemina, where it crossed the city wall, it had a length, according to Frontinus, of 11,190 paces, of which 11,130 were carried in underground channels, and only 60 paces — less than 300 feet — rested upon masonry substructures and arches. Practically the same proportions hold for the Anio Vetus (273 b. c.), 43,000 paces in length, — 42,779 underground, and only 221 on substructures above the surface. These two, to be sure, are early aqueducts. The later ones were carried for greater distances above ground on masonry substructures and arches ; yet Anio Novus, the latest of all the aqueducts existing in Frontinus's day, has only 6000 paces of arches out of a total length of nearly 69,000 ; and the contemporary Claudia only 9000 paces on arches out of a total length of nearly 50,000 paces. When, therefore, we catch glimpses of the ruins of the Claudia and Anio Novus where they still traverse the otherwise almost desolate Campagna, we are not to think of the aqueducts as carried exclusively on these picturesque old arches. The larger part of every one was subterranean.

Another point on which error is common is the assumption that the Romans were ignorant of the elementary principle that water seeks its level. This ignorance is not infrequently alleged in explanation of the fact that they constructed their aqueducts on the principle of flow instead of pressure, conducting the water by a gradual fall in such circuitous detours that often the aqueduct was twice as long as the distance in a direct line from the intake of the water to the point of discharge in the city. The reason, however, why the Romans did not avail themselves of a pressure system in their aqueducts was not ignorance of elementary hydraulics ; it was lack of pipes strong enough to endure the strain of the head under which they would have had to work. Given our modern cast-iron pipes, there can be no doubt that the Romans would have wasted no material

in bringing the water to the city on as straight a line as they built their magnificent highways. That they were entirely familiar with the hydraulic principle that water seeks its level is made sufficiently clear by the fact that, within the city, they distributed the water on the principle of pressure, using for this purpose heavy pipes of wrought iron, bronze, or lead. These, however, were expensive, and to construct larger pipes of the same materials for the aqueducts themselves would have been a practical impossibility. Hence they brought the water on the principle of flow (as is still done, for example, in the Croton Aqueduct), constructing solid masonry conduits lined with concrete, and capable of sustaining the very moderate pressure of water flowing under no appreciable head.

Another interesting question concerns the amount of water furnished by the Roman aqueducts. On this subject, again, there have prevailed the wildest misconceptions. Prony, a French engineer of the early part of the last century, estimated the amount supplied daily as about 400,000,000 gallons. We may get some notion of the significance of this amount when we consider that the old city of New York, until recent years, with its nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, consumed only 100,000,000 gallons daily. As compared with that, the supply at Rome would, by Prony's estimate, have been relatively eight times as great as was New York's until within the last decade.

This enormous disparity between Rome and a typical wasteful modern city might seem to be sufficient cause for skepticism on the part of antiquarians as to the justness of Prony's results. Yet for the last fifty years nearly all writers on the aqueducts have with singular unanimity accepted Prony's figures of 400,000,000 gallons a day as the normal consumption of water in Rome. Herschel, an American engineer, has, however, recently shown conclusively that

Prony's estimate is unwarrantably large, and that 60,000,000 gallons probably covers the daily consumption of water at Rome in Frontinus's time. This would allow each inhabitant an average of 60 gallons,—certainly a liberal amount.

To those unfamiliar with the peculiarities of Roman arithmetic, the *De Aquis* also furnishes interesting material. Horace, in his *De Arte Poetica*, complains of the undue amount of time that the Roman boys in his day devoted to the study of arithmetic; but if all practical computations among the Romans were like those given in the *De Aquis*, we can hardly wonder that the average Roman youth did not find time to write poetry as well as work fractions. In his first book Frontinus gives us a list of the different pipes used in the water service of his day. Not content with giving their names, he has, with his customary conscientious minuteness, left a record also of their diameters, circumferences, and the number of quinariae they were capable of supplying. Naturally every number is a mixed one, and the peculiarity of the fractional parts is that they are expressed, not by a single fraction, but by the accumulation of several. These are all of the duodecimal order, — $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{6}$, $\frac{1}{9}$, $\frac{1}{12}$, $\frac{1}{18}$, $\frac{1}{24}$, $\frac{1}{27}$, $\frac{1}{28}$. Each of these fractional parts had its own name, — *semis*, *duella*, *sicilicus*, *sex-tula*, *scripulus*, etc.; and the possibilities of common fractions seem to have been limited to the various combinations of the elements just enumerated. Thus of one pipe he says that its diameter was 5 inches $+\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{24} + \frac{1}{28}$; its circumference, 17 inches $+\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{27}$; its capacity, 20 quinariae $+\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{28}$. Scarcely one of the thirty or more pipes whose dimensions he gives us is described in less than a dozen of these duodecimal elements, which, however, Frontinus seems to keep track of and handle with perfect readiness and ease.

But enough of these details. After
VOL. LXXXIX.—NO. 533.

all, it is the personality of the writer of the *De Aquis* that one most loves to contemplate, rich and valuable as his treatise is in facts relating to the administration of the ancient aqueducts. One loves to contemplate his sturdy honesty; his conscientious devotion to the duties of his office; his patient attention to details; his loyal attachment to the sovereign whom he delighted to serve; his willing labors in behalf of the people whose convenience, comfort, and safety he aimed to promote. We sympathize with him in his proud boast that, by his reforms, he has not only made the city cleaner, but the air purer, and has removed the causes of pestilence that had formerly given the city such a bad repute; and we can easily pardon the Roman Philistinism with which, after enumerating the lengths and courses of the several aqueducts, he inquires, in a burst of enthusiasm, “Who will venture to compare with these mighty works the pyramids or the Parthenon?”

Were one asked to point out, in all Roman history, another such example of civic virtue and conscientious performance of simple duty, it would be difficult to know where to look to find it. Men of genius, courage, patriotism, are not lacking, but examples are few of men who labored with such whole-souled devotion in the performance of homely duty, the reward for which could certainly not be large, and might possibly not exceed the approval of one's own conscience.

This paper has been entitled *A Roman Waring*, and it is hoped that the analogy does not seem far-fetched. The careers of the two men were singularly alike. Both had seen military service in their early years, and learned the hard discipline of the camp and field. Both were men of the greatest personal unselfishness and loftiness of purpose. Both were of scrupulous integrity. Both were called, at about the same time of life and under almost identical political

conditions, to the administration of offices of similar character that had been wretchedly mismanaged by their predecessors,—offices, too, whose effective direction was fraught with an importance for the health of their respective municipalities little appreciated by the average man, and unlikely to win even the faintest popular applause. Both alike had to contend against the organized avarice and corruption of the very men whose comfort and health they had most at heart; and both alike succeeded, in the face of terrific obstacles, in securing their ends, while remaining true to their highest ideals.

Seneca tells us that the truly patient

man is known, not by what he bears, but by the way he bears it. So the scholar is known, not by the extent of his attainments, but by the temper of his mind and the purpose of his life. The same is true of the patriot. He is the true patriot who makes an honest, efficient, and economical service of his fellows his ideal, whether the service in itself be great or small. It is not what he does, but the spirit in which the service is performed. And so, just as we admire the patriotic service of our own Waring, and feel a pride that he was our countryman, so must we also admire the patriotism of his old Roman prototype.

Charles E. Bennett.

HERBS.

A SERVICEABLE thing
Is fennel, mint, or balm,
Kept in the thrifty calm
Of hollows, in the spring;
Or by old houses pent.
Dear is its ancient scent
To folk that love the days forgot,
Nor think that God is not.

Sage, lavender, and rue,
For body's hurt and ill,
For fever and for chill;
Rosemary, strange with dew,
For sorrow and its smart,
For breaking of the heart.
Yet pain, dearth, tears, all come to dust,
As even the herbs must.

Life-everlasting, too,
Windless, poignant, and sere,
That blows in the old year,
Townsmen, for me and you.
Why fret for wafting airs?
Why haste to sell our wares?
Captains and clerks, this shall befall;
This is the end of all.

Oh, thought, and word, and deed!
Oh, unforgotten things,
Gone out of all the springs;
The quest, the dream, the creed!
Gone out of all the lands,
And yet safe in God's hands;
For shall the dull herbs live again,
And not the sons of men?

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

MUNICIPAL SELF-GOVERNMENT: COUNCIL AND MAYOR.

MUNICIPAL government in the United States is undemocratic. The city is the agent of the state. The people of the state arbitrarily govern the city. The mosaic which we call municipal government is the means by which the people of the state exercise arbitrary power over minor communities in matters purely local. The exercise of such power, by indirect and complex means, has resulted in bad municipal government. That it would so result was inevitable.

Democratic government is an expression, not a source, of authority. The people governed is the source of its powers. The government of the United States derives its powers from the people of the United States. The government of the state derives its powers from the people of the state. The government of the city should obtain its powers from the people of the city.

Our national and state governments were created by the people to serve them in different spheres. Neither derives authority from, nor acts as the agent of, the other. Both derive authority directly from the people, — that of the nation from the people of the nation, that of the state from the people of the state. The line between nation and state is clearly drawn. The government of the nation is confined to those matters which concern the entire people of the nation. The line between state

and city should be as distinctly drawn. The government of the state should be confined to those matters which concern the entire people of the state. Thus the government of the city would be left free to deal with those matters which concern only the people of the city.

The supreme authority in our system is the people of the United States. They, as an aggregate sovereign, by means of the Constitution, created a national government, with certain well-defined general powers. Incidentally and to guard the exercise of the powers thus conferred, they imposed limitations on the states. By the Tenth Amendment they reserved to the states and to themselves the powers not delegated to the national government. The state has appropriated to itself these reserved powers. It should have left to the people those of local concern, to be by them conferred on the city. This would have carried out the democratic scheme of government devised by the fathers, and by them in part applied.

The work of the founders of the American commonwealth in framing our state and national governments has been much and justly admired. Theirs was indeed a splendid achievement of constructive statesmanship. That they omitted to add a simple and democratic plan of municipal government is doubtless due to the fact that large cities did

not then exist. What have become the public necessities of city life were unknown. Such municipal administration as was required was simple and without important bearing on the larger matters of state and national government. Hence, in framing their scheme of government, the fathers of American democracy overlooked what is now the vast and widening field of municipal activities.

This omission in the organization of democratic government in America has never been remedied. As municipalities grew, the rapidly multiplying wants of urban populations were met by haphazard makeshifts. Institutions by means of which rural communities and small villages had realized local self-government were retained, and extended to meet needs for which they were not devised and are not adapted. As the strain increased, the state added numerous officials, boards, and commissions.

Thus the government of every American city has become a huge conglomerate of warring officials and boards representing the state. Elective officers and elections have been so multiplied that it is a difficult task merely to keep the offices filled. What we call municipal government is too complex to be understood save by experts. The people, always busy with their own affairs, have more and more left the entire matter to the tender mercies of the political bosses and franchise grabbers. In this way municipal administration has been diverted from public to private ends.

The state, in attempting to govern the city, has unduly emphasized the executive view of municipal administration. Indeed, to the extent that city government is an agency to express the will of the state, its function is only executive. The power to legislate is the distinguishing mark of self-government. The mere right of the people of the city to choose between rival aspir-

ants to local executive office, under state authority, involves only the power to determine whether state laws shall be strictly or loosely enforced. To be really self-governing, the people of the city must enjoy the right to create a body having power to legislate for them in all matters of local concern.

The policy which makes the city the agent of the state has led to anomalous results. In nation and state the legislature is the affirmative power. It speaks directly for the people. It expresses their will in continuing laws of general application. Its function is to determine public policies. The executive and the judiciary merely participate in the enforcement of the laws. They deal with individual matters as they arise. Their function is to administer. In a city, which exists mainly to enforce state legislation, these conditions are reversed. The play is an exotic. The mayor is the star performer. The council plays but a minor part. The mayor, when chosen, assumes to his constituency the rôle of temporary dictator. As a representative of the state, he is subject to its legislative authority. Nominally an officer of the city, he is beyond the control of its people.

The council of a city, which exists as a creature of the state, is at best an unnecessary, and at worst a contemptible thing. The mayor and his cabinet might perform its part; indeed, the tendency is to confer upon the mayor powers taken from the council. In most American cities it is thought that bad municipal government is directly chargeable to the council. To escape evils lightly assumed to pertain to the council, the mayor is given increased authority. The council, thus deprived of most of the poor powers which it once possessed, is left a derelict on the troubled sea of municipal misgovernment.

The evils which result from undemocratic municipal government extend far beyond the city. The legislature of the

state, if empowered to deal with none but matters of general application, might be a responsible and efficient body. Charged as it is with the power, even duty, constantly to intermeddle in the affairs of every municipality in matters purely local, its sessions have become log-rolling bees. Local measures clog its calendar. Each member seeks to press such of these as affect his locality. A gang of members from a single city, acting as the chattels of public service corporations, often coerce their fellows into action prejudicial to the public welfare. A measure which sacrifices the rights of the people of but a single community can rarely be expected to arouse to effective opposition the people of a great state. The good of the locality, often of many localities, is sacrificed that the public business itself may proceed.

Thus the undemocratic attempt by the people of the state arbitrarily to govern the city results in making the government of both city and state irresponsible, inefficient, corrupt. Indeed, means better calculated to divert the powers of government from public to private ends could not be devised. No man or group of men can be trusted to exercise irresponsible power. The government of the city by the state violates the principle of self-government. It endangers the state in the vain effort to save the city. It relieves the people of the city of local responsibility. It corrupts and paralyzes both state and city administration.

The proposal to make the city as independent of the state as the state is independent of the nation does not involve the loss of proper state authority within the city. The nation exercises an authority within the state which extends even to its individual citizens. The state must continue to legislate generally for all its people in respect to such matters of common concern as crime, personal rights, the family, education, property, corporations, commerce, elec-

tions, and general taxation. These great duties are obscured, often imperiled, by continuous strife at the state capital over conflicting local interests.

The legislation of the state touching civic affairs will continue to be enforced in the city mainly by local officials. Indeed, the execution of state laws in each of its communities by officers locally chosen is what has made the state, despite an undue centralization of legislative power, the chief conservator of local self-government. It is of much greater importance to preserve this time-honored practice intact than it is to have all state laws well and uniformly enforced. The vital objections which lie to a state constabulary lie equally to the absorption by the state of those legislative powers which can be locally exercised.

What powers may be locally exercised? In brief, all powers that do not concern the entire people of the nation or of the state. Among these are the power to frame a city government and define its authority, the police power so far as local, the power of taxation for local purposes including schools, the power to establish and administer streets and parks, the power to supply public necessities directly or by means of the public service corporation, and the power to establish and administer reformatory and charitable institutions. It is objected that the people of the city cannot safely exercise such powers; that they are incapable of self-government. It is urged that the government of the state must stand guard over the people of the city; that it must save them from themselves. The answer is obvious. The government of the state is not a storehouse of saving grace. It is at best but an expression of the will of the entire people of the state. It is too often the means by which incorporated greed uses the public authority for private ends. It is impossible for the entire people of a state to know the needs of its several local communi-

ties as well as their own people know them.

The people of the nation permit the people of the state to determine for themselves nearly all matters of state government. The people of the state may with like propriety permit the people of the city to determine for themselves practically all matters of city government. This by no means implies that the exercise of this permissive local authority shall be free from proper constitutional and statutory limitations. Municipal government may be made to conform to a general state policy without taking from each municipality liberty largely to determine for itself the limits and the means of its activities. The state, for example, should, by definite law, protect the right of all its citizens freely to compete for public employment. It should establish laws of uniform application, providing especially for such matters of common interest as popular education, the preservation of health, and the regulation of the liquor traffic. It may provide broad restrictions touching some matters of common interest, leaving the city free to add to them if its people so desire. It may prohibit city interference in matters of vital general concern. It is for the people of the state, in framing its constitution, to determine what matters shall be under state control without local interference, what matters shall be left to the city subject to certain restrictions, and what matters shall be under city control without state interference.

The city must act through agents. In this it is like the state. It need not rely on the state for protection from its agents. Restraints may be imposed on constituted authority as well by city charter as by state constitution. The people of the city should be permitted, under proper general limitations, to frame a city constitution or charter. They should be free to determine all questions of municipal public policy.

They should possess power to legislate as well as power to administer. They should enjoy legislative as well as administrative freedom.

We at last realize that neither in state nor in city is it necessary to confer final authority on public servants. It is now clear that there should be ratification, express or implied, by the people, of the more important acts of their representatives. There are great possibilities in the growing desire of intelligent citizens to participate more directly than heretofore in legislation. The people may in time both choose and direct their agents. They may also reserve power to pass on all important legislative acts on petition of a certain percentage of the voters within a fixed time. That by such means the agents of the people may be made responsive to their will is believed by increasing numbers. Private principals often reserve the power to reject or ratify the acts of their agents. There are even weightier reasons why the people should reserve the power to reject or ratify the acts of public servants. It is not necessary to confer upon them unlimited power.

The local independence here advocated is required fully to carry out and make symmetrical our scheme of government. When this measure of local independence is secured, ours will really be a government by the people. The city must be governed by the people of the city, if it is to be an instrument of democratic government. The state must surrender arbitrary power, if it is to be merely an agency of a self-governing people. If government by the people is desirable, it should alike obtain in nation, state, and city.

This course would leave each of the three distinct governmental agencies of the people free to perform its functions without interference by the others. It would make each directly responsible to its special constituency. It would confer upon each practically exclusive con-

trol of a few great matters of common interest to its people. Nothing so conduces to make a representative government efficient as to limit its jurisdiction to a few important matters of common interest to those for whom it speaks. Efficiency rapidly decreases with the multiplication of the subjects with which a representative government deals.

Our government, to mere casual observers, seems complex in form and difficult to understand. Our national government is, in fact, simple. It deals only with those great concerns of general interest to the people of the United States. Our state governments would be equally simple if each were confined to the important matters which concern its entire people. To the attempt of the states to combine both general and local functions is due the apparently inextricable confusion which has so long characterized our state and municipal governments.

Give to state and city

petty detail. In other states, the attempt is made to limit legislation to acts general in form and applicable to all cities of a given class. In Pennsylvania, it seems that the legislature, whenever the administration of any city becomes unsatisfactory to the state boss, may by special act remove its mayor, authorize the governor to name his successor, and directly despoil its public service. The city of New York has long been governed by the legislature of the state. Its people are merely permitted, from time to time, to determine whether its officials shall be common criminals, party tools, or public servants. These officials, when chosen, are subject, in the discharge of their duties, to constant intermeddling by the legislature. Some of them are responsible to the governor, and may be by him removed. To-day, a city of three and a half millions, whose people participate

in the government of the nation, is not

inert powers; make each
able to its special con-
dition neither to exercise
representative author-
ity will be simple, respon-
sible government.

the extent that it has
any power over its cit-
izens to be democratic. The
have been foreseen. No
unrestrained as the
crowd. It may be safely
where else is municipal
irresponsible as it is in
states. When our national,
governments shall sever-
represent their respec-
tives, when none of them
other than representative
claim that ours is in
in name a democratic

which the city is made
the state differs greatly
states. In certain states,
by special acts, governs
only, even in matters of

even permitted to determine for itself during what hours its saloons shall be closed. In Illinois, although the constitutional prohibition of special legislation is frequently evaded, the city of Chicago is greatly hampered in matters merely local, for want of permissive power to govern itself. All state interference in matters purely local, whatever its extent, is pernicious. Emancipation of the city from state intermeddling is everywhere a crying need.

Municipal government, if it is to act for the people of the city rather than as an executive agent of the state, must possess full legislative as well as large executive powers. The more independent of the state it becomes, the greater will be its legislative powers. A representative government must legislate as well as execute. Hence municipal self-government calls for a powerful council. This means public rather than secret, democratic rather than despotic city government. The vice of American municipal government lies in that it is mainly executive, and that it acts

separate and dis-
directly responsi-
bility; permis-
other than direc-
tivity: the result
sible, efficient go-

The state, to
exercised arbitra-
ries, has ceased to
result might have
despotism is still
despotism of a com-
asserted that no
government so
the United States
state, and city go-
ally and directly
tive constituencies
shall exercise other
powers, we may
fact as well as
republic.

The extent to
the agent of the
in the several states
the legislature, in
each city separa-

for the state. When it becomes representative of the people of the city, the council will voice and the mayor will execute their will. We shall then have responsible municipal government.

Much might be said in support of the proposal to make the mayor the administrative agent of the council. In many European cities he is chosen by the council, and thus acts. It is the American method to separate legislative and executive functions. Legislators and executives, elected by the people, directly and severally represent them. This division of powers among direct representatives of the people, justified by experience in nation and state, should be applied in the city. We understand and know how to work a government having distinct legislative and administrative departments. We know how to apportion responsibility between legislature and executive. The application of this method to the city will complete and make symmetrical our system of government.

Thus it appears that a municipal government directly representative of and responsible to the people of the city, and having distinct legislative and administrative departments, will strictly comply with American ideals, however it may depart from recent American practice. It is undeniable that it will not accord with such practice, especially that of recent years. The council, never what it should be, has been gradually abandoned, its powers being assumed by the state legislature. This usurper of arbitrary authority has made the mayor its local representative, vesting in him both executive and legislative powers. The distinction between legislation and administration in municipal government is all but lost. In lieu of municipal self-government we have despotic rule. In the absence of means through which its people might govern the city, the tendency has been to rely on the goodness and wisdom of the mayor. The resort has been to the

dictator. Yet with this growth of despotism in our cities American municipal government has become more and more a "problem."

There are those who hold that good municipal government cannot be expected of democracy. Some even say that our experience is conclusive of its failure in this field. However, as thus far we have not tried really democratic methods in city administration, our failures cannot be laid at the door of democracy. We have made full trial of municipal government by state legislature and autocratic mayor acting together. To this irresponsible combination our failures are chargeable. The remedy for evils thus produced does not lie in a further departure from democratic methods. The failures of the Constitution are due to the unwillingness of the fathers to rely on the people to choose the President and the members of the Senate. The irresistible tendency of our history has been to remove all barriers between the people and their government, to make all its agencies directly responsive to their will. This movement will finally compel the application of democratic methods to city administration. Its aim to make the American commonwealth a representative democracy is certain of accomplishment.

Government, with us, has but one possible source of authority. Having repudiated the absurd fiction of the divine right of a man or group of men to rule over others, we can draw no line of exclusion. Authority to govern must come from without or it inheres in the whole people. We have nowhere save in the people any reserve of authority or virtue upon which to draw. To say that the people of the city cannot be trusted to govern themselves is to admit once for all the failure of democracy. The people of the city form a rapidly increasing proportion of our population. If not fit to govern themselves, they are not fit to participate in

the government of the state and nation. We are committed to democracy, and must work through it, however long the way, to good government.

No one who is at all acquainted with history and with the vast interests of our complex modern life expects government of whatever form to become an easy task. Those who really believe in democracy do not shrink from the application of democratic methods to city administration because of the difficulties involved. That their faith in the people of the city, even when largely of foreign birth, is not misplaced, a single illustration indicates. The council of the city of Chicago, though unwisely hampered by the state, possesses large powers. In 1895 it was absolutely owned by special interests. To-day the people of Chicago are represented in its council by over fifty of its seventy members. It is organized on non-partisan

lines, the best members being in control of all important committees. No important measure to which there was popular objection has passed since the reform movement began. The Chicago council is to-day one of the best legislative bodies in the entire country. This result has been attained without waiting for organic reform.

The present hopeful movement for municipal reform takes democracy for granted. It for the first time seeks to apply democratic methods to city administration. It demands municipal self-government, with council and mayor. In the words of Mr. Delos F. Wilcox, in advocacy of the excellent Municipal Programme recommended by the National Municipal League, "the hope of humanity seems to lie in the perfection of democracy rather than in any retrogressive step, in exalting rather than in lessening popular responsibility."

Edwin Burritt Smith.

THE EXILE.

"RAIGS, bottles a'd ole ia-a, raigs!" The harsh, strident call rang clear and strong on the afternoon air. Old Rachel dropped her knitting, a flutter of excitement stirring her heart. Two long weeks she had been listening for that cry, and now that it had come the voice was that of a stranger.

What did it mean? Where was little Iky, with his song-call, sweeter to her poor old ears than matin psalm or choir chant? What had become of old Aaron, rauitous of voice, whom she herself had established in business? Vainly she had been watching the alley behind her spacious home. Why had the rag-carts ceased to come that way?

There was nothing for her to do in the magnificent home her sons had reared. Hirelings ministered to her children's wants. To her a little knitting or em-

broidery was permitted; and oh, how she loathed it all! Yet she had learned, in the years of her toil and privation, how futile it is to cry out against the established order of things.

Her sons were prosperous merchants, whose fingers glittered with diamonds large as hailstones. Her daughters adorned the best Hebrew society and did credit to their satins. Assuredly their old mother should not humiliate them by reminding them and others of the cruel days of their childhood. She had everything the flesh could desire. Why was she not content?

Again that cry, "Raigs, bottles a'd ole ia-a, raigs!" resounded far down the alley. Rachel arose and tiptoed to the back window of her room. Softly she turned the ivory blinds and peered out. There was no one in sight. The

man must have stopped at the alley gate of some mansion farther down the street, to barter with a servant for a few old bottles or discarded clothes. Would he turn, after he had made his purchase, and go the other way? Tears sprang to the old woman's eyes. She longed to tear off the velvet house gown, the lace mitts that did their best to conceal her hard, misshapen hands, the cap of ribbons and lace that covered her scant gray locks. Her soul was filled with a wild yearning to pursue the filthy cart and its unwashed, unkempt driver. He would take her to her friends,—friends against whom the doors of her home were forever barred.

To them she had gone, a blooming young woman, when death had stricken down the strong prop of her home. They had watched over her brood of little ones, while she, clad in rags that ill concealed her comeliness, had wandered from alley to alley, a bag of coppers in her pocket and a stout sack over her shoulder. Jehovah, who watches over the fatherless, had prospered her, and in time a donkey and cart had to be procured. It wrung her soul to part with the shining yellow coins, the price of the new outfit; but her children were growing, and must be put to school. Again the Lord prospered her, and she sent out numerous carts, each one bringing to her at nightfall its precious freight. With her own hands she had sorted out the cotton and woolen rags, the bottles and fragments of iron, the garments that with a little mending could be sold to the second-hand-clothing dealer.

Then another change had come. Her sons had grown to manhood almost before she realized it, and prosperity had run with open arms to meet them.

At first the cook, Myra, with a few extra coppers in her pocket, had connived at clandestine meetings at the alley gate, or stolen visits in Iky's cart to the far-away Little Jerusalem. But young Gabriel's gold coins were more persuasive than old Rachel's pennies,

and so the lonely exile had been driven to content herself with listening daily for the well-known cry, — the slender plank that spanned the gulf between her and the past.

Now for two weeks no ragpicker's cart had invaded the neighborhood of her home. Strain her keen ears as she would, no call was borne even from the neighboring alleys. Had Gabriel forbidden her old friends to come near his house? Had he perhaps even done violence to them?

Tortured with fear and yearning, she waited and listened. Then a greater fear clutched at her heart, and a reckless longing for liberty dashed to earth the walls of prudence and self-control that she had reared about herself.

As the cart clattered over the alley stones she turned, and, with trembling limbs and palpitating heart, fled down the back stairs and out across the bit of lawn, uttering a low, gurgling cry, whereat the ragpicker started and brought his horse up with a sudden jerk. Who in this fashionable neighborhood possessed that call?

To his amazement, a little stooped woman in lace cap and velvet gown stood in the gateway, beckoning to him. In Yiddish such as he had not heard since he left his mother's knee she greeted him, demanded his name and news of her friends.

A pestilence had broken out among the ragpickers, he told her, — a dread disease that carried them away like chaff before the flail. Iky's mother had already perished, and now the poor boy lay tossing in wild delirium, with no one to give him so much as a cup of cold water.

Suddenly Rachel straightened herself to her full height, and all the servile resignation was gone from her haughty old face.

"I will go back to mine own people!" she cried. "These be flesh of my flesh, and blood of my blood, and yet are they strangers to me. Would I had reared

them as honest ragpickers! Go thou but to the next alley and wait. I will join thee."

A half hour later the ragpicker lifted to the seat of his cart a little old creature wrapped in a dingy black shawl. No lace mitts covered her wrinkled hands. Her feet felt again the austere caress of sabots that had lain for years at the bottom of her chest of sacred things. Under the seat of the cart was a basket filled with food and wine for her suffering people. Rachel thought not, cared not, for the consternation that would fill the cold, handsome house when sons and daughters returned at nightfall to find the mother gone. Her people were in distress, and she was going to them.

"Raigs, raigs, got any raigs!" The cry burst from her lips before she could suppress it. A light of ecstasy shone in her faded brown eyes. Oh, this was heaven, heaven itself! The captive was returning to Jerusalem. As the old, beloved call quivered on the air, a well-dressed man on the pavement stopped and stared at the cart. It was Gabriel, and at his side was a handsome woman, a Gentile, who would willingly barter her faith for the Hebrew's gold.

"Quick! down the alley! Don't

spare the nag. My son has discovered me. He will take me back," the old woman whispered, full of terror, yet unsubdued.

Away they went, through alleys and side streets. No more rags were purchased that day. At dusk the filthy, dilapidated houses of Little Jerusalem were before them. Palaces these, yea, and temples, wherein the returned exile could worship forever.

Oh, the joy of ministering to the sick, of listening to their strident patois of German and Hebrew, of mixing cooling drinks for their fevered throats! Two days and nights she toiled among her people, and then the pestilence laid its burning fingers on her heart. There was no one left to minister to her. All were sick or dead. No one resisted when an officer in blue uniform, with Gabriel at his heels, entered the low door of the hovel.

"Mother, what does this mean? How dare you"—

"Nay, my son, rebuke me not," the parched lips murmured. "I am come out of exile to mine own people. Already the gates of Zion stand ajar, and thy father beckons. Return thou to the Babylon of thy love; but for me the years of captivity are consumed."

Emilie Ruck de Schell.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

SUCH manifestations of the national life of Germany in 1901 as would be of interest to the foreign reader are found not so much in positive legislation as in the political and economic agitations of the year, — in the relations with the United States, together with the rise of the so-called "American danger;" in the relations with England, attended by a remarkable outbreak of Anglophobia; in the perennial struggle between the Agrarians and

other classes, culminating in the new Tariff Bill; in the Polish agitation and the punishment of Polish students and rioters; in the great industrial depression, accompanied with revelations of business immorality which shocked the public conscience. In giving, therefore, my usual annual review of events in Germany, I have this time to deal less with reforms instituted and legislation adopted than with larger movements and tendencies.

The political and economic relations between Germany and the United States in 1901 occupied an unusual amount of public attention in Germany. Notwithstanding the repeated and malicious efforts of a sensational New York newspaper to represent Germany as about to gobble up some part of South America or the West Indies, these inventions only served to bring out all the more clearly the correctness of Germany's attitude toward our government. When the German ambassador at Washington returned to his post, in November, with special assurances from the Kaiser that Germany entertained no such designs, sensible people in both countries felt that this should end all talk about Germany's schemes in the western hemisphere. That it has not done so among some of our bellicose young naval and military officers is to be regretted. The recent breach of international propriety committed by some of these Hot-spurs in predicting a war with Germany was duly frowned upon at home, and it was rated at its true value in Germany.

If any proof were needed of Germany's purpose to maintain good relations with our country, her course in the Venezuela matter has amply supplied it. Indeed, the fact that Germany came to an understanding with our government before taking forcible measures against Venezuela is of most momentous significance. Why? Because this was the first explicit recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by any Continental Power. It is a notable milestone passed in the history of our country and its relations with European governments. It gives the Monroe Doctrine a validity no longer to be disputed. All this was instantly recognized in Germany. "America for the Americans," said a great Berlin daily, "has become an irreversible fact." German Jingo organs were dazed, and angrily exclaimed, "Must we ask permission at Washington to collect our claims from Venezuela?" Papers of

more rational temper, however, accepted Germany's course, as not only without detriment to her dignity, but as in harmony with her political interests. Indeed, this saner section of the German press was even pleased that the government had thus made such an emphatic disavowal of the aims and dreams of the noisy, fantastic Pan-Germans. The whole incident, it is to be hoped, will open a new chapter in our relations with Germany by finally removing whatever misunderstandings or grievances were occasioned at the time of the Spanish War.

All Americans who desire the friendliest relations between our country and Germany may rest assured that the Kaiser is exerting his powerful influence to this end. He has latterly taken occasion, more frequently than ever, to show his personal good will for the American people and their President. Among the messages borne by the German ambassador to President Roosevelt was the direct assurance from the Kaiser that all the talk about his efforts to unite the European Powers for resistance to the American commercial invasion of Europe was without foundation. The Kaiser's recent request that the President permit his daughter to christen the pleasure yacht now building for the Kaiser in the United States, while a small incident in itself, is one of those pretty acts of thoughtfulness and courtesy for which William is noted. The deep interest which he takes in America has been repeatedly expressed in recent conversations with our ambassador at Berlin, in which he has spoken with enthusiasm of the splendid economic development of our country, the vast enterprises which have been consummated by our financiers, and the energetic, forceful character of our President.

The failure of the President to recommend in his message a liberal revision of the Dingley Law was a keen disappointment to the German free-

traders, and gave the high-protectionist element occasion to press all the more eagerly for a heavy increase of duties. The President's willingness to sacrifice, in making reciprocity treaties, only such duties as are no longer needed for protection made an exceedingly bad impression in Germany, — as if our government were trying to get something of value without giving an equivalent in exchange. This extreme caution, at a time when all European countries are alarmed at the inroads of American competition, is so incomprehensible to the German mind that the conclusion is general here that our tariff policy is swayed by selfish interests outside the government. The President's inaction has undoubtedly given a strong impetus to the movement for higher protection in Germany. In particular, it has intensified the anti-American animus of the tariff agitation. Indeed, in the recent tariff debate in the Reichstag, the trade relations of Germany with the United States were discussed more than those with all other countries combined; and the same is true of discussions in the press and in commercial bodies. While it would be too much to say that the present bill is aimed at the United States, still these discussions give ground for that impression; and it is undoubtedly true that the leading feature of the bill — namely, its heavy increase of duties on grains and meats — will strike American trade more severely than that of any other country. In these discussions it is complained with some bitterness that the American duties average fifty per cent against Germany's ten. Accordingly, the view is asserted by rigid German protectionists that a thoroughgoing reduction of our tariff duties is necessary before a liberal reciprocity treaty with Germany can be expected; and it is demanded in influential manufacturers' organizations that the German government should omit any action in favor of such a treaty till our tariff has

been reduced to an average of twenty per cent.

Although the imports of goods from the United States in 1901 showed a considerable decrease, still the American danger occupied a larger place in the public mind of Germany than ever before; and the dependence of Germany upon American commercial and financial influences became more than ever apparent. "When two American finance groups," exclaimed a prominent member of the Reichstag, in the tariff debate, "can make the world's markets tremble, that proves that we are already financially dependent upon America!" This dependence was shown in the growing influence of Wall Street upon the German bourses. "An advance at New York regularly makes a buoyant market here," says a German bourse report, "and our market obediently sags when New York realizes." A leading Berlin financial writer referred to the phenomenon in the following words: "It awakens unpleasant sensations in Europe to see how the United States dominates all departments of European business activity."

The most striking evidence of the nervousness in Germany regarding the American danger was furnished by the readiness with which the public believed the rumors that American capitalists were planning to absorb the two great steamship companies of Hamburg and Bremen. Immediately after Mr. Pierpont Morgan purchased the Leyland line of steamers, the German press began to fear that he would extend his operations to Germany; and when, later, it became known that blocks of stock in the German lines were being acquired by Americans, this fear assumed an almost panic form in some sections of the press. In order to allay it, the newspapers proposed many defensive measures, and some alarmists even demanded that the great transatlantic lines be acquired outright by the government.

The great wave of indignant protest that swept over the country in response to the well-known speech of the English Colonial Secretary was certainly one of the most remarkable popular movements that has been seen in Germany since the empire was founded. It began among the university students, then extended to veterans' societies; and for some weeks the country rang with angry declamation from hundreds of indignation meetings. The proportions which the movement assumed, and the intensity of passion accompanying it, produced a dazed astonishment in England; and even in Germany this remarkable outburst of popular wrath surprised the government, and was finally deprecated by papers which had done most to promote it. It was a wholly spontaneous movement. The government was evidently embarrassed by it. It was annoyed by absurd petitions from excited students, demanding "satisfaction" through diplomatic action, and it tried for a time to stay the excitement through utterances in the inspired press. Significantly enough, however, the government was itself finally compelled to end the agitation by making a dignified protest, in the semi-official newspaper, against Chamberlain's words.

The manifestations of anti-British feeling attending the movement found expression in forms that are not pleasant to describe. The comic papers, abandoning humor, berated the English as "cold scoundrels," and wreaked their wrath in cartoons repulsive by their brutality. Even the amenities of social life were disturbed by the turbulent waves of Anglophobia. Cases were reported where individual Englishmen suffered insult in German social circles. They were treated with cold neglect in shops and public places, and were jostled on the streets.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to suppose that all Germany was swept away by the anti-Chamberlain demon-

strations or indorsed the indignities just mentioned. There are German newspapers which have not forgotten the great debt which their country owes to England for her splendid contributions of political ideas to Germany's progress. These explained the movement as directed, not against England, but solely against Chamberlain. Referring to "the expressions of our comic papers, in which, with little wit and much complacency, the hatred of the English is fostered and good taste murdered," one of these papers said: "What these comic weeklies have done to wound the feelings of the English and prejudice them against us was done with so much brutality and with such pronounced savagery of feeling that the German public should resist it in behalf of its good name." The fact was also pointed out, by papers of this kind, that in no other country of the world did public opinion fall into such excesses in voicing its condemnation of England's course in South Africa.

This whole anti-Chamberlain movement affords a most striking illustration of a feature of German character which has become obvious to every observer. I mean its extreme sensitiveness to criticism. It was an expression, in a large, spectacular way, of the German's inherent quickness to resent injuries, real or supposed. Its prototype is found among the corps-students and lieutenants, ever ready to discover insults which can only be wiped out in blood; and in the German courts, which are beset by all classes and conditions of men seeking redress for petty insults and slanders. I do not attempt here to excuse Chamberlain's words, and it is not strange that they were resented in Germany; still the fact remains that in other countries, which were equally included in his offensive expression, public opinion was satisfied with a few answering sallies of ridicule in the press.

This sensitiveness, this tendency to seek grievances, found expression at the

time of Queen Victoria's death and the Kaiser's visit to England. Outside of Germany the Kaiser's visit was regarded as an act of beautiful devotion to his distinguished grandmother. A certain section of the German press, however, which arrogates to itself a superior degree of loyalty, murmured peevishly because the Kaiser protracted his stay till the funeral. The bestowal of honors upon Lord Roberts—most humane of soldiers—was also most deeply resented; Prussian army officers and loyal country squires wrote "letters to the editor," with ominous words about the Kaiser losing touch with his people and disregarding their sentiments.

It is highly interesting to observe the self-criticism of the Germans, as it was voiced in connection with the above incidents and other events of the year. Writers confessed, with regret, that the old cosmopolitan spirit which prevailed before the empire was founded has not only passed away, but has given place to an excessive nationalism. "Imperialism, militarism, materialism," says a German observer of these tendencies, "are impressing ugly features upon our life; and out of this exaggeration of national feeling, out of this brutal Jingoism, a debasement of political morals has developed as a natural consequence. The German character has lost much of its old-time idealism. The Germans of to-day have material, practical aims: they worship power, success, and a certain reckless, dashing personal behavior." Although the Germans are undoubtedly a peace-loving people, this overdevelopment of nationalism cannot fail to affect Germany's relations with other states and to render difficult the task of German diplomacy. When German papers, as is too often the case, lavish insults upon other nations with utter recklessness, while haughtily resenting foreign criticisms of German affairs, well-wishers of the Fatherland cannot be expected to check the growing dislike for Ger-

many. It is a significant fact, however, and promising much good, that the Germans have begun to ask themselves, What is the cause of this growing dislike?

The home politics of Germany in 1901 strikingly revealed the potent tendencies of the German life of to-day. The Agrarian movement, with its relentless opposition to Germany's natural economic development, and its indomitable tenacity in asserting the interests of the landed aristocracy; the great manufacturing and commercial classes, rendered powerless by diversity of views, conflicting interests, and the lack of a compact organization,—partly yielding to Agrarian demands, and partly rejecting them with sharp protest; the laboring classes, through their organ the Socialist party, passionately hostile to both these elements; finally, the government, painfully feeling its way for a policy, cautiously steering its course among conflicting interests, and trying to discover a plan of action acceptable to the majority of the nation,—such was the confused, inharmonious panorama presented by Germany's internal politics in 1901.

In January the government introduced in the Prussian Diet the Canal Bill, which had been defeated in the summer of 1899. It will be remembered that the Agrarian opponents of the old Canal Bill attempted to smother it with numerous other canal plans, intended as "compensation" for the projected Midland Canal, which was to connect the Elbe with the Rhine. One of the chief causes of its defeat, no doubt, was the determination of the Agrarians to use it as a handle for securing higher protective duties on agricultural products. The Agrarians were much too shrewd to relax their grip upon this handle before they had obtained an equivalent. The second Canal Bill was an enlargement of the old measure. It included a great waterway from Berlin to Stettin; the im-

provement of the Spree and the Havel to connect Berlin with the Midland Canal; the enlargement of existing canals from Berlin eastward to the Vistula; and, finally, the improvement of the streams intersected by the canals. It was thus a vast scheme for creating cheap transportation between the highly developed industrial west and the agricultural eastern provinces.

In introducing the new Canal Bill, the government assumed that the Tariff Bill could be completed and brought into the Reichstag before the Prussian Diet should be asked to vote upon the former; believing that the Agrarian members of the Diet, once they saw the enticing agricultural schedules, would prove tractable and "swallow the canal." Soon after the Canal Bill was published, Count Bülow threw off his long reserve and publicly promised higher protection for agriculture. He also assured the Agrarians that the Tariff Bill would be rushed to completion with all possible dispatch. The complicated work of preparing the Tariff Bill, however, required more time than the Chancellor had estimated, and the early introduction of the Canal measure turned out to be a grave tactical error on the part of the government. After the bill had been discussed in the Diet it went to a committee, which willfully killed time with it till the Tariff Bill should be published. Finally, however, about the beginning of May, it became apparent that the Canal Bill in its entirety would fail, while several of the compensation schemes attached to it would be passed. It was a droll exhibition of political selfishness that the Agrarians were about to take their compensations, and give nothing in return. The government, however, refused to have its measure emasculated, and prorogued the Diet.

The result of this abrupt close of the session was a reorganization of the Prussian Cabinet. Bülow had taken office with the determination to have a

homogeneous government. The principal change made in the Cabinet in May was the dismissal of Finance Minister von Miquel, in order to make it homogeneous. Miquel, it was felt by friends of the Canal plan, had not given the measure his whole-hearted support, and his Agrarian sympathies were too marked to permit him to antagonize that element successfully. While it was recognized by friend and foe alike that he was one of the greatest of Prussian finance ministers, and that he achieved a really great reform in the Prussian Income-Tax Law, Miquel was finally trusted by no political party. He had particularly disappointed his former political associates in the National Liberal party. His appointment as finance minister, twelve years ago, was warmly received by the Berlin Stock Exchange; when his dismissal was announced, the Exchange rang with applause. Miquel was not a bad man, but he was sly to excess. Although in political and economic knowledge towering high above the men associated with him in the government, he created the impression of being without fixed economic convictions; and, indeed, he more than once expressed in his speeches a complete agnosticism as over and against the economic systems of the books.

The Tariff Bill was finally published at the end of July, and has since been the subject of heated discussions throughout the land. The leading feature of the measure is its pronounced Agrarian character. Not only are the duties on grains and meats heavily increased, but a further important concession is made to the Agrarians through the introduction of a minimal scale of duties on the former. They had felt that their interests were sacrificed by the Caprivi government in making the present commercial treaties: therefore they have for several years made it one of their chief "demands" that a limit should be fixed, below which the government might not go in making new

treaties. To this the government yielded. The Agrarian principle of the measure is well illustrated by the duty on wheat, which is forty-six cents per bushel maximum and thirty-eight cents minimum, while the present conventional tariff duty is twenty-five cents. Duties on animals and most meats are still more sharply advanced.

The commercial and in part the manufacturing interests of the country began immediately a vigorous agitation against the agricultural duties. A congress of all German chambers of commerce protested, by an overwhelming vote, against the high duties on the necessities of life, since they would constitute a grave hindrance to the negotiation of new commercial treaties, would increase the cost of living for the working population, and would thus impair Germany's power to compete in the world's markets. The Verein für Socialpolitik, which is composed chiefly of university professors of political economy, discussed the measure for several days, and most of the leading spirits of the society rejected its agricultural schedules with emphasis. The Central Association of German Manufacturers, which is a strong protectionist organization, condemned the minimal system of duties as endangering the renewal of the treaties, which it regards of paramount importance to German industry. The Agrarians were highly incensed at these demonstrations, and answered with threats that they would declare for complete free-trade if the increased agricultural duties were rejected by the Reichstag. Far from being satisfied with the government's bill, moreover, they are now agitating for still higher protection. A specimen of their new demands is that for a duty of fifty-three cents a bushel on wheat.

The government had an extremely difficult task to defend the bill in the Reichstag. Germany's trade has increased phenomenally under the com-

mercial treaties. Exports rose from 3051 million marks in 1894 to 4752 million in 1900; even the exports of manufactures alone increasing more than 1100 million marks. The government, however, in undertaking a tariff revision which would necessitate the denunciation of the treaties, virtually confessed that they were dissatisfied with commercial arrangements which had resulted so advantageously for the country. This was the inherent weakness of their position. The defense of the measure by the ministers was therefore necessarily a lame one. Their only argument was the alleged distress of German agriculture caused by foreign competition. Under the treaties, it was alleged, the farmers had not obtained equal advantages with the manufacturers. The increase of the duties, moreover, would be mainly borne by middlemen, like merchants and bakers. They dilated upon the desirability of making Germany independent of foreign countries for agricultural products; and for the rest, they assumed the solidarity of interest between agriculture and industry, and made fervent appeals to the patriotism of the members.

During the debate the Socialist deputies were able to present a petition against any increase of duties on the necessities of life, which bore the signatures of nearly three and a half millions of working people, — a unique event in German politics. Professor Schäffle, the distinguished economist, shows, in criticising the Tariff Bill, that the Agrarian duties will tax the consuming population to the extent of 1150 to 1350 million marks a year. The result of this taxation, as its Liberal opponents point out, can only be to increase social discontent. It is also remarked that the lack of employment among the working classes renders an increase of duties at this moment highly inopportune. In view of these conditions, the prediction is justified that

the bill will sweep large masses of the laboring population and small tradesmen into the Socialist party. What this may mean for Germany it is premature to predict; but certainly there are possibilities in the situation that should give the ministers cause for reflection. England doubtless averted serious evils through the abolition of the Corn Laws; Germany invites greater evils by taking the opposite course.

Long before the Tariff Bill was introduced, Count Bülow expressed in the Reichstag his conviction that Germany would be able to enter into new treaty relations with other Powers immediately upon the lapse of the existing commercial agreements; and, as he said in the tariff debate, the government could concede only such advances of the agricultural duties as would leave the way open to make new treaties. The question now agitating the minds of the commercial classes, however, is whether the Chancellor can make terms with other Powers under the new tariff. The Russian finance minister has uttered direct threats of retaliation, while Austria has already commenced a revision of her tariff, with heavy increases of duties, in answer to Germany's proposed legislation. It is therefore feared that Count Bülow is committing a serious error of statesmanship in flinging away excellent commercial treaties without knowing what kind he will get in return, — if, indeed, he gets any at all.

The conditions in the Polish provinces, as described in the *Atlantic Monthly* a year ago, were further intensified in 1901, and the Polish problem undoubtedly assumed a more serious aspect than for many years. The organizations among Polish students caused the Prussian authorities to apprehend that treasonable schemes were brewing; and some sixty pupils of the gymnasium at Thorn, and a number of university students living in the province of Posen, were brought to trial for con-

nexion with suspicious secret societies. The trials, however, developed nothing very serious. A number of young men were sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. It was felt, owing to the meagre results of these trials, that the government had made a mistake in acting at all.

A much more sensational matter was the Wreschen affair, which was unduly magnified in the foreign press to the discredit of the Prussian authorities. The facts are these: German has been the language of instruction in all the Polish schools for nearly thirty years, except in the hour given to religious instruction. The rule has been gradually established, however, of introducing German into the religious teaching of the upper classes, too, where the children have already sufficiently acquired the language. This was assuredly no hardship for the pupils, as is shown by the smooth working of the system in many other Polish towns. The pupils in the school at Wreschen, however, instigated by their parents and others, refused to take religious instruction in the German language; and after they had persisted in their refusal for some days, the school authorities of the province directed that corporal punishment be resorted to. This was administered in no inhumane form, — about a dozen of the children receiving from two to four strokes on each hand with a light rattan cane. During the punishment some excited parents and other persons rushed into the schoolroom and made threatening demonstrations against the teachers and the government inspector. This semi-riotous behavior was made the basis of a trial, which resulted in sentences which were condemned for their severity, even by papers friendly to the government. Ultimately, however, Count Bülow ordered the corporal punishment discontinued, out of deference to public opinion.

Very likely these sentences were too severe; yet persons outside of Germany

should be slow to conclude that Prussia's general policy toward the Poles is therefore specially harsh. It may be admitted that the police in Polish cities often show excessive zeal in exerting authority against petty manifestations of Polish tendencies. But the fact remains that the Prussian government has a very real problem to solve in the Polish provinces. The government is bound, under the existing circumstances, to stand by the German element there and prevent its Polonization. At the same time it lies equally in the interest of both races that the Poles should know German. It is to be regretted that the Poles still indulge in impracticable dreams of a restored Polish kingdom, and are thus prevented from accepting present conditions and making the best of them. Foreigners can only do harm by encouraging those dreams. It is too late in history to waste regrets over the division of Poland.

Conditions in the army in respect to dueling and the administration of justice occasioned much concern in the public mind last year. Interest centred around two typical cases. At Gumbinnen a cavalry officer was killed, evidently by one of his troopers; and after several non-commissioned officers had been tried for the crime and acquitted, they were arrested again and brought to trial before another military court, which condemned one of the men to death. The conviction was a great shock to the public conscience, as the evidence was of the flimsiest kind; and the case made the impression that the military spirit which rendered the Dreyfus case possible in France exists to some extent in Germany. It made all the worse impression that the proceedings of the court were highly irregular from the standpoint of the new military code. The Insterburg duel moved the country still more profoundly. The affair was briefly as follows: Lieutenant Blaskowitz, in a state of deep intoxication, struck another officer who

was conducting him home. The latter reported the matter to the "council of honor" of the regiment, which decided that this insult rendered a duel unavoidable; and Blaskowitz was slain at the first exchange of bullets. The Kaiser at once interfered, and caused the retirement of the regimental commander who had done nothing to prevent this absurd duel. The interpellation in the Reichstag caused by the affair showed that the sentiment of the country against dueling has grown more pronounced than ever. The traditional friends of the duel, who had been accustomed to defend it on similar occasions, were silenced by the Insterburg tragedy. While dueling in the army had already decreased as the result of the Kaiser's Cabinet order of 1897, public condemnation of the practice has become so general and strong that the country would gladly see him forbid it altogether.

The development of the Social Democracy grows more interesting every year. The ablest thinker in the party is now Eduard Bernstein, who returned a year or two ago from a long banishment in England. Since his return to Germany, Bernstein has been making vigorous attacks upon some of the most important articles of the older Socialist creed. He utterly rejects the proposition, fundamental to the whole Socialist movement, that the working classes, under the existing order of society, necessarily grow poorer, while capitalists grow richer. The annual convention of the party at Lübeck was rendered particularly interesting through an attempt of the elder leaders to silence Bernstein. A great debate was held, in which he refuted, from official statistics, the theory of the growing impoverishment of the working classes. No effective answer was made to this; and Bebel even admitted that the impoverishment is only relative, — the working classes improving their condition, indeed, but not so rapidly as the rich.

Notwithstanding Bernstein's radical departure from the elder creed of Socialism, the convention made no attempt to sever relations with him. Bebel drew his mild resolutions of censure, not against any fundamental position of Bernstein, but merely against the "one-sided manner" of the latter's criticisms. Although Singer asserted that it would be preferable for the party to split up rather than have Bernstein's views become general, the convention contented itself with the feeble "expectation" that Bernstein would go to work for the party and talk less. It gave a Pickwickian flavor to the entire controversy when Bebel assured Bernstein that the resolutions meant no vote of censure upon the latter, and when Bernstein declared his adherence to his convictions, but that, in view of Bebel's assurances, he would have "appropriate regard to the party's vote." In other matters coming before the convention, the same compromising spirit, the same lack of sharply defined convictions, was manifested. Hence the impression left upon the public was that the Socialists no longer have a uniform creed; and many critics even expect an early split in the party over theoretical differences. Nevertheless, the party advances in solid phalanx to its practical work. It gained many seats in state legislatures and town councils during the year, and Bernstein himself is about to be elected to the Reichstag.

The event of the year in educational circles was a remarkable demonstration among the university professors in favor of unprejudiced scientific investigation. The movement was occasioned through the appointment of Professor Spahn to a new chair in the University of Strassburg, which was founded for teaching the Catholic view of history. This appointment, with the confessional limitation carried with it, was highly disapproved by the university men. Professor Mommsen wrote a letter, in which he protested earnestly against the ap-

pointment of professors, whether Catholic or Protestant, whose freedom as investigators should be circumscribed by obligation of sect or creed. The publication of Mommsen's letter called forth strong indorsements from the professors of nearly every university in Germany. In connection with this movement, the government official having charge of appointments of professors in the Prussian universities was sharply criticised by some professors, while others came to his defense, and the Kaiser also made a demonstration in his favor.

The prostration of business, which began in Germany nearly two years ago, assumed in 1901 graver proportions than had been deemed possible in the best informed circles of German financiers. As the year advanced, various financial and industrial establishments failed under sensational circumstances, while many others encountered financial difficulties which greatly impaired their productive capacity and damaged their moral standing. The failure of the Leipziger Bank, an old and trusted institution, at the end of June, created an excitement little short of panic. This bank carried down with it a number of others, as well as some manufacturing concerns. Insolvencies followed one another in rapid succession during the summer, and Germany seemed to be approaching a vortex of economic disaster. In the last quarter of the year, however, failures were fewer and less sensational, and business confidence gradually revived.

Coincident with these calamities credits were sharply contracted by the banks, which had to reef their sails for bad financial weather. This rendered the position of many companies all the more precarious. Production in nearly all branches of manufacturing was much restricted. Prices of most goods fell heavily, and in many important departments, like the iron trade, work was carried on at a loss. Wages were reduced everywhere, and laborers were

thrown out of employment in great numbers. The tide of working people, which for several years had been flowing into Germany from Austria, Italy, and Russia, was reversed, and in some cases unemployed foreigners were expelled from the country. At the end of the year it was estimated that the number of persons without work in the empire reached a half million. In many cities measures of relief were adopted, and some of the state governments undertook special public works in order to assist the unemployed.

In my article a year ago I said: "The fact that German industries and German banks could shoot the rapids of the year 1900 without any serious disaster is the best possible proof of the solid and honest business methods that prevail among German industrial and financial institutions." This statement must now undergo some modification. While it remains true that the great bulk of German companies are honestly conducted, the failures of last year revealed an amount of moral rotteness which amazed and shocked the country. Men who occupied highly respected positions in society were unmasked as swindlers and forgers. Many of these are now in prison, awaiting trial; some fled the country; while others blew out their brains. All this produced a feeling of deep humiliation in the business community. Germany has long been justly proud of the reputation for commercial integrity which its business men enjoy throughout the world, and the financial solidity of its banks has been widely known. The revelations of the year, however, occasioned frequent confessions in the press

that the fair reputation of German business men had been tarnished with a stain which it would take years to wipe out. This new consciousness of the Germans that their financial virtue is not superior to that of other countries can have only a wholesome effect upon the national character.

The chief cause of the great business revulsion from which Germany is now suffering is everywhere recognized as having been a too rapid economic expansion. The great wave of prosperity which set in about the middle of the nineties had a most intoxicating effect upon the public mind, and produced a period of speculation, perhaps not so reckless as that ending with the panic of 1873, but of much vaster proportions. Every enterprise undertaken by German business men seemed to succeed as if by magic, and a spirit of optimism was engendered which finally ignored the limitations of human capacity. German financiers were ready to serve as directors in dozens of enterprises of the most varied character. The public, too, caught this spirit of exaggerated optimism, and abandoned itself to a wild scramble for all the issues of industrial stock that could be thrown upon the market. Manufacturing establishments were enlarged far beyond the consuming power of the country and the probable exporting capacity of Germany.

All this has now been completely reversed. The issues of industrial stock amounted last year to only seventy-six million marks, against six hundred and sixty-six million in 1899. Germany is undergoing a period of economic trial and suspended development until new recuperative forces shall emerge.

William C. Dreher.

ITALIAN RHAPSODY.

I.

DEAR Italy! The sound of thy soft name
 Soothes me with balm of Memory and Hope.
 Mine, for the moment, height and sweep and slope
 That once were mine. Supreme is still the aim
 To flee the cold and gray
 Of our December day,
 And rest where thy clear spirit burns with unconsuming flame.

II.

There are who deem remembered beauty best,
 And thine, imagined, fairer is than sight
 Of all the charms of other realms confessed,
 Thou miracle of sea and land and light.
 Was it lest, envying thee,
 The world unhappy be,
 Benignant Heaven gave to all the all-consoling Night?

III.

Remembered beauty best? Who reason so?
 Not lovers, yearning to the same dumb star
 That doth disdain their passion, — who, afar,
 Seek touch and voice in velvet winds and low.
 No, storied Italy,
 Not thine that heresy,
 Thou who thyself art fairer far than Fancy e'er can show.

IV.

To me thou art an ever-brooding spell;
 An old enchantment, exorcised of wrong;
 A beacon, whereagainst the wings of Song
 Are bruisèd so, they cannot fly to tell;
 A mistress, at whose feet
 A myriad singers meet,
 To find thy beauty the despair of measures full and sweet.

V.

Of old, ere caste or custom froze the heart,
 What tales of thine did Chaucer re-indite, —
 Of Constance, and Griselda, and the plight
 Of pure Cecilia, — all with joyous art!
 Oh, to have journeyed down
 To Canterbury town,
 And known, from lips that touched thy robe, that triad of renown!

VI.

Fount of Romance whereat our Shakespeare drank!
Through him the loves of all are linked to thee
By Romeo's ardor, Juliet's constancy.
He sets the peasant in the royal rank;
Shows under mask and paint
Kinship of knave and saint,
And plays on stolid man with Prospero's wand and Ariel's prank.

VII.

Another English foster-child hadst thou
When Milton from the breast of thy delight
Drew inspiration. With a vestal's vow
He fed the flame caught from thy sacred light.
And when upon him lay
The long eclipse of day,
Thou wert the memory-hoarded treasure of his doomèd sight.

VIII.

Name me a poet who has trod thy soil;
He is thy lover, ever hastening back,
With thee forgetting weariness and toil,
The nightly sorrow for the daily lack.
How oft our lyric race
Looked last upon thy face!
Oh, would that I were worthy thus to die in thine embrace!

IX.

Oh, to be kin to Keats as urn with urn
Shares the same Roman earth! — to sleep, apart,
Near to the bloom that once was Shelley's heart,
Where bees, like lingering lovers, re-return;
Where the proud pyramid,
To brighter glory bid,
Gives Cestius his longed-for fame, marking immortal Art.

X.

Or, in loved Florence, to repose beside
Our trinity of singers! Fame enough
To neighbor lordly Landor, noble Clough,
And her, our later sibyl, sorrow-eyed.
Oh, tell me, — not their arts,
But their Italian hearts
Won for their dust that narrow oval, than the world more wide!

XI.

So might I lie where Browning should have lain,
My "Italy" for all the world to read,

Like his on the palazzo. For thy pain
 In losing from thy rosary that bead,
 England accords thee room
 Around his minster tomb,—
 A province conquered of thy soul, and not an Arab slain!

XII.

Then take these lines, and add to them the lay,
 All inarticulate, I to thee indite:
 The sudden longing on the sunniest day,
 The happy sighing in the stormiest night;
 The tears of love that creep
 From eyes unwont to weep,
 Full with remembrance, blind with joy, and with devotion deep.

XIII.

Absence from thee is such as men endure
 Between the glad betrothal and the bride;
 Or like the years that Youth, intense and sure,
 From his ambition to his goal must bide.
 And if no more I may
 Mount to Fiesole . . .
 Oh, then were Memory meant for those to whom is Hope denied.

XIV.

Show me a lover who hath drunk by night
 Thy beauty-potion, as the grape the dew:
 'T were little wonder he were poet too,
 With wine of song in unexpected might,
 While moonlit cloister calls
 With plashy fountain-falls,
 Or darkened Arno moves to music with its mirrored light.

XV.

Who can withstand thee? What distress or care
 But yields to Naples, or that long day-dream
 We know as Venice, where alone more fair
 Noon is than night; where every lapping stream
 Woos with a soft caress
 Our new-world weariness,
 And every ripple smiles with joy at sight of scene so rare?

XVI.

The mystery of thy charm,—ah, who hath guessed?
 'T was ne'er divined by day or shown in sleep;
 Yet sometimes Music, floating from her steep,

Holds to our lips a chalice brimmed and blest:
Then know we that thou art
Of the Ideal part,—
Of man's one thirst that is not quenched, drink he howe'er so deep.

XVII.

Thou human-hearted land, whose revels hold
Man in communion with the antique days,
And summon him from prosy greed to ways
Where Youth is beckoning to the Age of Gold;
How thou dost hold him near
And whisper in his ear
Of the lost Paradise that lies beyond the alluring haze!

XVIII.

In tears I tossed my coin from Trevi's edge,—
A coin unsordid as a bond of love,—
And, with the instinct of the homing dove,
I gave to Rome my rendezvous and pledge.
And when imperious Death
Has quenched my flame of breath,
Oh, let me join the faithful shades that throng that fount above.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

AFFAIRS AND LETTERS.

“As a rule,” says Mr. Stedman, “distrust the quality of that product which is not the result of legitimate professional labor. Art must be followed as a means of subsistence to render its creations worthy, to give them a human element.” The dictum comes very gracefully from one who has never himself had to pluck the waterfowl before he apostrophized it; yet Mr. Stedman would hardly be called an amateur in letters. No doubt the literary hack gets along more expeditiously on account of the bur under his saddle, but he is likely to be moving in a zigzag haste, with an eye to more nutritious wayside refreshment than Atalanta’s. The literary profession, like pugilism, has its corollaries; theatrical starring, for in-

stance, or even bag-punching,—a creditable form of exercise which some people pay to see. But one does not like to feel that professionalism in literature, if it is a title to honor, should turn upon the point of support. Pretty much the same mediocrity is the rule in Grub Street as elsewhere, and a good deal of the best work gets itself done far from that ancient *via dolorosa*. Arnold was not an amateur because he inspected schools, or Lowell because he taught, or Lamb because he clerked it. Nor is Austin Dobson’s work likely to change in character or quality because he has now ceased to spend certain hours of the day in the Foreign Office.

But these men, it might be said, were really literary men, whatever method

of boiling the pot they may have found convenient; the genuine man of affairs, eminent in his own field, very seldom produces pure literature. Granted: but the thing does sometimes happen; and when it does, the world is not likely to wish that something else had happened instead, least of all that the man had never concerned himself with affairs. On the contrary, it recognizes that the work owes its merit to the man as he is. Some men have to be doing a great many things in order to do anything well. If their everyday brains were not busied with finance or politics or scholarship, their holiday brains would remain unnourished and sterile. They do not care for solitude or meditation. They are not interested in landscape, natural or human. They must have a tangible end in view, whether it is the proving of a thesis or the making of a million. That end attained or in sight leaves the spirit free for fresh woods and pastures new.

Walter Bagehot was this sort of man. He took the liveliest interest in banking and politics and economics, had his say about them all, and, in byplay, had his say about literature also. He was too busy to be anxious to say things or to be fussy about his manner of speech. His somewhat testy American editor fumes in many a footnote over the essayist's slipshod syntax and inaccuracies of quotation and allusion. Probably most of his readers feel that these details do not matter much; a worse thing would have befallen if by taking thought of his predicates and his authorities he had deprived us of the open, vigorous style, the hearty talking voice, refined yet unstudied, for which we value him.

One of Bagehot's earliest essays has just been handsomely reprinted from the standard Traveler's Company edition.¹ In that essay he expresses what he expressed more whimsically later,—

a good-humored contempt for the professional writer: "The reason why so few good books are written is that so few people that can write know anything. In general, an author has always lived in a room, has read books, has cultivated science, is acquainted with the style and sentiments of the best authors. But he is out of the way of employing his own eyes and ears. He has nothing to hear and nothing to see. His life is a vacuum." Bagehot could not foresee that in the course of a half century the author would have deserted his comfortable quarters, and would be sleeping in byways and eating by hedges for fear some stray vagabond of copy should not be brought in to the literary feast. When this was written, the common ideal of the author's life was very different; there was the admired Southey tradition, for example. "Southey had no events, no experiences," wrote Bagehot. "His wife kept house and allowed him pocket money, just as if he had been a German professor devoted to accents, tobacco, and the dates of Horace's amours." Rough as the judgment is, one hardly knows what to say for the benefits of seclusion and leisure when an active man can write like this. Bagehot's own love of action made him somewhat uncharitably impatient of anything like physical or mental sedentariness. It was a grown man's business to be doing as well as thinking, to "get into the game," whatever it might be, and to let earned insight and unbidden zeal wield the pen if it must be wielded. Even action without thought is better than thought without action, he thinks. "Shakespeare was too wise not to know that for many of the purposes of human life stupidity was a most valuable element. He had nothing of the impatience which sharp, logical, narrow minds habitually feel when they come across those who do not apprehend their quick and precise deductions. . . . We must have cart horses as well as race horses, draymen as well as poets. It is no bad

¹ *Shakespeare the Man.* By WALTER BAGEHOT. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1901.

thing, after all, to be a slow man and have one idea a year." But if Bagehot did not mind dullness, narrow and "grim people" of all sorts shared the contempt which he felt for the idle and speculative. "Meeting a certain religionist is like striking the corner of a wall; he is possessed of a firm and rigid persuasion that you must leave off this and that, stop, be anxious, be advised, and, above all things, refrain from doing what you like, for nothing is so bad for any one as that."

It would be shallow to suggest that Bagehot's contribution to literature is confined to his critical essays. He wrote on the English Constitution, on banking, on political economy, as directly, vigorously, and humorously as on Shakespeare or Gibbon. He had only one manner; and his final triumph was, perhaps, that he could be even a mystic without numbering himself among the army of the "grim people."

This fact would be enough in itself to recommend him to so lively a spirit as Mr. Birrell, who has made him the subject of one of the most interesting papers in his recent volume.¹ Mr. Birrell, too, is a man of affairs, whose interest in life is in no sense reflected from literature. He records with much satisfaction that Bagehot "most surely had an *experiencing nature*, and impressed the stamp of life on everything he wrote. . . . This is the reason why Mr. Bagehot is so great a favorite with literary men. Most authors who write books in their libraries cherish at the bottom of their hearts, if not a dislike, at least a gloomy suspicion, of books and bookishness." On the other hand, Mr. Birrell does not consider the practical point of view altogether a good thing for the author. "It is very delightful to have a man of affairs writing about books," he says. "It is most refreshing and invigorating as well as unusual,

but of course qualities have their defects. Mr. Bagehot is too much alive to the risks of the social structure, far too anxious lest any convention on which it seems to rest should be injured in the handling, to be quite at his ease on the pleasant slopes of Parnassus. For example, he never cared for Tristram Shandy, which, he thought, should be read in extracts. He calls it an indecent novel written by a clergyman."

Mr. Birrell's present papers will be of uneven interest to the incompendious mind. Like Bagehot, this barrister, member of Parliament, and critic has several mental avenues, along any of which he may happen to take his constitutional. Like Bagehot, he is at once mystic, humorist, and man of affairs. Besides the critical and biographical papers, this volume contains two theological essays, two discursive addresses (on education and on reading), and a vivacious description of the House of Commons. Lovers of *Obiter Dicta* and the companion volumes will perhaps be disappointed that the character of many of these papers has precluded the free play of Mr. Birrell's delicate effrontery. "It is a great shame," he says, in speaking of Bagehot, "but one always remembers the playfulness of a writer — some purely human touch of his — so much better than one does his philosophy or history." One is likely to carry away from this book the memory of some such touches as when the writer speaks of "sugared phrases, which seem intended, like lollipops, for suction;" or of the fierce competition among publishers "who puff their own productions and extol the often secret charms of their kept authors with an impetuosity almost indelicate." But there are soberer passages to remember; like this, for example, from the address on The Ideal University: "The teaching in the Ideal University is without equivocation and without compromise. Its notes are zeal, accuracy, fullness, and authority. The education it essays to

¹ *Essays and Addresses*. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

give will not teach you to outgabble your neighbor in the law courts, to unseat him in his constituency or undersell him in the market place. Gentlemen, let it be understood once and for all, these things do *not* require a university education. The commonwealth may safely leave them to be performed by the co-operation of the three primary forces,—ambition, necessity, and greed."

Mr. Birrell does not go much beyond the affirmation that "the great business of the university is to teach." The methods and the end of such teaching are discussed somewhat at length in two recent American volumes,—the work, according to Mr. Stedman's definition, of unprofessional writers.¹ President Hadley's book, like Mr. Birrell's, is a collection of addresses and essays. Its scope, as the title indicates, is confined to problems of education and citizenship. It is without obvious literary graces and unleavened by humor; but it is a most interesting book in substance, and so direct and compact in style as to endure easily the crucial second reading. The brief initial address, in particular, is so tense and terse a piece of composition that the quotation from the Gettysburg Address with which it closes surprises one by its lack of contrast with what has gone before.

Mr. Münsterberg's volume of collected essays also concerns American education and citizenship. He is speaking professedly from the point of view of a German, but with the tongue of a highly cultivated American, fluent, idiomatic, and varied (to carp would be to note the repeated quaintness "still much more," which certainly *ought* to be good English). If the native phrase-maker is disconcerted by this graceful command of language, the native satirist will be equally put to it to account for the lightness of spirit and free humor which mark these essays. May it dawn upon

him at last that the testimony of *Fliegende Blätter* is no more trustworthy than *Punch's*; that national taste in jokes may differ, but that humor is much the same everywhere. Cervantes was a Yankee, and so was Heine, and so was Shakespeare; at all events, we should be loath to admit that Mr. Münsterberg is not. It is reassuring to know that he has also a German audience, to which he is accustomed to speak of Germany from the point of view of an American. We ought to be willing to go halves with the Fatherland for such a purpose.

President Hadley and Mr. Münsterberg are in perfect agreement as to the main principles of the higher education. Readers of the Atlantic will recall Mr. Münsterberg's strictures upon the elective system. "Many a student in our modern schools," says President Hadley, "has been simply stuffed with the sugarplums of education. By offering a child a pound of candy, you can very rapidly increase his weight by one pound, and can produce all the external symptoms of a vigorous appetite; but any sensible man or woman knows that the weight thus gained is transient, and the appetite thus evoked worse than illusory." The main contention of both writers is for the education of power as against the education of knowledge. "The whole activity of the citizen is a course of higher education in morality," says President Hadley, "an education which may be rightly directed or wrongly directed, used or misused, but in which the citizen is engaged as long as he lives. If this is true,—and there is no question of its truth,—any attempt to make information take the place of discipline is a menace to our national life for a generation to come. As a preparation for the school of national policies, ten hours of training in civics are not the equivalent of one minute of

¹ *American Traits.* By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

The Education of the American Citizen. By ARTHUR T. HADLEY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

training in order and obedience." In his very rich essay on American Democracy, Mr. Münsterberg expresses the same truth even more vigorously. He has just concluded a paragraph by saying, "Where a genius is needed, democracy appoints a committee;" and goes on: "Perhaps still more closely are defect and virtue bound together in the case of the democratic spirit of individual activity. Every one feels himself lawmaker and authority; the immediate result is the tendency to disregard every other authority but one's own self. A lack of reverence pervades the whole community, and controls the family, the school, the public life. The pert American boy, who does just what he pleases, may thus get an early training in democratic politics; but while he wastes the best of the home and of the classroom, he gets at the same time the worst possible training for the duties of life, all of which demand that he do later quite other things than those which he likes to do. He will learn too late that it is a great thing to command, but a greater thing to obey, and that no one can sign early enough the declaration of dependence."

Mr. Münsterberg is inclined to lay the greater stress upon the importance of productive scholarship to the university and to American culture. Our deficiency in such scholarship he traces in part to another cause than habitual indulgence of individual caprice. In the essay on Woman, he says, among other uncompromising things: "A lack of respect for really strenuous thought characterizes women in general. Dilettantism is the keynote. The half-educated man is much more likely to show an instinctive respect for trained thought, and to abstain from opinions where he is ignorant. But the half-educated woman cannot discriminate between the superficial and the profound, and, without the slightest hesitation, she effuses, like a bit of gossip, her views on Greek art, or on Darwinism,

or on the human soul, between two spoonfuls of ice cream. Even that is almost refreshing as a softening supplement to the manly work of civilization, but it would be a misfortune if such a spirit were to gain the controlling influence." American culture, this stern critic thinks, is in serious danger of effemimation, partly through the shaping of educational methods to fit the feminine capacity, and partly because in every community the diligent half cultivation of women is going on, while the men make little effort toward cultivation of any sort. To offset the effect of this double process, only one means is possible: "No one can suggest that woman's education in this country ought to take any steps backward; all the glorious opportunities must remain open, and only one practical change must come in response to the urgent needs of our period, — the American man must raise his level of general culture. In short, the woman's question is, in this country, as ultimately perhaps everywhere, the man's question. Reform the man, and all the difficulties disappear."

But scholars and men of affairs are not the only unprofessional writers to whom we are owing much, now that toil has at last found a voice of its own. What the eighteenth century thought simply vulgar, and the nineteenth valued as material for the artist or the sociologist, is now received on even terms in the "best literary circles;" the annals of the poor are to be short and simple no longer. To the records of men like Wyckoff and Flynt there clings necessarily something of the laboratory odor; the real revelation has come in the first-hand reality of work like Gorky's or Rosenfeld's or Bullen's. Of Mr. Bullen's latest book¹ it must be said that it possesses little of the power which belonged to his earlier work. This, indeed, is a story of hum-

¹ *The Apostles of the Southeast.* By FRANK T. BULLEN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1901.

ble life, but not of the life which the first mate knows best. The *Cruise of the Cachalot*, The *Log of a Sea-Waif*, and *Idylls of the Sea* brought something fresh into literature, a new sense of the glamour and the horror of old ocean. We have heard before of the hardships and brutalities of the fo'c'sle, and we have taken part in so many imaginary shipwrecks and mutinies that the truth of the matter looks barely life-size. But no landsman and few seamen can have known the sea itself as this man knows it; he has the "experiencing nature," and, what is equally important to us, the faculty of speech. His style is uneven, not seldom rhetorical in an old-fashioned way,—loaded to the rail with adjectives, and at times consciously "poetical" (for example, "the full-orbed moon in a molten glow of purest silver traverses the purple concave as a conquering queen escorted by her adoring subjects"); at its best it is strong and vivid. Altogether its most striking quality, however, is the haunting sense of awe tinged with quiet melancholy, from which the writer, with all his active cheerfulness, never quite escapes. "When that familiar freshness was found to be giving place to a stale, stagnant greasiness, to which a mawkish, uninvigorating atmosphere clung, what wonder that uneasiness — all the more difficult to bear because undefinable — became generally manifest! . . . Not only fish of bizarre shape abounded, but vast numbers of great medusæ — semi-transparent simulacra of all the hideous things that ever haunted a maniac's dream — crawled greasily about us, befouling the once clear blue of the sea, and coating its sleek surface with stagnant slime. And, deeper down, mighty shadows passed sluggishly to and fro, filling the gazers with wordless terror as the days crept wearily away and those formless apparitions gradually chose higher levels." Where else could this be found, unless among the opium-fed imaginations of De Quincey? Coleridge

knew somehow of this effect of a long tropical calm (his "slimy things did crawl with legs" has long formed the charming motif of a favorite dream of the writer's); but the mighty formless submarine shadows are a touch beyond him.

In *The Apostles of the Southeast*, unfortunately, there are only a few glimpses of the sea; it is a story of London mission life, very earnest, very pious, and not very interesting. But we can only suppose that this is an experiment or a momentary lapse, and not a sign that Mr. Bullen has worked out his vein, or has resolved to edify the readers whom he has hitherto delighted.

To the literal, the name of Edward FitzGerald will seem to figure oddly among these active men. If we are to believe him, he liked nothing less than any sort of systematic activity. Happily, the creative spirit springs forth now and then from the slough of dilettantism as well as from the paved highways of trade or the trodden paths of the quadrangle. FitzGerald on FitzGerald is not to be taken too seriously. It was his whim to represent himself as idle and vacillating, but few men have been more consistent or more genuinely employed. Taking him, however, as the type of inaction, he would still have, in common with the other subjects of this paper, his technical amateurship in letters. He never made or desired to make any money by writing.

It is amazing how much really valuable material remains to be unearthed, after all these years of literary excavation. This is especially true of letters, which in the nature of things are likely to turn up from time to time in unexpected quarters. The new letters of FitzGerald¹ are very much like the old; they express in the old delightful way the simple charm of the man: the steady loyalty, the sound though limited

¹ *More Letters of Edward FitzGerald*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

taste, the amiable querulousness, the touching undervaluation of self, — all the gentle humanness, in short, which has given FitzGerald place beside Lamb among the beloved figures in English letters. The two Tennysons, Pollock, Spedding, Thackeray, and Carlyle, — once again they appear in these pages as the cherished friends of the hermit of Little Grange. He could judge them freely, — deplored the rancor of Carlyle, the sentimentalism of Tennyson, the wasted Baconian labors of Spedding, or the worldliness of Thackeray; but he could not stop loving them.

A few passages from these letters will hang more closely in the memory of those who read them for the sake of their writer; as, for example, his note on traveling: "He [Tennyson] is come back from Switzerland rather disappointed, I am glad to say. How could such herds of gaping idiots come back enchanted if there were much worth going to see? I think that tours in Switzerland and Italy are less often published now than formerly; but there is all Turkey, Greece, and the East to be prostituted, also; and I fear we shan't hear the end of it in our lifetimes. Suffolk turnips seem to me so classical compared to all that sort of thing." Or there are the two characteristic allusions to his Persian translations. The first was made in 1870: "They have their merits, and do very well to give

to friends, and to please a few readers for the time, and then to subside — things of taste, not of genius at all — which, you know, is the one thing needful." And ten years later: "As to the Americans you met, if I were ten years younger I should really be disquieted by such overestimation (I mean as translator, not poet, of course) as must make me ridiculous here. It is very odd." The letter closes with a whimsical allusion to himself as "the great American Pote."

An interesting reprint was published not long ago of FitzGerald's *Polonius*,¹ a scrapbook sort of work of which the author was fond, though he claimed little for it. "It is," he wrote in the preface, "not a book of Beauties — other than as all who have the best to tell have also the best way of telling it; nor of the limbs and outward flourishes of truth, however eloquent; but, in general, and as far as I understand, of clear, decided, wholesome, and available insight into our nature and duties." Among the sober or witty *vestigia* which make up the book, one finds himself culling out those which connect themselves most plainly with FitzGerald's idiosyncrasy; none more unmistakably than this: "Themistocles said he could not fiddle, but he could rule a city. If a man can rule a city well, let him; but it is better to play the fiddle well than to rule a city ill."

H. W. Boynton.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT POETRY.

IT is sometimes charged against American scholarship that it does not produce books. Journal articles on special topics, dissertations on the infinitely minute, monographs on remote obscurities, — these we have in abundance, but hardly a book. The larger grasp necessary for handling facts in

their more general bearings is said to be lacking; or, if it exists, it is unaccompanied by the courage to state those generalizations which are, after all, the main end of scholarship. This indictment, if it were substantiated, would

¹ *Polonius*. By EDWARD FITZGERALD. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. 1901.

seem to indicate that our scholars are yet largely in the stage of apprenticeship; but we may at least take comfort in the fact that the fault is one springing from caution and modesty, and so, if we judge from other manifestations of the national spirit, not likely to be fatal or permanent.

The appearance, however, of such a work as Professor Gummere's *Beginnings of Poetry*¹ suggests that the accusation is too sweeping. Here, at any rate, is no mere laborious accumulation of facts, but a book; laden with erudition as wide and deep as any German of them all can show, yet revealing a mind alert, many-sided, profound, mastering and not mastered by its learning. Further, Mr. Gummere has a style. The brilliance of phrasing, the richness of allusion, the breeziness and rapidity which are familiar to readers of his previous writings, are here vigorously sustained, with an advance in clearness and explicitness.

The subject of investigation is the nature of the earliest poetical production. This is not, of course, the national epic, once called primitive, nor even the traditional ballad and the folk song as these are extant to-day. It is something still more remote, known to us chiefly by certain survivals that may be detected in the less sophisticated forms of literature. This point has not always been made sufficiently clear by the supporters of that communal theory of which Mr. Gummere is now the most prominent exponent, but he is satisfactorily explicit: "The present object is not to assert communal authorship, in any literal sense, for the ballad of the collections, but to show in it elements which cannot be referred to individual art, and which are of great use in determining the probable form and origins of primitive poetry."

"Rhythmic utterance with mainly

¹ *The Beginnings of Poetry.* By FRANCIS B. GUMMERE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

emotional origin" is Gummere's working definition of poetry, and he justifies it in a spirited examination of a great mass of poetic theory. The decision in favor of rhythmic utterance as the essential fact is not merely conveniently simple, but is significant of the drift of the whole argument; for here at once he finds proof of the fundamentally social character of poetry. "In rhythm, in sounds of the human voice, timed to movements of the human body, mankind first discovered that social consent which brought the great joys and the great pains of life to a common utterance."

The three central chapters of the work deal with the all-important distinction between the communal and the artistic elements in poetry. The poetry of art the author regards as distinguished by the fact that it is primarily the expression of the solitary poet. To him belong the idea of literary property and the desire of fame, — conceptions unknown in more primitive ages. The assumption of interest in his own personality, self-consciousness, sentiment, the "lyric cry," these are some of the marks of the individual artist. Communal characteristics, on the other hand, are regarded as survivals of the period when the actual making of poetry was in the hands, not of the individual, but of the throng. Among these he notes and examines the elements of chorus, refrain, and repetition, — especially that "incremental repetition" so familiar in the traditional ballad; the traces of improvisation, singing, and dancing; the absence of figure, of individuality in portraiture, and of the personality of the singer. The evidence on these points, derived from the actual texts of surviving ballads and songs, is supported by a large mass of material drawn from ethnology and folk lore. Then, since, the farther back we go into primitive times, the elements pointing to a communal origin increase in importance, while the elements characteriz-

ing the individual artist dwindle, it is argued that we are justified in inferring the beginnings of poetry to have been purely the utterance of the throng.

The argument is largely cumulative, so that it is impossible to indicate its weight by an outline. The tribal lament for the dead, the rhythmical chants accompanying labor and festal dances and processions, are some of the primitive practices adduced in support; and evidence for the universality and antiquity of these is gathered from an immense field. The book closes with two chapters tracing the growth of the individual elements in poetry from the time when the occasional improviser emerges from the crowd dancing and singing in chorus, down to the modern era of the artist, busy in solitude with his sonnet, "that apartment for a single gentleman in verse."

Professor Gummere's task has been complicated by the necessity of disposing of the arguments of many predecessors in various parts of his field. This has been done with a quite exceptional vivacity; and while at times the mass of this criticism tends to obscure the main thread of the argument, it makes it possible to regard the present volume as the starting point of future discussion. A glance at the footnotes reveals the magnitude of the service implied. It is seldom that a student enjoys the spectacle of so great a mass of learning handled with such ease, such balance, and such humor.

At the other extreme of the field of poetics lie Professor Courthope's recent Oxford lectures on Life in Poetry and Law in Taste.¹ Here we have a subject-matter already so familiar that it precludes the possibility of such novel speculation as adds zest to the reading of Mr. Gummere's treatise. The old questions of the secret of vitality in po-

etry and of the existence of absolute standards of taste are once more raised and once more settled — till the next book appears. Yet it would be a mistake to regard these lectures as a useless threshing of old straw. It is true that he returns once more to Aristotle; but he treats the dicta of the Poetics in the light of the illuminating commentaries of Butcher, and he applies them to modern literary productions with much freshness and independence.

The volume opens with an inaugural address on Liberty and Authority in Matters of Taste. Courthope holds that society in all ages has insisted on the existence of standards of taste, and concludes that "in every art the standard is the example of the great artist, the practice of those who are acknowledged to be masters in the art." His method, then, is to be inductive. It is from an examination of those masterpieces that have stood the test of time that he is to derive the "laws and conditions on which the life of Poetry depends." These laws he attempts to trace in the phenomena of Poetical Conception, Poetical Expression, and Poetical Decadence.

In the matter of Poetical Conception, the essential requisites are that the subject should be seized by the mind of the poet in an individual way, and that it should have in it the element of the Universal. An interesting application of this double test is made to some modern poets, and the author suggests the danger to the permanence of the position of, say, Browning and Kipling, from the prominence in their work of matters of eccentric or merely temporary interest.

In this balance of the individual and universal elements in Poetry Courthope finds also the law of Poetical Expression, and in its overthrow the explanation of Poetical Decadence. From an examination of periods of decadence, like the decline of the Greek drama in Euripides, of Greek epic in Apollonius

¹ *Life in Poetry. Law in Taste.* By W. J. COURTHOPE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

Rhodius, the Senecan drama in Rome and the drama of the Restoration in England, he shows that the characteristic symptoms of decay were the domination of individual over universal elements, and the abdication by society of the right to judge, in favor of individuals and coteries. The principles thus derived he uses as a test of the state of contemporary poetry in France and England.

The second course of lectures, on Law in Taste, is based on a more detailed discussion of Aristotelian theory. The meaning of Aristotle's insistence on the Universal as the object of imitation in Fine Art is interestingly illustrated by reference to various phases of modern art; and it is supplemented by the statement of a Law of National Character, — "that the law of taste in each nation consists in the development of its own genius or character, in conformity with its sense of natural beauty." This national law is applied in three lectures to the history of poetry in France, Germany, and England; and its working is further illustrated by discussions of Chaucer, Milton, Pope, Tennyson, and Byron as "types of poetical art in different periods of English history." Professor Courthope concludes by pleading for the application of the Laws of Taste which he has sought to establish to contemporary criticism and education, as a check to the aesthetic anarchism of the current maxim, "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*"

No critic attempting such a wide sweep as is implied in the foregoing statement of the scope of this work could fail to raise at times in the reader the desire to controvert. Thus one is moved to protest against the almost complete ignoring of music, in making generalizations on the nature and laws of Fine Art as a whole. The result is, of course, excessive emphasis on the intellectual as opposed to the emotional elements in art. Again, Mr. Courthope is not always quite consistent. In

one lecture he speaks of the decline of the modern lyric, and says: "Sound reasoning would seem rather to point to the conclusion that, since the subjective and lyrical forms of poetry languish, the sources of life are rather to be sought on the objective side, and in the dramatic, ethical, and satiric forms of the art." Later on he amends Macaulay's maxim about the decline of poetry with the advance of civilization, thus: "When society reaches the stage at which self-consciousness is widely diffused, the epic, dramatic, and it may be added the didactic forms of poetry decline; and where poetry survives as an art, men mainly seek to express their ideas of nature in the lyric form." Yet he does not indicate that he holds the position, which, though far from plausible, is the only one capable of reconciling the two passages, that the modern world is ceasing to be self-conscious.

On the whole, however, Mr. Courthope's book is sane and suggestive, a typical outcome of conservative English culture. But if the question of originality is raised, and Mr. Gummere's volume called in comparison, it is not hard to give a verdict. It happens that both authors have occasion to discuss the question as to whether metre is of the essence of poetry. Both hold that it is: the contrast appears in the reasons offered. Courthope tells us that "the laws of artistic expression oblige" poets to write in metre, and his proof of this obligation consists merely in quoting specimen passages of poetry, and pointing out that the same result could never have been achieved in prose. "For example, when Marlowe wishes to represent the emotions of Faustus after he has called up the phantom of Helen of Troy, it is plain that some very rapturous form of expression is needed to convey an adequate idea of such famous beauty. Marlowe rises to the occasion in those 'mighty lines' of his: —

'Was this the face that launched a thousand
ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium ?'

But it is certain that he could only have ventured on the sublime audacity of saying that a face launched ships and burned towers by escaping from the limits of ordinary language, and conveying his metaphor through the harmonious and ecstatic movements of rhythm and metre.'

Contrast Mr. Gummere's suggestion

that rhythmical utterance and poetry are bound together by a common social origin : "This, then, is why rhythm will not be banished from poetry so long as poetry shall remain emotional utterance; for rhythm is not only sign and warrant of a social contract stronger, deeper, vaster, than any fancied by Rousseau, but it is the expression of a human sense more keen even than the fear of devils and the love of gods, — the sense and sympathy of kind."

William Allan Neilson.

THE YALE BICENTENNIAL PUBLICATIONS.

ONE of the most significant memorials of the two-hundredth birthday of Yale is the series of volumes¹ prepared by a

number of her professors and issued in connection with the anniversary, "as a partial indication of the character

¹ *The Education of the American Citizen.* By ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, LL. D., President of Yale University. 8vo, \$1.50 net.

Societology: A Text-Book of the Science of Society. By WILLIAM G. SUMNER, LL. D., Professor of Political and Social Science. 8vo, \$3.00 net. (*In preparation.*)

Two Centuries' Growth of American Law, 1701-1901. By Members of the Law Faculty of Yale University. 8vo, \$4.00 net.

The Confederate States of America, 1861-1865: A Financial and Industrial History of the South during the Civil War. By JOHN CHRISTOPHER SCHWAB, Ph. D., Professor of Political Economy. 8vo, \$2.50 net.

Essays in Historical Criticism. The Legend of Marcus Whitman; The Authorship of the Federalist; Prince Henry, the Navigator; The Demarcation Line of Pope Alexander VI., etc. By EDWARD GAYLORD BOURNE, Ph. D., Professor of History. 8vo, \$2.00 net.

India, Old and New. By EDWARD WASHBURN HOPKINS, Ph. D., Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology. 8vo, \$2.50 net.

The Great Epic of India: Its Character and Origin. By EDWARD WASHBURN HOPKINS, Ph. D., Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology. 8vo, \$4.00 net.

Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides. A new translation from the original, with Introduction and Notes and several illustrations. By BERNADETTE PERRIN, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Greek in Yale University. 8vo, \$2.50 net.

The Elements of Experimental Phonetics. By EDWARD W. SCRIPTURE, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Experimental Psychology. 8vo, \$5.00 net. (*Ready in March.*)

Historical and Critical Contributions to Biblical Science. By Members of the Biblical and Semitic Faculty. 8vo, \$2.50 net.

Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers. By ALBERT S. COOK, Ph. D., L. H. D., Professor of English. 8vo, \$4.00 net. (*March.*)

Shakespearean Wars: I. — Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist. By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, LL. D., L. H. D., Professor of English. 8vo, \$3.00 net.

On Principles and Methods in Syntax. With special reference to Latin. By E. P. MORRIS, M. A., Professor of Latin. 8vo, \$2.00 net.

Lectures on the Study of Language. By HANNS OERTEL, Ph. D., Professor of Linguistics and Comparative Philology. 8vo, \$3.00 net.

Chapters on Greek Metric. By THOMAS DWIGHT GOODELL, Ph. D., Professor of Greek. 8vo, \$2.00 net.

The Gallego-Castilian Court Lyrics of the 14th and 15th Centuries. By HENRY R. LANG, Ph. D., Professor of Romance Philology. 8vo, \$2.50 net. (*March.*)

Light. A consideration of the more familiar phenomena of optics. By CHARLES S. HASTINGS, Ph. D., Professor of Physics in Yale University. 8vo, \$2.00 net.

Contributions to Mineralogy and Petrography. From the Laboratories of the Sheffield Scien-

of the studies in which the university teachers are engaged." As originally planned, the publications were to represent, we believe, the work of a single department only. But it was soon found that no ordinary Jubiläum volume would represent adequately the variety and the extent of the intellectual activity of a modern university. As it became possible to present the results of investigations carried forward by various departments, the committee of publication were able to secure many long-planned books which awaited only the final preparations for the press. In estimating the character and purpose of these bicentennial volumes, therefore, it should be remembered that they were not manufactured to add to the glory of Yale's great celebration last October, but rather that the celebration was thought to be a fit occasion for offering to the public some concrete illustration of the work in which Yale scholars are constantly employed.

Many of these treatises are, in the nature of the case, too technical to attract the interest of the general reader. The Studies from the Chemical Laboratory of the Sheffield Scientific School, the Research Papers from the Kent Chemical Laboratory, Contributions to Mineralogy and Petrography, even Professor Hastings's masterly treatise on Light, and the promised Elementary Principles in Statistical Mechanics, by

tific School. Edited by S. L. PENFIELD, M. A., Professor of Mineralogy, and L. V. PIRSSON, Ph. B., Professor of Physical Geology. 8vo, \$4.00 net.

Elementary Principles in Statistical Mechanics. Developed with especial reference to the rational foundation of Thermodynamics. By J. WILLARD GIBBS, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Mathematical Physics. 8vo, \$2.50 net. (March.)

Vector Analysis. A textbook for the use of students of mathematics and physics. By EDWIN BIDWELL WILSON, Ph. D., Instructor in Mathematics in Yale University. Founded upon lectures delivered at the University by J. WILLARD GIBBS, Ph. D., LL. D., F. R. S., etc., Professor of Mathematical Physics in Yale University. 8vo, \$4.00 net.

Professor Gibbs, that illustrious investigator to whom the Copley medal of the Royal Society was recently awarded, — none of these titles give assurance of what Dr. Johnson would call a book to hold in your hand as you sit by the fire. But that agreeable function is, after all, only one of the uses of a book, and the monographs to which we have shown the scant courtesy of "printing by title" in a footnote will be judged at their true valuation by the audience of scientific specialists for whom they were intended.

Another clearly defined group of the bicentennial publications is made up of linguistic studies, in which the method is now as rigidly scientific as in any other department of university research, but whose subject-matter brings the discussion into the general field of literary history. To this class of treatises, representing as it does some of the most noteworthy recent achievements of American scholarship, belongs Professor Goodell's well-considered Chapters on Greek Metric. Professor Oertel's Lectures on the Study of Language surveys the results of linguistic science during the nineteenth century, but devotes itself mainly to the principles which underlie changes in language. Professor Morris's Principles and Methods in Syntax deals primarily with Latin syntax, and its illustrations are drawn largely from Plautus, upon whose

Studies from the Chemical Laboratory of the Sheffield Scientific School. Edited by HORACE L. WELLS, Professor of Analytical Chemistry and Metallurgy. 2 vols. 8vo, \$7.50 net.

Studies in Physiological Chemistry. Edited by R. H. CHITTENDEN, Ph. D., Professor of Physiological Chemistry, and Director of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. 8vo, \$4.00 net.

Studies in Evolution. By CHARLES EMERSON BEECHER, Ph. D., Professor of Historical Geology. 8vo, \$5.00 net.

Research Papers from the Kent Chemical Laboratory. Edited by FRANK AUSTIN GOOCH, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry. 2 vols. 8vo, \$7.50 net.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

writings Professor Morris is an acknowledged authority. The volume of Biblical and Semitic Studies is made up of critical and historical papers read before the Semitic and Biblical Club of the university. Professor Lang, in his Gallego-Castilian Court Lyrics of the 14th and 15th Centuries, will edit these poems for the first time, endeavoring to date them chronologically and to restore the text. Professor Cook's Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers will also be an attempt at text reconstruction, gathering into connected form the Biblical quotations dispersed through Old English literature. Professor Hopkins contributes two separate books. One analyzes the character and origin of the *Mahabharata*, the Great Epic of India; the collection of essays entitled *India, Old and New*, aims at a non-professional audience, and contains, particularly in its chapters on famine and the plague in Bombay, the record of careful and clear-sighted observations of the condition of India under British rule.

Two of the volumes in the series deal with great literary figures. Plutarch receives due honors from the hands of Professor Perrin, who furnishes new translations of the Lives of Themistocles and Aristides, with a most illuminating Introduction and Notes. The object of the book, as concisely stated in the preface, is "to bring out clearly the spirit of Plutarch as a writer of Lives: the easy and comfortable movements of his thought; his attitude toward men who are struggling with great problems of life and destiny; his amiable weaknesses as a judge of historical evidence; his relish for the personal anecdote and the *mot*; his disregard of the logic and chronology of events; his naïve appropriation of the literary product of others; his consummate art in making deeds and words, whether authentic or not, portray a preconceived character, — a more or less idealized character." This is an attractive pro-

gramme, surely, and the result is a charming book. Professor Perrin deals in skillful fashion with the difficult problems involved in a study of the sources of Greek history and biography, and his work may be heartily commended to a wide circle of students, not only of Greek history, but of the art of biographical and historical composition.

Shakespeare, who paid Plutarch the high compliment of borrowing so often and so closely from the Lives, is the theme of a genial book by Professor Lounsbury. Under the title *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, he sketches the history of the various views that have been held concerning Shakespeare as a dramatist and poet, down to the nineteenth century. This volume is the first of a series, under the general title of *Shakespearean Wars*, in which Professor Lounsbury proposes to write the history of the famous controversies waged over the foremost of poets. The next volume to appear will be *Shakespeare and Voltaire*, and a third volume will be devoted to the efforts to establish the text of the dramatist, and the linguistic and literary quarrels to which they have given rise. In the General Introduction accompanying the present work, Professor Lounsbury outlines his plan for the series, and comments upon the value of the lessons to be drawn from the quarrels of critics and commentators. "Few, in truth," he remarks dryly, "appreciate the invaluable services which have been wrought by wrath in behalf of the advancement of learning." The ten chapters of the book discuss, with the ample learning and tart wit familiar to readers of Professor Lounsbury's *Studies in Chaucer*, such topics as The Dramatic Unities, The Intermingling of the Comic and Tragic, Representation of Violence and Bloodshed, Minor Dramatic Conventions, and other allied subjects designed to illustrate the fluctuations of Shakespeare's reputation as a master of his

art. It is a book to be read with keen enjoyment.

Of the volumes of a more strictly historical character, Professor Schwab's *The Confederate States of America, 1861–1865*, a study of the financial and industrial history of the South during the Civil War, has already been reviewed at length in this magazine. There is much to interest even the casual reader in the sketch, by members of the Faculty of the Law School, of Two Centuries' Growth of American Law, 1701–1901. It furnishes a clear statement, by American lawyers of distinction, of what we have thus far accomplished in the field of jurisprudence. The most important and instructive paper in Professor Bourne's Essays in Historical Criticism is his workmanlike demonstration of the growth of the singular Legend of Marcus Whitman. A portion of this paper has already been printed in the American Historical Review, but it deserves reading in its present form by all who care to study the processes by which fiction, even in our own time, gets itself transformed into accepted history.

President Hadley's volume of papers and addresses, collected under the title

of *The Education of the American Citizen*, and commented upon elsewhere in this number of the Atlantic, may be taken as fairly symbolical of the aim of the entire series of books. Its ethical attitude is straightforwardly defined in these sentences of the preface: "The real test of an educational system lies in its training of the citizen to meet political exigencies. If it accomplishes this result, it is fundamentally good, whatever else it may leave undone; if it fails at this cardinal point, no amount of excellence in other directions can save it from condemnation." This belief that the higher education finds both its justification and its method through the service it renders to the public welfare is thoroughly characteristic of the spirit of Yale.

The most cursory examination of this impressive row of bicentennial volumes suggests not only the scholarship and the practical energy which a great modern university can at any moment command, but reminds one also that all this technical power, summarizing and foreshadowing as it does the thought of generations of men, is a noble contribution to the service of the public.

B. P.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

It is pleasant to see signs of a Trollope revival, and we may well hope that readers who are a little tired of cloak and sword romance will be glad to seek variety in the pages of *Doctor Thorne* and the *Barchester Chronicles*.¹ Perhaps no writer represents more perfectly than Trollope the great development of social and domestic tendencies in the English novel of the mid-

dle and third quarter of the last century. A man of real genius, he yet had not genius enough to stand out from and above his time; and for that very reason he portrays it more fully, just as Ben Jonson brings us nearer to the Elizabethan Age than does Shakespeare.

Trollope was essentially a realist: by which I do not mean that he had any elaborate theory as to his art, but simply that he described common life as common people see it. Realism is gen-

¹ *The Warden. Barchester Towers. Doctor Thorne.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: John Lane. 1901.

ius in the expression of the commonplace. Imagine a beef-eating, fox-hunting, Gaul-hating Englishman, red-cheeked, arrogant, stuffed full of prejudice, loathing a radical, idolizing a bishop and a lord, and worshiping British liberty,—imagine such a one with the exceptional gift of depicting himself and many another like him to the very life, and you have the author of *Orley Farm* and *Phineas Finn*.

It would be desirable to reprint Trollope's Autobiography with the novels, as no novelist has left us a more entertaining and instructive account of himself and his objects and methods of work. No character in his stories stands out more distinctly before us than the awkward, unfortunate, neglected boy, who tripped and stumbled through an imperfect education and a premature manhood, a burden and annoyance to his friends, an object of disgust and dissatisfaction to himself. Nor does any novel present a happier ending to the imagination of the sympathetic reader than that pleasant picture of a way found out of difficulties, of success achieved by honest industry, of self-respecting middle-class virtue rewarded with unlimited whist, wine, cigars, and fox-hunting. It is enough to turn the ambition of every poor boy in the direction of authorship.

What is especially delightful in Trollope's confessions is the utter absence of shame. Other artists—some others—do their pot-boiling in private, and proclaim publicly their scorn of pecuniary gain, their adoration of art for art's sake. Trollope writes for money, and is proud of getting it. He speaks of "that high-flown doctrine of the contempt of money, which I have never admired." If he can make a work of perfect art, well and good; but perfect or imperfect, it must sell. He gives an elaborate table—doubtless to many young authors the most interesting portion of the book—containing a full, dated list of all his writings

and the sums received for each of them up to the year 1879, amounting to three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Nor did Trollope believe that genius must be pampered, humored, taken at its propitious times and seasons. In the nineteenth century everything should be manufactured mechanically, books as well as shoes. "I had long since convinced myself that in such work as mine the great merit consisted in acknowledging myself to be bound by rules of labor similar to those which an artisan or a mechanic is forced to obey. A shoemaker, when he has finished one pair of shoes, does not sit down and contemplate his work in idle satisfaction: 'There is my pair of shoes finished at last! What a pair of shoes it is!' The shoemaker who so indulged himself would be without wages half his time. It is the same with a professional writer of books. . . . Having thought much of all this, and having made up my mind that I could be really happy only when I was at work, I had now quite accustomed myself to begin a second pair so soon as the first was out of my hands."

All the details of this cobbling process are complacently revealed to us. So many words an hour,—"to write with my watch before me, and to require from myself two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour. I have found that the two hundred and fifty words were forthcoming as regularly as my watch went,"—so many hours a day, so many novels a year! Carlyle required absolute silence and leisure for production: the hand-organ over the way tormented him to fury. But this characteristic author of the nineteenth century is indifferent to time and place. "I made for myself, therefore, a little tablet, and found, after a few days' exercise, that I could write as quickly in a railway carriage as I could at my desk." But these bits of insight into the method of production will mean

more to us when we come to look more closely into the product itself.

Trollope's novels deal almost entirely with the author's own time; no mediæval history, bravos, swordplay, moonlight romance. His people are common people; that is, they are human beings like other human beings before they are anything else. It is this constant detection of ordinary human nature under the disguises of wealth and aristocracy which misleads Mr. Saintsbury into calling Trollope a painter of middle-class life. His painting of middle-class life is good, much better than his painting of low life; but certainly his best work is on the upper classes, — dukes and duchesses, earls and barons, bishops and Cabinet ministers, or, more briefly, ladies and gentlemen. Only somehow, under his quiet but penetrating insight, all these high personages, without becoming in the least vulgar or unnatural,¹ seem to drop their titles and tinsel and appear just as middling as the middles of us. This, too, without any of those constant depreciatory remarks which so abound in Thackeray and constitute a sort of back-handed snobbishness. Trollope's great ones are simply and naturally men and women, — nothing more.

So far as plot goes, in the stricter sense of the word, Trollope confesses that he is weak, and few will be found to differ from him. Sir Walter Besant's entertaining pamphlet containing a recipe for producing novels — Besant novels — has no application here. The elaborate machinery of scenarii, with every motive and every climax carefully fitted into place before one line is written, does not at all suit our easy-going improvisator. "There are usually some hours of agonizing doubt, almost of despair, — so, at least, it has been with me. And then, with nothing settled in my brain as to the final development of events, with no capability of settling

anything, but with a most distinct conception of some character or characters, I have rushed at the work as a rider rushes at a fence which he does not see." And speaking of that arch-plotter of plotters, Wilkie Collins, he says: "When I sit down to write a novel, I do not at all know and I do not very much care how it is to end. Wilkie Collins seems so to construct his that he not only, before writing, plans everything on, down to the minutest detail, from the beginning to the end; but then plots it all back again to see that there is no piece of necessary dovetailing which does not dovetail with absolute accuracy. . . . Such work gives me no pleasure. I am, however, quite prepared to admit that the want of pleasure comes from fault of my intellect."

Yet, although the dramatic continuity of Trollope's stories is seldom complete, we constantly come across those intensely effective and striking scenes which are perhaps the best thing in a good novel, which we pause to read twice over, which cling in the memory and keep returning to us, yet are always fresh and delightful when we come to them again. Mr. Slope's slap in the face and his fierce fight with Mrs. Proudie for the domination of the Bishop, the pitched battle between Mrs. Proudie and Mrs. Grantly, the delicious scene between Lady Lufton and Lucy Roberts, and the somewhat similar one between the Archdeacon and Grace Crawley, Johnny Eames and the bull, Lord Chiltern riding Dandolo, Madame Max and the Duchess over the jewels, Phineas' acquittal, — these are but a tithe of what lovers of Trollope will take joy in recalling.

The life of such scenes comes from the ever present and admirably sustained interest of character, and this interest gives to Trollope's novels a unity which is wanting in their plots. One can never insist too much on the impression as if Trollope himself had not always lived with dukes and bishops.

¹ In spite of some odd lapses of grammar and occasionally of manners, which make it seem

mense superiority of English literature in general over all others on this point of character. Richness and fullness of human life is what distinguishes the drama of Shakespeare from that of Sophocles, of Calderon, of Racine, of Dumas fils. An excellence of the same kind, unusual in French writers, but far inferior not only to Shakespeare's, but to Jonson's or Fletcher's or Massinger's, gives Molière his great reputation. So in the novel, French fiction may surpass English in skill of construction, in finished elegance of style, in grace and charm. It never approaches it in fertility, variety, and strength of character production. One has only to compare Dumas with Scott, George Sand with George Eliot, to feel the force of this. Balzac, like Molière, is great because he is an exception; but, like Molière, he accomplishes with titanic effort what Shakespeare, Fielding, Miss Austen, Thackeray, and Dickens do with divine ease and unerring instinct. With a great price bought he this freedom, but they were born free.

Without placing Trollope on a level with these greatest masters, it is easy to see that with him also character is a strong point. He always recognizes this himself, and in his *Autobiography* he has some admirable observations on the subject in connection with the sensational in novels. Speaking of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, of *Esmond*, of *Jane Eyre*, he says: "These stories charm us, not simply because they are tragic, but because we feel that men and women with flesh and blood, creatures with whom we can sympathize, are struggling amid their woes. It all lies in that. No novel is anything, for the purposes either of comedy or tragedy, unless the reader can sympathize

¹ It may interest some of Trollope's admirers to have a complete list of the long series of connected novels which includes most of his best work. The six chronicles of Barset come first, as follows: *The Warden*, *Barchester Towers*, *Doctor Thorne*, *Framley Parsonage*, *The Small House at Allington*, *The Last Chronicle*

with the characters whose names he finds upon the pages. . . . Truth let there be, truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth, I do not know that a novel can be too sensational."

From the very fact of pitching his characters so largely on a middle note, of choosing them and keeping them always in the common light of every day, Trollope gives peculiarly the impression of having lived with them and of making us live with them. He often goes into very diffuse analyses of the thoughts and actions of his heroes and heroines; yet in so doing he does not seem to sap their vitality as do Thackeray and George Eliot. The reason of this is that he does not appear to be explaining, but speculating. He does not say, "I made this machine, and I can tell you just how it goes." He talks to you as a friend would talk about another friend in a desultory, twilight chat before a smouldering fire. His characters seem to exist entirely independent of their author, and to work out their own natures with no volition or even control from him. This is doubtless one of the advantages of his rapid and instinctive method of working.

This common naturalness of Trollope's characters, this feeling that we have lived with them and known them, is much intensified by their constant reappearance in different stories. Of course, many other authors have held their characters along from one book to another; but neither Dumas nor Balzac nor Mr. Howells has done it to the same extent as Trollope. He speaks somewhere of his lack of memory; but surely a memory approaching instinct was needed to carry a company of people through thirty-two volumes,¹ with of Barset. These are followed by the parliamentary novels, the connection between them being maintained through Mr. Palliser and some others: *Can You Forgive Her?* *Phineas Finn*, *The Eustace Diamonds*, *Phineas Redux*, *The Prime Minister*, *The Duke's Children*.

long intervals of time both in the subjects and in the composition, and to keep constantly a distinct grasp not only of general traits of character, but of eyes and hair, of gait and gesture. In this vast and loose sequence of events and circumstances slips and inaccuracies doubtless occur, but their rarity is wonderful.

In such a crowd of characters we can hardly single out many for special consideration. Mr. Saintsbury, who has written of Trollope with sympathy and appreciation, speaks of Mr. Crawley as almost the only one of his personages who stands out with real originality and permanent significance, and Trollope himself has an unusual affection for that eccentric gentleman; but Mr. Crawley is too exceptional, too near the limits of sanity, for the deepest human interest. How inferior he is to the Archdeacon, the admirable Archdeacon, at once perfect (artistically perfect) man and perfect English clergyman! How we love him, with his conventional dignity, his conventional religion, his bustling meddlesomeness, his tyrannous impertinence, his sturdy British common sense, his never failing ejaculation, "Good Heavens!" — how we love him! And in a far different fashion how we love Mr. Harding, one of the tenderest, simplest, most touching figures in fiction, whose gentle memory brings the tears to one's eyes! How we should delight, unobserved, to watch him in one of the stalls of his beloved cathedral choir, turning over the pages of his own church music, gently and absently playing seraphic airs on an imaginary violoncello!

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

Mr. Harding, perhaps the most striking of all Trollope's creations, because so totally unlike Trollope himself, whereas the Archdeacon is clearly the very image of the author of his being.

Then the women. Mrs. Proudie,—

we all detest her. Yet we have a sneaking fondness for her, too. There is one of the marks of large humanness in Trollope: he brings out something not wholly hateful in the worst character he touches. The masters of human life in literature, Shakespeare and Scott, have the same trait. And Lady Glencora,— how well we know her, and who does not feel her fascination! Trollope's own observations on her show how far a true artist's judgment may be below his genius: "She has, or has been intended to have, beneath the thin stratum of her follies a basis of good principle, which enabled her to live down the original wrong that was done to her, and taught her to endeavor to do her duty in the position to which she was called." And this is Lady Glen,— the sprightly, the mobile, the petulant, the willful, the bewitching Lady Glen! It would be instructive if we had the original skeletons of Rosalind and Die Vernon to range and ticket on the same shelf with this inert anatomy.

Nor is it only in what dramatic slang would call "character parts" that Trollope succeeds. In the still more difficult task of giving individual life to heroes and heroines he shows himself equally skillful. Phineas Finn, for example, is intended to be and is a very ordinary person; yet an indescribable and indefinable something of lovable ness pervades his character everywhere, so that one cannot choose but love him. As for Trollope's girls,— Eleanor Harding, Mary Thorne, Lucy Roberts, Lily Dale, Grace Crawley, Violet Effingham, Isabel Boncassen, and the rest, — they are charming, and at the same time they are remarkably distinct: each keeps her individuality in the midst of the general fascination.

The style in which Trollope writes about all these personages is what might be expected from the author's method of working, — loose, free, easily followed. After all, perhaps this is the

best style for story-telling, when a man has the gift of it. The curious felicity of Flaubert and Stevenson is a precious thing; but one never escapes the sense that it is born of painful effort, and one feels a little guilty not to enjoy it with a certain effort, also. The De Goncourt speak somewhere of the struggle with which an author tears forth a beautiful page from his very vitals. Trollope never tore any pages from his vitals; he had no vitals, literally speaking. Easy, rapid, graceful improvisation, at the rate of a thousand words an hour, as aforesaid, was good enough for him — and for most of his readers. Gautier said that the production of copy was a natural function with George Sand. So it was with Trollope: he wrote as easily as he breathed, — or hunted, — yet his style is full of individuality. It has neither dignity nor power nor remarkable precision; but it has a peculiar, homely, personal flavor, as of a man loosely noting his natural thought, writing in old clothes, with a pipe in his mouth and a glass of old wine beside him. The very tricks of it — that most marked one, which Mr. Saintsbury has noted, of repeating and emphasizing words — are characteristic of the man, and one gets attached to them as to him.

As for observation, Trollope had little, so far as the external world is concerned; but his moral insight is close and keen on the somewhat superficial plane to which he was limited by nature. "That which enables the avaricious and unjust to pass scathless through the world is not the ignorance of the world as to their sins, but the indifference of the world as to whether they be sinful or no." "The little sacrifices of society are all made by women, as are also the great sacrifices of life. A man who is good for anything is always ready for his duty, and so is a good woman for her sacrifice." "Men are cowards before women till they become tyrants." "Why is it

that girls so constantly do this? So frequently ask men who have loved them to be present at their marriages with other men? There is no triumph in it; it is done in sheer kindness and affection. 'You can't marry me yourself,' the lady seems to say, 'but the next greatest blessing I can offer you, you shall have: you shall see me married to somebody else.' I fully appreciate the intention, but in all honesty I doubt the eligibility of the proffered entertainment."

The last quotation shows the sort of good - natured satire which keeps one smiling through a great part of Trollope's work. Mr. Howells, in his otherwise most appreciative criticism, charges Trollope with a lack of humor. To most of Trollope's admirers it seems that his novels are full of humor; not indeed overcharged and farcical, like Dickens's, always restrained within the limits of nature, but true humor nevertheless.

I have said nothing as yet, however, of that which constitutes the greatest claim of Trollope's novels to permanence; that is, their picture of contemporary English life. Even where plot and character are weakest there is always something of vitality and truth, and so of interest in the background and surroundings; but when we come to the Barchester and parliamentary series, the richness and accuracy of detail is wonderful. Every syllable that deals with Barchester has the accent of truth. I have already referred to Archdeacon Grantly, who is so clerical and so English as well as so human; but all his surroundings, the bishops and the deans and canons, and the wives of these dignitaries, and their very children, and all that they say and do, bring the quaint, quiet air of the cathedral town about us. Surely future ages will turn to Trollope more than to any other author for a true and vivid picture of this life, when it shall have wholly passed away.

The parliamentary atmosphere is naturally less peculiar in its interest, but its appeal is stronger on that very account. We know by Trollope's own confession that he failed to obtain a seat in the House of Commons. We know from the same source that to obtain such a seat was one of the ambitions of his life. It does not seem possible that if he had obtained it he could have acquired a more intimate knowledge of the details of parliamentary practice. Certainly no formal history could give us half the insight into the machinery of government that we get from him. All the technicalities of majorities, cabinets, readings, questions, committees, whips, and the rest of it, all the ins and outs of candidacies, elections, ballottings with egg-throwing accompaniment, take life and significance from the human figures with which they are associated, and in turn give to those human figures a body and a substance which would otherwise be lacking.

Then the hunting, — oh, the hunting! I have referred to it before, but it is worth mentioning ten times over. Unquestionably it is the best part of Trollope. Others have described it from the desk and the chimney corner; but he gives it fresh from the field, crisp with the hoarfrost of the autumn morning, glowing with the very rush and ardor of the thing itself. Oh, the deep voice of the hounds, and the red coats flashing, and the stride of the steeds, and the thick of the hurly-burly! It is dragged into novel after novel, as Trollope himself admits; yet

the novels that are without it seem by comparison to be only half alive.

With this note of external, physical life and activity it is well to leave Trollope. As I said in the beginning, he is a true realist, a common man giving the views and the feelings of common men. His moral attitude is always proper and decent, sometimes even to the extent of sermonizing; but he has no spiritual ideal, no sense of passionate moral struggle, no aspiration after the unseen and the divine. Stuffed full of British conventions, he is, and will remain, the loyal interpreter of British — and other — Philistinism, all the more loyal because instinctive and unconscious. What Philistine would not die happy if he could sum up his career in the following paragraph? "If the rustle of a woman's petticoat has ever stirred my blood, if a cup of wine has been a joy to me, if I have thought tobacco at midnight in pleasant company to be one of the elements of an earthly paradise, if now and again I have somewhat recklessly fluttered a five-pound note over a card table, of what matter is it to any reader? I have betrayed no woman. Wine has brought me to no sorrow. It has been the companionship of smoking that I have loved rather than the habit. I have never desired to win money, and I have lost none. To enjoy the excitement of pleasure, but to be free from its vices and evil effects, to have the sweet and leave the bitter untasted, — that has been my study. The preachers tell us that this is impossible. It seems to me that I have succeeded fairly well."

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

MR. SCUDDER AND THE ATLANTIC.

THE Atlantic records with sorrow the death, on January 11, 1902, of its former editor, Horace Elisha Scudder. He was in his sixty-fourth year, and had borne with characteristic cheerfulness and courage an illness of many months' duration. Mr. Scudder assumed the conduct of the Atlantic in 1890, upon the resignation of Mr. Aldrich, and he remained in charge of it until 1898. He then relinquished the task, in order to devote himself more completely to the general editorial supervision of the publications of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., as well as to his own *Life of Lowell*, upon which he was already engaged. For many years before he succeeded to the editorship of the magazine he was one of its most frequent contributors. He preferred to write anonymously, for the most part, and very few of the many admirers of his skillful literary workmanship are aware that he has contributed more pages to the Atlantic than any other writer. Thoroughly loyal, from the time of his earliest ventures in authorship, to the best traditions of the magazine, it was natural that his own period of editorship, falling in his maturer years, should reflect a fastidious taste and cautious temper. It happened that his term of editorial service came within a decade when the popularizing tendency in American magazines became accentuated, both by the launching of new and low-priced periodicals, and by the efforts of the older magazines, through the increased use of illustrations and otherwise, to attract the attention of a larger and larger element of the public. Mr. Scudder's prudent and high-minded conservatism was strongly impressed upon the readers of the magazine. But this was not all. A survey of its contents during those years will reveal his versatility of resource, and the wide

range of important themes upon which he solicited contributions. The moral earnestness which was a part of his New England heritage caused him to lay especial stress upon educational and social topics, and many of the more vital discussions which have appeared in the Atlantic since its direction passed into other hands have been the result of suggestions originally made by Mr. Scudder.

Indeed, one may not inappropriately say of Mr. Horace Scudder, as Goldsmith did of his publisher, Newbery, that he had "a projecting head." He was full of literary projects, both for himself and those who sought his counsel. Endowed with an extraordinary capacity for rapid, dexterous work, his various and uninterrupted activity as a man of letters was controlled by a sure intelligence. His genius for planning and executing literary tasks can best be appreciated by his daily associates, yet a wide circle of his contemporaries will join them in bearing testimony to the patience and unwearied courtesy with which Mr. Scudder placed himself at the disposal of all who wished to ask his advice. Scores of American bookmen have reason to be grateful for his kindness. Writers who prepared books under his editorial supervision will retain a vivid impression of his mastery of detail, finished scholarship, and insight into the conditions demanded by the particular task. The fine reticence which made him, in his own words, shrink from the "glare of publicity," and allow much of his best work to appear either without his signature or marked at most by his initials, did not prevent a general recognition of the consummate skill which he manifested as editor-in-chief of such series as the Cambridge Poets and the Riverside Literature Series. As was true in scarcely

less a measure of his friend and associate for twenty-five years, Mr. Azariah Smith, whose death followed swiftly upon Mr. Scudder's, the gift of ripe judgment and the grace of discriminating speech were recognized by fellow workmen throughout the country. There could be no truer or more coveted reward.

In this brief record of the respect and affection of Mr. Scudder's successors in the conduct of the Atlantic, and of his associates in the publishing house where so large a portion of his life was passed, it is needless to comment upon the characteristics of his original contributions to our literature. His most important book, the life of Lowell, was reviewed in the preceding number of this magazine. He had the happiness not only of completing this noteworthy biography, but of enjoying, in the last days of his life, the spontaneous words of praise which it elicited. He was the author of many delightful books for children, of which the Bodley Books are the best known, and his volume on Childhood in

Literature and Art was one of the first in a field which has yielded rich harvests. The volume of essays entitled Men and Letters is a proof of his rare accomplishments as a critic. It contains many passages of delicate beauty, but nothing more intimate in its charm than the dedication to Henry Mills Alden, where one becomes softly aware of the revelation of a nature affectionate, sensitive, and proud. The scope of Mr. Scudder's intellectual and moral sympathies drew him into many practical activities in the service of history, education, and religion. He was a valued trustee of various institutions, and notably of Williams, his own college. In all these relations of life his perfect integrity of mind and the charm of his singularly pure and unselfish nature won for him steadfast friends. But he was first of all a man of letters, devoted to his calling and cherishing lofty views of its responsibilities, and it is through his connection with literature that his useful and loving life will be remembered.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE no wish to add to the sum of opinion and remark concerning Mr. Henley's opinions about Stevenson. "Preaching" in Literature. son, there being already on that theme comment, amplificatory and other, enough and to spare. But surely it is vain for Mr. Henley to enter objections against the "preaching" in Stevenson's books, and this quite apart from the "tu quoque" that runs so readily to one's lips. For, disclaim it as he may, Mr. Henley has done some admirable preaching in his time, and one may doubt whether future generations will find any greater occasion to hold him in friendly remembrance than his stirring

little sermon on the supremacy of the soul, with its closing note, of which Stevenson himself might have been fond:—

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

But aside from this,—and if we began to quote we should settle the question out of hand,—are we ready to part with "preaching" in literature? Can we really spare from our books the didactic and, what would needs go with it, much of the *obiter dicta* that make to many of us the spice of writing and of conver-

sation? For myself, frankly, I would as soon have a man without prejudices as a book without opinions. It is these that give the flavor: they are of the essence of individuality, and if we are to accept the dictum of the greater critics, that a book is to be loved because therein is embalmed a life, we must surely take some account of the opinions in which the life had its most marked expression. For, after all, is there anything more veritably a man's own than his guesses at truth, his predilections, his notions of the universe, his surmises as to human fate? It is these, and the loyalties, devotions, whims, prejudices, ideals, tastes, loves, and hates the world has left or brought him, that measure the effect of life upon him, tell what he has undergone at the hands of circumstance, how borne himself in all time of his prosperity, in all time of his tribulation. The poet Sill was at least partly right in liking *In Memoriam* because it reflected the views of a man much experienced in life. He was acting on the same instinct that leads some hundred thousands of us, gentle and simple, to watch for Mr. Dooley's latest comment on events. We want opinions, and, in short, preaching.

WHILE our learned friends the philologists are trying to invent **An Appeal and a Protest.** a new pronoun, by the use of

which we may get rid of the awkwardness of "his or hers," "he or she," many readers and writers of the English language would thank them very heartily if they would make, or discover, a mode of address which could be applied gracefully and naturally to both married and unmarried women, precisely as *Mr.* is applied to men.

The women who write books would be especially grateful for this. If John Smith should print on the title-page of his book, "By *Mr.* John Smith," he would be ridiculed and laughed at. It would not be "good form." Plain John Smith or Theodore Roosevelt is à la

mode for good Americans, whether they be Learned Blacksmiths or Presidents, married or unmarried.

But if John's wife Mary writes a book, what then? It is of no possible consequence to the readers of that book whether she be married or no. Yet unless she stultifies herself by taking the public into her confidence and announcing that she is *Mrs.* Mary Smith, the chances are that the first man who reviews her book will enlighten his readers as to the merits or demerits of *Miss* Smith! If Mary happens to be a white-haired grandmother, as is quite possible, this is not exactly pleasant.

On the other hand, if John Smith's daughter, just out of college and in the bloom of her youth, has the good luck to "get into" — the Atlantic, for instance, she must sign her name Miss Polly Smith, or it is ten to one that she will have the matronly *Mrs.* applied to her forthwith. Neither is this quite agreeable, if Polly is a sensible girl just out of her teens.

We were introduced to the Cheerless Reader at our January feast. Just at this point I hear him exclaim: "Much ado about nothing! If a woman has done any work worth mentioning or remembering, such a blunder could not be made. If she has n't, what does it matter?"

To which it is only necessary to reply that in a recent issue of a well-known city journal mention was made of Miss Julia Ward Howe, Miss Kate Wiggins, and Mrs. Sarah Orne Jewett! There might easily have been one misprint overlooked by the proofreader, but hardly three.

Please, Messieurs the Wordmakers, coin a word for us! Or perhaps we might go back to the usage of our great-grandfathers, who spoke of Mistress Evelyn Byrd or Mistress Anne Craddock precisely as they spoke of Mistress John Adams and Mistress Dolly Madison.

THOUGH her master the Vicar, ever dreaming of the Middle Ages, *A Thumb-Nail Sketch of a Lady.* loves to play that she is a Wild Boar, she is only a Pig of beauty, manners, and pedigree. She inhabits a suite of private lodgings, but prefers a spacious green field, "primrosed, and hung with shade," where her friendship with the children's adored donkey is good to see. What conversation they hold is always under the rose, laconic, patrician; she standing, with animated nostrils, by his tall knee. Every hair of her is pure silver-gray, with reddish lights, and burnished, immaculate, as befits one who strolls all morning in the dew, and breakfasts on new milk and *Marasmus oreades*.

On my walks I love to look in upon her, for Dowsabella is cheerful as well as comely; and when she proffers her shapely jowl, like a prettily behaved dog, for a passing caress, one cannot but feel privileged. She is never backward, as our country folk say, in passing the time o' day. The Vicar maintains that her Latin is the real thing; not hog Latin at all. To prove it, he will tell you a little tale against himself. It would appear that my dear antiquary, forever mousing in historic ground, once found, in a season of great drought, on that bank of the river which was not his bank, but a rival archæologist's, a broken but beautifully carven little sandstone boss. He knew perfectly what it came from, and crowed to himself as he fished it out

of the mud. On the way home, composing an inscription fit to be cut on a tiny brass and inlaid at the back of his thirteenth-century conventional relic, the Vicar, crossing the stile into Dowsabella's clover park, sat down, and took out his notebook and pencil. "Domus olim gloriosæ," he began slowly to write, enjoying his own string of open vowels, "hunc lapidem mutilatum pie conservavit Ronaldus Luff, clericus, anno salutis MCMI." He paused, thinking that he had better fill in the name of the priory in the form in which it occurs in the chartulary, when up came his pet, sniffing at the wet stone,—wet in a month of no rain. "Hunc? hunc?" queried she, eyeing her Vicar. "Sane quidem!" he replied gayly "What is the matter with *hunc*? Don't be hypercritical, don't be silly." *Hunc* was a mere ruse, as they both knew. The commentator returned to the charge. "Conservavit?" she drawled, with awful distinctness. The Vicar wishes you to know that her pronunciation, unlike his own usage, is modern to a degree; something in this style, "*Conk-sare-wah'weet?*" — a significant, a satiric word. Now the scholar of the first part quailed. He drew his breath, looked away from the Wild Boar, pulled his linen hat down a bit, and scored a big black line through his nice verb. What he wrote over it was *surrepsit*. Then he laughed out. "You know too much, Dowsabella," he said. "Now go preach to your donkey."